THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. LIII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JULY 3, 1903. NO. 31.

Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 22, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. RETURN 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 7.55, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.41, 6.1[illegible], 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. SUNDAY To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43, 6.22, 7.0[illegible], 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, 8.42 P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P. M. For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30, 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 2.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23, 7.50, 8.[illegible], 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.[illegible]5, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.[illegible], 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y
Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m.. and every 30 minutes until 11.05. p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.
In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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(Successor to L. Thompson
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BOSTON, MASS.
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P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

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No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

Business Cards.

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Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
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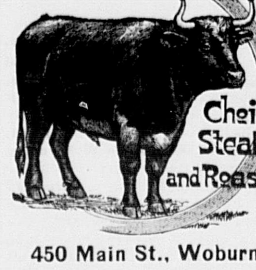
George Durward



450 Main St., Woburn

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No. of Telephone 48-2.
Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

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Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
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NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway
WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 26, 1903, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6.37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2.37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M.; every half hour to 12.07; then 12.30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

Box.	Location.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house, (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.
MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

TO SEE THE SECRETARY

By Katherine M'Donald

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The secretary sat in his office and fumed at the heat. He was born in a Hoosier log cabin and had attended a college of the northwest. He had gone to housekeeping in a little old mossy cottage for which he found it difficult at times to pay $8 a month rental. Yet at fifty he sat in that noble room whose long windows let in the breeze from the Potomac and framed a view incomparable for the mingling of natural and artificial beauty—sat and fumed at the heat. Williams, the messenger, entered. He was like most negroes, a sort of human barometer, and he never failed to suit his bearing to his master's humor. On this occasion he was obsequious, patient, but bored.

"That woman's still theah, boss," he said.

"Didn't I tell you to get rid of her?"

"Yassah; I been tryin', but she's a stayer. Fust time I done like you say—I told her 'Mr. Sec'tary's engaged.' 'Tell him I'll wait until he is at liberty,' she say, like she de lady of the lan' herself. Next time I say, 'Beg yo' pahdon, madam, for not tellin' yo' sooner, but Mr. Sec'tary he's out,' and she look up and say, 'Tell him I'll wait until he comes in.' Yassah, she say them identical words."

"What kind of looking woman is she, William—young and saucy?"

"No; she gettin' long t'wa'ds middle life, sah, and she mighty shabby. Still, I ain't say but she is got a quality eye, and she do hol' her head up mightily."

"Oh, well," said the secretary, with a sigh of resignation, "I'll see her and have it over."

The woman William ushered in was shabby. Not only were her clothes worn and rusty, but they had never been either fine or tasteful. Your lady in temporary straits always has some bit of faded elegance to prove that she has seen better days. This woman was clearly the habitual patron of bargain counters when she bought at all.

Still, as William had said, she carried her head high—a noble head, with bold, clear lines and a mass of soft, well kept hair. The secretary arose, and they faced each other for one silent moment, she surveying him with a calm and friendly air, he dazed by the glimmering apparition of a younger and brighter presence which came between them.

"Can this be Laura Camden?" he asked. Her eyes filled at all his tone implied. For an instant her bearing changed—she lost her courage—then she threw up her head, with a defiant laugh.

"This is all that is left of her. And is this Tom Lloyd?" She swept the room with a calculating glance. It was as if she estimated the cost of the massive table and rich chairs. Instantly she turned her eyes back upon the secretary as if to measure him.

He flushed and rallied.

"Yes; this is Tom Lloyd, the fellow you wouldn't have, you know."

"Well!" she laughed impenitently, then sank into the chair nearest her and ran a furtive, appreciative finger over the tapestry covering.

"You married Tucker Barton?" he asked.

"Oh, yes! And he turned out as every one predicted. I look the character, don't I—a drunkard's widow who has neither hope nor pride left?"

Her voice rang clear—no tremor of self pity, no note of shame or appeal.

"By Jove," the secretary said to himself, "this is Laura, and she's got the old spirit in her still!"

"Can I do anything for you?" he asked.

"Why, yes, if you will. Of course I didn't come merely to call—nor to recall. I want a place in one of the departments."

"What kind of a place?"

"I'm not particular," she said coolly. "You know very well I have neither talent nor training. You will have to treat me as if I were a political henchman and find me something which will require neither. I could keep accounts, but I think I should like to be in the library. There is a ladies' room, you know, as well as women attendants."

"But that is such a menial place."

She spread out her hands, brown and knotted and calloused. He drew back in a sort of shame and would have hidden his own had he dared. They were too white and soft and prosperous to lie in full sight on the table before her.

"The wages are small—not more than $60 or $75 a month."

"Not more!" She looked at him with glittering eyes. Her voice trembled now and seemed to express want and despair and resentment together. "Tom Lloyd! Sixty dollars a month—every month? That would be riches to me!"

He shrank back in the chair. "Laura," he said, "why have you never come before? You live in Washington, and you might have come. Any time in the last ten years I've been here."

"Oh, yes, I know—Congressman Lloyd, Senator Lloyd, Secretary Lloyd. And I have, as you say, been here all the time. I've wanted to come, but she wouldn't let me."

"She?"

"Laura—Laura Camden, the girl you knew. She was always throwing it up to me that things might have been different." She fingered the tassels of the chair, and she dropped her eyes with the timidity of a girl.

The secretary's heart beat fast. He leaned toward her and spoke softly. "Yes, you might have been the wife of the secretary of the navy by now, Laura." She tossed her head in her old impudent way and looked straight into his suffused eyes.

"I should not," she said. "If I had married you, Tom Lloyd, you wouldn't have been sitting here today."

"Why not?" he asked, with a sense of offense.

"Oh, because"—she leaned closer—"if you had married me you shouldn't have been a mere secretary at fifty. You would have been president!"

He looked at her and answered with quiet conviction:

"Yes; I should have been president with you to inspire me."

"I should never have done it by inspiration, Tom. I should have kept you at it, and I never would have let you think well of yourself so long as there was another man ahead of you." She arose, and, taking up her shabby umbrella and imitation leather bag as if to go, she returned to the subject of the appointment.

"Am I to have that place, then—chambermaid or scrubwoman or ladies' attendant, whichever you call it—at the library?" As he hesitated her features seemed to sharpen with anxiety. "Oh, Tom," she pleaded, "if you can get it for me, don't refuse! I have mother to take care of, and she is paralyzed, and there is so little I can do to earn a living!"

She swayed against the table; then, suddenly recovering her pride and courage again, she continued in a tone of calm politeness:

"I am sorry to have troubled you, Mr. Secretary. Of course there are many who appeal to you even on the strength of old and forgotten friendships." She turned toward the door with a certain grace and dignity which brought an indulgent smile to the secretary's lips. He sprang up and stepped quickly in front of her.

"This is not a case of forgotten friendship, Laura, I have never forgotten, never wished to forget, but you can't have that place. It doesn't suit you. There is another opening, one in which you can be of much greater service. I do so want to be president. Won't you undertake to make one of me, Laura?"

She turned her back upon him and clutched the table with her work marred hands.

"No, Tom; I won't. Don't ask me. If you were poor and all worn out and broken down by life or if we could go back to your youth"—

"Laura, I've always suspected that you regretted that old decision. I've thought a good many times that if I had asked again that next summer at camp meeting you wouldn't have given the same answer." He came around the table and compelled her to face him.

"Would you, Laura?"

"What does it matter now? I married Tucker and managed to conquer my love for you and now"—

"Your love for me! There! I have wanted that admission a good many times in my life, Laura, and I've got it. If you loved me once, you can again."

"Oh, well," she laughed, but her voice trembled, "I should like to see you president, Tom, after all!"

Trajan's Floating Palace.

Marcus Ulpius Nerva Trajanus, the Trajan of Roman biography and one of Rome's most renowned emperors, constructed or was responsible for the construction of three of the most remarkable works of the early years of the Christian era—Trajan's column, Trajan's wall and Trajan's floating palace. History is full of accounts concerning the two former, but the last seems to have been pretty generally overlooked by the early as well as the later gleaners of rare and curious information. The monk Bartemius, who mentions it in his "Ecclesiasto," says that it was constructed and purposely sunken in Lake Nemi, an arch tunnel allowing communication with the shore. In this case it would certainly have gone into history as "Trajan's sunken palace" instead of "floating palace."

It is generally believed, Bartemius to the contrary, that it was originally an imperial palace intended for the use of the emperor and his family during their summer excursions on Lake Nemi. Another faction of antiquarians are of the opinion that it was not built during the lifetime of Trajan. Southwick says that it was sunk in the year 195 A. D., seventy-eight years after the death of the emperor for which it was named. Marchi, who explored it in a diving suit on July 15, 1535, declared it to be in a good state of preservation; also that it was 500 feet long, 270 feet in breadth and 60 feet deep.

ALWAYS INSIST UPON HAVING THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

A Spoiled Advantage.

An old Iowa practitioner, a lawyer of ability and an orator of known reputation, was pitted against a recent graduate in the profession in the trial of a case before a jury. The young lawyer had the first say, and in making his address to the jury he took particular pains to imitate certain mannerisms of the older lawyer. He carefully adjusted his cuffs before beginning his argument, stroked an imaginary imperial on his chin and then rested the index finger of his right hand along the side of his nose. These were the habitual preliminary mannerisms of the older lawyer, and as they were repeated several times throughout the argument which was made by the young man they provoked the jury and judge to laughter.

When the veteran arose to make reply he did not neglect to go through his preliminary motions with even more deliberation and precision than usual. He bowed to the judge and to the jury and then began:

"Gentlemen of the jury and your honorable sir, that young man acts like a good lawyer, but he talks like a blamed fool."

The advantage which the young man thought he had gained in the contest vanished in the roar of laughter which followed at his expense.

Ancient Ideas of Africa.

In mediæval times Africa was an unknown continent as well as Asia. Until a few years after the discovery of Columbus no one had sailed around it, and it was quite generally thought, as it had previously been thought in regard to Asia, that the African continent extended on and on indefinitely. It was supposed that far to the south was the zone of heat, in which no human being could live. This was by no means an unreasonable inference to the ancients. They knew that the farther they sailed to the north the colder it grew and that in the extreme north was a region of perpetual ice and snow.

They also knew that the farther they sailed to the south the warmer it grew, and what was more natural for them to suppose that if they went far enough in that direction they would come upon lands that were parched and baked and upon seas that boiled, where nothing could live but salamanders?

He Could Wield an Ax.

Queer and racy are the tales told of the skill of the Maine shipbuilders in the use of the adz and broadax. One old time yarn is of a carpenter who applied very drunk at a shipyard for employment. In order to have a little fun with him the foreman set him to give a proof of his skill by hewing out a wooden bolt with no chopping block but a stone. The carpenter accomplished his difficult task without marring the keen edge of the broadax and showed the foreman a neatly made bolt. Then he brought the ax down with a terrific blow that shattered its edge upon the stone. "I can hew fust rate on your chopping block," he hiccoughed, "but I'll be blamed if I can make the ax stick in it when I git through." The story runs that the foreman lost no time in employing such a workman.

How the Patent Office Was Saved.

When in the war of 1812 the British, who had taken Washington, trained their guns upon the patent office, Dr. Thornton, throwing himself directly before the guns, cried:

"Are you Englishmen or Goths and Vandals? This is the patent office—a depository of the ingenuity and inventions of the American nation, in which the whole civilized world is interested. Would you destroy it? Then let the charge pass through my body."

And the building was spared. Twenty-four years afterward, however, it was destroyed by fire, together with everything in it.

Localizing Her Emotions.

Our minister during a call sang one of those touching, simple melodies which Edith is so fond of hearing. She was very attentive, gazing on his face with her bright, wondering eyes. As the song continued tears began to glisten beneath the lids and glide down her dimpled cheeks. After a few minutes' silence he asked:

"Edith, how do you like it?"

"Oh, very much, Mr. Webb; but it hurts my eyes."—Little Chronicle.

Her Troubles.

Single Man (to himself)—I am sure that darling little angel loves me. She takes me into her confidence and tells me all her troubles.

Same Man (some years later)—Confound it all! From morning till night and night till morning when I'm at home I hear nothing but tales about the servants, the butcher, the butler, the baker, the candlestick maker and all the rest of 'em.

ABE'S LITTLE FLIER

By GRANT THORBURN

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For years he'd been a power in the Flatbrook meeting house—not during church time, to be sure, nor yet at Sunday school, nor week night meetings, nor Epworth League. It was at other times he shone—at the fairs, and candy sales, and donation parties, and school commencements, for he was a prestidigitator, and he was the regular thing at the village entertainments.

But lately his popularity had begun to wane. The Flatbrookers became tired of the same old card and coin tricks, though Abe Hinchman, through long and careful practice, was an adept at them. They longed for the Indian box trick and the juggler's sword tricks of the metropolis. They did not know that down in the cities the blase members of society, if they ever did attend a sleight of hand performance, always came in when the card and coin tricks commenced and yawned and went out when the Indian box trick came on.

Abe realized that his popularity was on the wane. Even old Doc Clarkson's daughter had grown a bit distraught and cold. So Abe made up his mind. He drew about two-thirds of his bank deposit and started for New York. He was determined to learn a few new tricks, buy some new paraphernalia and come back and astonish the natives and old Doc Clarkson's daughter. It was early winter and there was no farming to be done, so there was no better time or opportunity, and he went.

He occupied a seat in the smoker. At a station near the metropolis a well dressed young man boarded the train, looked around for a seat and finally took the one next to Hinchman. He was a sociable sort of fellow and entered into conversation at once. Abe told him all he knew and many things that he didn't. The stranger was not so communicative and confined himself strictly to fiction, although Abe couldn't know that, of course.

"Now, look a-here," remarked this man. "Don't you go to any hotel. You go to a private boarding house. They won't skin you. I know a good one where they'll treat you right. You come with me." Abe went.

The place was situated in a rather obscure street, but the rates were cheap. Abe's companion, by a singular coincidence, boarded there himself.

After supper they went upstairs into the parlor. A caller was announced, a rather seedy personage. He wanted to see Abe's new companion. They talked together in one corner while Abe sat in another. Then his friend came over to him.

"Say, Hinchman," he began, "do you know anything about diamonds? Any judge of them?" Abe glanced at the other man out of the corner of his eye.

"Somepin," he replied. "Was in a jewelry store up home f'r awhile. Why? What's up?"

"Why, say," continued the other, "here's a friend of mine in a fix. He's got some good diamonds and wants me to loan about $200 on 'em. They're worth $900 anyway. I've seen 'em. Now, I ain't got $200 or I'd lend it to him. S'pose you do it. How much have you got?" This was a superfluous question, for he had discovered on the train that Hinchman had just $250.

"Well, now, here," went on the other, "he says if he don't pay up in a week you can keep the stones, see? He can't pay up, and the stones are the real thing, see? And you'll be in the difference between a couple of hundred and most a thousand, see?"

Hinchman saw. He thought it over and concluded that it was a sound proposition, provided the gems were genuine. He excused himself a moment, went to his room and put $200 in one envelope and something else in another envelope of similar appearance.

They had to go to the friend's room, a few blocks distant up a dark, dingy staircase. The friend produced the jewels. Abe wouldn't touch them unless they went over to some Broadway jeweler and determined their worth and genuine character. This was fair, and they went. It was really superfluous, for Abe could tell by the merest examination that the stones were the real things. There were four of them. The Broadway jeweler looked at them, said they might sell for a couple of hundred apiece, but that he would give $150 spot cash for each of them. Then the three went back.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked Hinchman's friend of Hinchman. "They ain't worth as much as we thought, but there's a good clear profit in it for you in case my friend here don't pay, and if he does you get your money back, with good big interest and a bonus besides at the end of a week."

The diamonds were again produced and once more examined. From that time on Abe Hinchman kept his eyes, not on the faces of his friends, but on the diamonds.

"I'll do it," he finally announced. He slowly withdrew from his pocket the envelope containing the $250 and a small bag. He counted the money in front of the two men, and they put the diamonds in the bag at his request. After he had counted the money and replaced it in the envelope and once more examined the diamonds and replaced them in the bag, which he did more or less carelessly, keeping up a steady conversation all the time, he laid both upon the table.

"Now, gents," he concluded, "I'm a stranger here, and I rely on your honor not to do me. This here is a fair and square deal on my part, and I-s'pose it is on yours. Now, there's your money, and here's"—

There was a loud rap on the door, and a man broke in. He was not in uniform, but he wore some kind of shield, which he exhibited. Behind him were two other men.

"Don't move!" he yelled to the three men around the table. "I arrest the whole gang for robbery"—

Hinchman's two companions sprang to the table, shoved Hinchman aside, grabbed the bag containing the jewels and the envelope containing the money and made for the door.

"Run for your life!" they yelled to Hinchman. "It's the cops! These stones is stolen!" They waited not, but burst through the men at the door and leaped down the stairs. Hinchman was left to face the three men.

"Well, sir," said the leader severely, "we got you anyways. What you got to say for yourself?"

Hinchman told the whole story from beginning to end. The three men evidently didn't believe it, but nevertheless they marched him to the corner of the street and there told him they would let him go provided he would appear at the police station in the morning to prosecute the others. He promised, and they left him. He took to his heels and sprinted for his boarding house. Once there, he gathered up his grip, paid his reckoning and jumped on the nearest trolley car. Eventually he fetched up at the Astor House. There he took a room.

Once in his room, he slung his grip in a corner, took off his hat and wiped his brow with a bandanna kerchief. Then he drew carefully from his inside pocket first an envelope and then a small bag. In the envelope was Abe Hinchman's $200, and in the bag were four genuine stones. The other men, wherever they were, also had an envelope and a little bag, but in the one was simply a roll of green paper and in the other a few dried beans.

Abe Hinchman had merely played it as low down on 'em as he could; that's all. Legerdemain comes in handy once in awhile. He shopped around and sold two of the stones. The other two he kept.

A week later Abe Hinchman stepped off the train at Flatbrook and sauntered down the street. A diamond stud shone in his shirt bosom. He smoked a twenty cent cigar.

"Pretty flip, Abe," remarked a townsman—the jeweler, in fact—as he inspected the pin. "Where 'd you get the dough?"

"Just been taking a little flier in Wall street with the boys," remarked Abe carelessly. Another hailed him.

"Well, Abe," said this one, "you look first rate. What you been doin' down there?"

"Well," returned Abe, "you can just bet that I stood on the steps in front of the Astor House along with the best of them; yes, sir, I did."

"Here's a little thing for you, Millie," suggested Abe to Doc Clarkson's girl that day—"that is, if you'll say 'Yes.'" It was a magnificent solitaire ring. "Oh, Abe!" sighed the young lady in assent.

A week later Abe Hinchman entertained a select audience with the Indian box trick, the sword trick, the clothes basket trick, the cabinet trick and every trick in the business. It was simply great.

Ayer's
What are your friends saying about you? That your gray hair makes you look old? And yet, you are not forty! Postpone this looking old.
Hair Vigor
Use Ayer's Hair Vigor and restore to your gray hair all the deep, dark, rich color of early life. Then be satisfied.
"Ayer's Hair Vigor restored the natural color to my gray hair, and I am greatly pleased. It is all you claim for it."
MRS. E. J. VANDECAR, Mechanicsville, N. Y.
$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for Dark Hair

Napoleon's Character.

In character Napoleon may be said to have been not so much wicked as devoid of moral sense. The first principles of morality seem to have had no place in his mind, and it is difficult to see how they could have found entrance there. He had really no country, and consequently no patriotism. Born a Corsican and setting out with bitter hatred of France as the destroyer of Corsican liberties, he never really became a Frenchman. He never learned to write the language, hardly to pronounce it. France was the seat and fulcrum of his power, his throne and the recruiting ground of his armies. Whatever he might say in proclamations, in his moments of sincerity he spoke of the French contemptuously as people who were to be governed through their vanity, which it was necessary to feed with a perpetual course of victories. Domiciled in France, he had consorted with a set of adventurers as profligate as any that the world has seen. The only sort of public morality with which he had ever been impressed was the fidelity of the soldier to military duty.—Goldwin Smith in Atlantic.

Conjuring a Tooth.

Among the negroes the most striking remedies are to be found. Witness the combination of cure and spell described under the name of "conjuring a tooth" in Alabama. Go into a lonely part of the woods with one of the opposite sex, who is to carry an ax. The bearer of the ax chops around the roots of a white oak, cuts off with a jack knife nine splinters from the roots of the tree, then cuts around the roots of the aching tooth with the knife, dips each of the nine splinters in the blood flowing from the cuts and finally buries the splinters at the root of the tree from which they came. While doing this the operator repeats something you don't understand, which is the charm.—Kansas City Journal.

Her Title to It.

Nell—Is she a society woman?

Belle—Yes, indeed. She belongs to no less than eighteen societies for the suppression of as many things.—Philadelphia Record.

EXPENSIVE KISSES.

Two That Helped to Make Eighteenth Century History.

In the year 1794 the beautiful and charming Duchess of Gordon raised that famous regiment of soldiers called "the Gordon highlanders" by giving each recruit a guinea in gold and a kiss from her own lips. It is notorious that the regiment was raised to a full complement quicker than any other regiment in the British service. But the highlanders paid well for their kiss. They were sent immediately to fight the French, and in their first engagement 300 fell, killed and wounded.

In the year 1703 a stray kiss was the means of bringing about a bloody and expensive war. Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria was journeying in a neighboring state. One day he visited "the royal household," and while there his eye caught sight of a most beautiful maiden who happened to be near him. He was so bewitched with her charming personality that he impulsively and thoughtlessly implanted a kiss upon her fair cheek. She was a princess of the royal household, which the prince knew not, neither did he know that she was an affianced bride and that her betrothed was near by and saw the whole affair. Angry words and blows followed. A duel was fought and both principals were severely wounded. Diplomatic relations between the two kingdoms were suspended, and a long and bloody war ensued, all on account of a kiss which was paid for most dearly in blood and treasure.

The Magnet.

Thousands of years ago a mineral having the strange power of attracting iron was found in the country anciently called Magnesia, in Asia Minor. The name of this country has given us the word "magnet." This mineral, which is now called the lodestone (not loadstone), attracted the attention of the curious, and it was discovered that a piece of iron which had been rubbed with the lodestone acquired the same power of attracting iron. In other words, the piece of iron became a magnet. It was afterward found that such an iron or artificial magnet could be used like the lodestone itself to convert other pieces or iron into magnets by rubbing. Still more recently a mode of making magnets by means of electricity was discovered—that is, by wrapping a piece of insulated wire many times around the bar and then causing a current of electricity to pass through the wire. The familiar small toy magnets are simply steel bars which have been rubbed a few times against powerful magnets.—St. Nicholas.

Success of the Solemn Ass.

Look about you, gentle reader, and consider the solemn ass in every walk of life. Who so respected, so admired, so influential? He never takes sides. He never is a partisan. He goes along with knitted brows, his thoughts too deep for utterance. Smaller men may abandon themselves to hasty inclinations, to rash preferences, to robust views. He never does. If he speaks at all it is with such profundity and circumlocution and complexity that the most recondite cryptogram ever rescued from a pyramid would seem to burst of innocent and childish candor in comparison. Yet he wears fine raiment every day. He enjoys the respect and confidence of the community. He prospers. The oil of opulence anoints him. He is the incarnation of success!—Washington Post.

Too Smart.

"Once when I was a Mississippi pilot," said Mark Twain, "I got out of work and had to hustle for a new job. I talked to a number of captains, but none of them wanted a pilot. Finally I met a man who said there was a vacancy on his boat that I might fill if I could qualify. He asked me about my habits, my religion, my birth, my schooling, and so on. Then he said: 'Now, for the main thing: Do you know where the snags in the river are?' 'No, captain,' I said, 'I don't.' He swore. 'Wants to be a pilot,' he muttered, 'and don't know where the snags are.' 'I know where they're not,' said I. But my smartness cost me the job."

Kind, but Firm.

An English bishop owned a portable bath tub which he failed on one occasion to take with him on a pastoral visitation. When he returned he found that the housemaid had used the beloved tub. Calling her into his study, he said kindly, "Mary, I do not so much mind your using my tub, but what I object to is that you should do behind my back what you would not do before my face."—Lippincott's.

His Excuse.

"No," said a citizen when asked if he would contribute anything to the relief of the flood sufferers; "I don't think I will."

"Can't afford it, eh?"

"It isn't that, but the last time I gave something for charity one of the papers spelled by name wrong."

Nothing Done.

"I don't think I'll wager with you," said the baker. "You haven't the dough."

"That may be," replied the butcher, "but I don't see you putting up any stakes."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Went Too Far.

An unsuccessful lover was asked by what means he had lost the object of his affections.

"Alas," he said, "I flattered her till she got too proud to speak to me."

Woman's Way.

She—Time will heal the wound I've made in your heart.

He—Yes; but you'll be mad at me if it does.—Detroit Free Press.

Considerate Employers.

Belle—Why, Cholly doesn't mind the trouble. It's a labor of love, isn't it, Cholly?

Cholly—Yes; and the laborer isn't even going to ask for shorter hours.—Puck.

One of the most interesting moving pictures is a woman running to catch a street car.—Baltimore Herald.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JULY 3, 1903

THE LEGISLATURE.

At the close of a session of nearly six months in length the Great and General Court of Massachusetts was prorogued last Friday, June 26, 1903. It was high time that the two bodies should vacate Beacon Hill, if the public good were taken into account.

During the long session 482 bills were enacted, 104 Resolves, and Governor Bates sent in 14 vetoes, all of which were sustained. As an index to the looseness with which the State's business was transacted, the number of vetoes was not in the least creditable to the Senate or House.

The fact is, too much politics has crept into the modern Legislature of this State, most of it of a cheap quality, and neither was the session just closed above suspicion as regards purity of action.

And, then again, there is too much special and personal legislation by the Massachusetts General Court in these latter days. In fact, the bulk of the business is of this character, and in respect to it public good demands reform. Everybody goes to the Legislature with all sorts of unimportant matters, and the members, for political, or other, reasons take them all into consideration.

A session of 3 months is plenty long enough, and all the business could be done in that time if there were less special legislation, fewer suppers, and not so much gallavanting about.

☞ Nashua, N. H., celebrated the 50th anniversary of its incorporation as a city last Sunday, Monday and Tuesday. Hon. Edward E. Thompson and Mr. Abijah Thompson spent Monday there and enjoyed the exercises very much. At the time of the incorporation, 50 years ago, Rev. Daniel March, D. D., Pastor Emeritus of the Woburn Congregational church, was pastor of the Nashua church, and in the Sunday celebration proceedings Rev. Mr. Richardson, Pastor of the same church, in a fine Address, paid a handsome compliment to the Doctor's worth as a Minister of the Gospel, to his scholarship, and piety, and the next morning the Nashua papers contained the Address embellished with the Doctor's portrait. He had written an admirable letter to the Committee in place of his presence at the celebration, which he was unable to attend.

☞ General William A. Bancroft, General Manager of the Boston Elevated Railroad Company, is of the opinion that the North Woburn electric cars will not run to Sullivan Square and connect with the Elevated line, without change at Medford, until such time as the N. W. road is double tracked, and that petitions to that end will be unavailing. Such connection, with a single track, would impose additional burdens on the Elevated Company, which they decline to assume at present. But double rails from Woburn to Medford will soon become an absolute necessity, which is realized by the Boston and Northern company.

☞ "Old Home Week" is having a real boom all over the State. Towns and cities are preparing for receptions of returning members of families from the West and South, and everywhere else, for public celebrations, and a grand jubilee time. It opens on July 26 and closes August 1. It is the intention of Boston to outdo itself, and there will be happy reunions, household meetings and greetings, and high festival goingson from Cape Cod to the Berkshire Hills during the joyous period of "Old Home Week."

☞ If, as is rumored, Mayor Feeney should veto the action of the Council on the committee's report for a site for the new schoolhouse, and thus reject the Wade lot, it will certainly mean the purchase of the Dow farm. One or the other will be selected for a site. The choice of either would not be seriously objected to by the Council, the preference in that body not having been strong; but one of them is sure to be taken.

☞ The great meeting of the National Education Association opens in Boston next Monday and will close on July 10. It is expected to be the largest ever held by the Association Accommodations have been provided for 25,000 people. President Eliot of Harvard is President of the organization. How many Woburn teachers will attend?

☞ According to the ruling of President Johnson the action of the Council on the report of the schoolhouse special committee at the last meeting, was not final. Involving an appropriation of money it was resolved into an order, practically, and must therefore have two readings in the Council. This renders it liable to more amendments, if members see fit to make any.

☞ We are under obligations and hereby return thanks to Mr. William W. Crosby for a copy of the dedication number of the Bulletin of the Lowell Textile School, of which he is the Principal and Superintendent of the Mechanical Engineering Department. It is a neat publication.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

W. G. Snow—Rogers.
Geo. W. Gale—Wanted.
C. S. Pratt—Raspberries.
J. G. Maguire—Ad. Sale.
J. G. Maguire—Ad. Sale.
Tremont Theatre—Peggy.
J. G. Maguire—Ad. Notice.

— July 3: Hot morning.

— Social gatherings are tabooed by the Board of health.

— Mr. John H. Hovey of California is visiting in this city.

— A considerable flood of rain fell in these parts last Monday night.

— M. Bancroft, Sewing Machines and finding, 410 Main street.—6m

— The Woburn Brass Band will play all day the 4th at Winchester.

— Houses let and rents collected by E. Prior Real Estate agent, 349 Main street.

— The days have decreased in length 3 minutes. And no summer, to speak of, yet.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— The Hibernians are to hold their annual Lawn Party in Montvale this evening.

— Mrs. Emma T. Dow went to Chicago last Wednesday to visit her son Carl.

— The show windows of Copeland & Bowser's great store make a fine appearance.

— Mayor Feeney is filling the vacancy on the Board of License Commissioners.

— Many disreputable women and girls come from Lowell and range our streets nights.

— St. Charles Parish picnic at City Park tomorrow. Games and a good time are promised.

— Whitcher says the "Loop" is the best 7-cent cigar sold in Woburn, and Whitcher knows.

— The St. Charles Parish will hold their grand annual picnic in City Park tomorrow, July 4.

— Woburn will be well represented at the Winchester 4th of July celebration tomorrow. You bet!

— The Woburn Machine Company are making large additions to their plant. They are doing a fine business.

— There is a probability that a large share of the stores in this city will close on Wednesday afternoons during July and August.

— Mr. Charles B. Carter, teacher, son of Mr. John R. Carter, is spending a part of his vacation here with family and friends.

— Mr. Allan Keller of Bangor, Maine, and Miss Nellie M. Sanborn of this city have entered into a matrimonial engagement.

— At the bicycle races at Revere last Saturday evening William Gillis of this city fell from his wheel and had a collarbone broken.

— The sessions of the Sunday School and Christian Endeavor meetings of the First Baptist Church will be suspended for the present.

— As manager Mr. Guy C. Marion is making a great success of Innitou Park, Horn Pond, as a pleasure resort It is a fine place, especially for picnics

— The next regular meeting of the City Council is to be held next Monday evening, July 6. Possibly the schoolhouse lot may undergo further agitation.

— The Innitou Canoe Club will treat the public to fireworks at Horn Pond tomorrow evening, July 4. Races and aquatic sports will be the order during the day.

— Attention is asked for an ad in this paper entitled "Wanted for Cash." It looks as though that in that ad there is a chance for somebody to make something.

— Mr. Frank C. Nichols has rented his cottage on Littlejohn Island, Casco Bay, and will spend his vacation in the woods and mountains away to the north of here.

— Kenneth Simonds Johnson, son of Judge E. F. Johnson of the District Court, who graduated from the High School last week, is to enter Harvard College this fall.

— Miss Lela C. Murdock, one of the High School smart teachers, sailed for France last week. Lots of our teachers are crossing the Atlantic Ocean this season.

— Mr. E. P. Marion was the grateful recepient of many valuable and handsome presents at his Silver Wedding last week, which he and Mrs. Marion well deserved.

— Three smart and beautiful young Woburn women, namely, Gladys Aldrich, Bertha Trull and Maud M. Skinner, graduated from Smith College, Northampton, last week.

— The Woburn Brass Band gave a rattling good open air concert on the bandstand last Wednesday evening. The usual large crowd of music lovers were present to enjoy it.

— Mr. George William Buchanan of 16 Warren avenue, this city, was married at the residence of the bride in Cambridge at 4 o'clock last Tuesday afternoon, June 30, 1903.

— Master Owen of the High School will postpone his departure for Belgrade Ponds a few days in order to attend the meeting of the National Education Association in Boston on July 6 – 10.

— The young people can find at the store of Mrs. Jennings all the things they want to celebrate with tomorrow. It is a regular Independence Day Bazaar. Plenty of Flags and Trumpets.

— The Woburn Flower Mission has opened under favorable auspices and it is hoped that the contributions will exceed in number those of last year, when a record equal to the best was made.

— Many Woburn young women go to seaside and mountain hotels in the summer as maids and waiters and thus enjoy the pleasures of such resorts and at the same time earn money. It is a good plan.

— Postoffice, City Hall, and all business houses in this city, will be closed tomorrow in honor of the "Glorious Fourth," or in the language of the old fashioned 4th of July toast, "The Day We Celebrate."

— We are calculating on a fairly quiet day here tomorrow, July 4. Of course, the usual combination of boys and fire crackers will kick up somewhat of a disturbance, but there is to be no general celebration.

— Miss Ada D. Carter, a popular "Old Granite State" schoolmarm, is at her home, 6 Bennett street, with her grandmother, Mrs. M. Richardson, and mother, Mrs. Mary A. Carter. She is out on her summer vacation.

— The public should know that Optician Gillette attaches his patent spectacle guard on old glasses sold by him free of cost. Those who have used it say they would not think of wearing glasses that had not the guard on them.

— Raymond W. Aldrich, son of Representative Aldrich, graduated from the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard College last week. He took special courses in chemistry, botany, architecture, landscape gardening, and languages.

STRAW MATTINGS
FOR SUMMER HOUSES

Our new importation includes all grades from China and Japan, many patterns of which are exclusive. Always cool, cleanly, and sanitary.

RUGS

Royal Wilton, Saxony Axminster, Seamless, and other Axminster and Brussels rugs, in sizes 9 x 12, 8.3 x 10.6, and 6 x 9.

Hundreds of small rugs—Smyrnas, Wiltons, Axminsters, Japanese, etc., etc., at exceptionally low prices.

RUGS

Heavy Brussels Art Squares, many of them in Oriental designs and all reversible, sizes 7.6 x 9, 9 x 9, 9 x 10.6, and 9 x 12; price about $1.00 per square yard.

JOHN H. PRAY & SONS COMPANY
Pray Building 658 Washington St. Opp. Boylston St.
BOSTON

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

NEW SPRING GOODS!
Latest Styles in Pattern and Cloth,
— AT —
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street. - - - - - - - Woburn

For the Fourth!

Soda Water, Ice Cream and College Ices.
If you have never tasted ours you do not know what good ones are like.

CONFECTIONERY. A fresh supply of Apollo and Quality Chocolates in the daintest of boxes just received.

CIGARS. A smoke that is a smoke. Robbins Prefecto 7c., 4 for 25c., and all the other popular brands.

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

If you have not already tried our store for LOW PRICES and courteous attention, try us now.

GREEN TRADING STAMPS.

— Dr. Callahan, City Physician, is getting well over an attack of scarlet fever.

— The soloist at the Unitarian church next Sunday is to be Miss Grace B. Brown.

— Services at the Unitarian church next Sunday will be the last to be held before vacation.

— Rev. H. C. Parker and family are to go to the Isles of Shoals on July 13, for a week's visit.

— The Cummingsville Chapel is nearly ready for use and in a week or two meetings will be held in it.

— The family of Mr. Charlie A. Jones of Warren avenue, have gone to their summer residence at Annisquam.

— The S. S. of the First Congregational Church has given up its sessions till Sept. on account of the scarlet fever.

— Master Owen of the High School and family will leave here next Wednesday for their summer home in Maine.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— The carpenters voted last Tuesday evening to continue the present strike until their demand for $3 a day is complied with.

— Police officers John A. Walsh and Murphy go out on their annual vacation next Monday. Officer O'Neil is on the sick list.

— No Sunday School will be held at the Methodist Episcopal church until further notice. People interested will please take notice.

— Miss Ethel Bryant, the efficient clerk pro tem of the School Board and Assistant Superintendent, has been confined to her home by illness.

— Misses Eliza Crosby, Carrie Andruss and Mary Jones leave Boston this evening for Fabyan's in the White Mountains via Portland by steamer.

— Mrs. Sullivan Simonds of Arlington Road is taking her vacation in New Hampshire. Mr. George A. Simonds and family may follow her later.

— As near as our reporter can learn divine services will be held in our city churches next Sunday, after which, if scarlet fever continues to go ahead, arrangements will be made for temporarily suspending them.

— Such weather as has prevailed here for a few days past will fill up the Beach hotels in great shape. Small Woburn parties are beginning to hie themselves hitherward for a day's outing, and to get sniffs of sea breezes.

— Business may prevent Mayor Feeney from making the European tour which he had in mind a month ago. The Courts are demanding his attention and presence these days and give him but little time to think about a trip across the Atlantic just now.

— The presence of Mr. James Durward, Jr., in Mr. George Durward's provision market on Main street, just above the Central house, is a familiar and gratifying sight. He is an old hand at the business having been his brother George's predecessor.

— Again two rest days together, tomorrow and Sunday, only the first named is likely to be anything but a day of rest for the weary soul. What with the ringing of bells, firecrackers, trumpets, et cetera, to many the 4th will prove a wearisome time.

— E. Prior, 349 Main street is agent for the New York Life Insurance Co. Call and see him before placing any life insurance.

— William H. Feeney, brother of the Mayor, is night reporter and writer of special articles on the Boston *Journal*. He is a newspaper man from centre to circumference.

— There seems to be considerable diversity of opinion among merchants as to the propriety and utility of closing the stores of the city on Wednesday afternoons during July and August.

— The New England Woman's Press Association will entertain visitors to the N. E. A. convention at Hotel Vendome next week, to serve whom hostesses are detailed. Miss Marion T. Hosmer of the JOURNAL, Secretary of the N. E. W. P. A., is to be the hostess next Wednesday.

— Yesterday was one of those summer days when each one you meet sings out, "Wal! is this warm nuff for ye?" which assinine salutation is more apt than otherwise to raise one's temperature several degrees above the normal, which is very provoking.

— C. S. Pratt of Reading has a notice in this paper worth reading. It is all about the finest red raspberries raised in the county, and their quality and price will be a great inducement to buy them. Mr. Pratt is an old Reading fruit raiser and perfectly reliable.

— Miss Nellie M. Banwell of Woburn, a pupil of Miss Stella M. Haynes, gave a monologue at a recital given by Miss Gladys Pemberton at Auburndale, Saturday, June 27, assisted by Boston talent. Miss Nellie acquitted herself finely, and the audience were delighted.

— The wife of Mr. George W. Buchanan was, before her marriage, Miss Mary H. Melcher, and Waterville, Maine, was her birthplace, which is a guaranty that she will make a worthy wife of an excellent young man. Natives of the Pine Tree State are all right all the time.

— Last Friday evening was the Anniversary of the C. E. Society and about 60 were present including 8 or 10 from the Montvale C. E. Society, who brought with them greetings and a purse of $14.00. Mr. Caldwell was their spokesman. Rev. Dr. Norton was the leader of the meeting.

— Miss Avis Hill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William W. Hill of 827 Main street, N. W., who graduated last week from the Woburn High School, will enter Wellesley College this fall. The report that she would go to Smith's was an error. Miss Avis is said to be a fine Latin and French scholar.

— Rev. James L. Fowle, American Missionary in Cesarea, Turkey, a native of Woburn, preached at the Orthodox church last Sunday. Rev. C. B. Crane, D. D., being too ill to fill his pulpit at the First Baptist church, that day, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D., preached at that house of worship in his stead.

— A meeting of merchants and other business men was held last evening in the Men's Room in Lyceum Hall to consider the question of a general closing of stores and shops in this city on Wednesday afternoons from 12 o'clock m., during July and August. There is quite a movement in that direction.

— Mr. William E. Kenney, one of Postmaster Wyer's standbys, is out on his annual vacation, and will return to duty in the postoffice next week. Mrs. Clara M. Ryder, after a pleasant vacation outing at her home on the Cape, resumed work at the postoffice several days ago.

— Several members of Co. K, 39th Regt. attended the 70th birthday anniversary of Capt. John Gilcreast at his residence, 11 Johnson street, last Wednesday evening, in behalf of whom comrade A. R. Linscott presented him with a fine goldheaded cane. It was a bright and happy party.

— With a population of about 20,000 Medford graduated from its High School last week only 51 pupils, or 9 less than Woburn, with a population of only 15,000. Woburn's '03 Class was the largest by 4 that has ever taken diplomas, and in quality of scholarship it has never been excelled.

— In this issue of the JOURNAL appears the business card of Mr. Richard A. White of Reading who has lately bought the livery and undertaking business of Mr. E. A. Brooks on Park street, and is now carrying it on at that place. He brings with him the best of credentials, and solicits a share of the public patronage.

— Mr. George E. Brown, the well known architect and builder of this city, has changed the form of his business to a corporation incorporated under the laws of this State, of which he is the President, his son A. E. Brown is one of the Directors, and B. L. Trull is Clerk. The name is The George E. Brown Building Co.

— It is learned at this office on what is regarded as perfectly reliable authority that many of our people are putting their houses in order for the enjoyment of an out of town vacation season. Objective points are as numerous and varied as are those seeking them, almost, but for a month, or so, the heft of them will be at the seaside.

— In the last issue of the JOURNAL the statement was made that "on the question of accepting the report of the committee in favor of the Wade lot for the new schoolhouse the council stood 7 to 7 and Ald. Ellis absent. It was a close vote." As a matter of fact the vote stood 13 to 1. The tie vote noted above was on the Maguire amendment for the Dow farm.

— Hon. George F. Bean, wife, children and maid left here this week for their summer home among the Granite Hills, the address of the family being Waterloo, N. H., which has been their hot weather resort for several years. Lawyer Bean will be at his Boston office for business during working days, and go to the hills as often as he feels like doing so.

— Last Friday, June 26, Dr. Wilbur A. Reynolds of Weymouth, with dental office at 181 Tremont street, Boston, sent out to the Editor of the JOURNAL a great mess of splendid strawberries which were raised in his home garden. They were the best we have had the pleasure of eating this season, and the Doctor will please accept our hearty thanks for them.

— Mr. Stephen A. Bowers, Supt. of the factories of the American Hide & Leather Company in this city, son-in-law of Mr. Gilman F. Jones, proprietor of the Central Stables, who was seriously, and at first thought fatally, injured by a heavy falling timber of the Tidd factory in Stoneham which he and his men were tearing down, last week, is rapidly mending, and will soon be about his business again. He was treated at the Mass. General Hospital.

— In cleaning up the streets 11 men with shovels and hoes to one old horse and a little cart seems out of proportion. But that was the reporter's count on a certain city street the other day. If a city election were pending one would not have thought the combination a curious one, nor wondered greatly if the number of men had been double; but in these "piping times of peace" the sight of the 11 workmen and the cart not much larger than a wheelbarrow, suggested several things to the mind of the observer, who, by the way, is quite a taxpayer in the city.

— Neither the cars or rails of the Woburn and Stoneham street railroad can properly be classed as perfect, or anywhere near it. No wonder Mayor Feeney appealed to the high railroad authorities to compel the B. & N. Co. to do the fair thing as to cars and roadbed on that line, for improvement by the Co. is imperative. Waiting passengers near the Common receive notice of the coming of the Stoneham cars by their rattling on Salem street, and that is their principal virtue. With firstclass cars and a smooth road the travel between here and Stoneham would be increased many fold.

— Paul W. Norton of the Amherst College Sophomore Class, son of Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D., pastor of the First church of Woburn, a graduate of Amherst, won first prize in mathematics, $200, the highest awarded in that branch of study, last week, which was an achievement that the young gentleman may well feel proud of. A year ago, or so, he left the Sophomore Class of Romona College, California, and, on the removal of his father from San Diego, that State, to Woburn, entered the corresponding class at Amherst, where he seems to be winning honors and prizes right and left.

— By reason of the prevalence of scarlet fever among the children in this city the celebration of the 85th anniversary of the Congregational church last Sunday evening was not as numerously attended as it otherwise would have been. A considerable curtailment of parts by the pupils was the result. The addresses were good Among those present and taking a speaking part in the exercises was Mr William A. Stone of Winchester, a long ago teacher in the Woburn public schools, who was Superintendent of this same Sunday School in 1853, 59, 66 and 67.

— The Lewiston (Maine) *Journal* of June 25 ult. contained a full-page, profusely illustrated, story of "Maine's Scholarly Mineralogist" (with portrait), who is Mr. Erlon R. Chadbourne of Lewiston, and one of the most eminent mineral collectors in this country. He married Lily Walker, whose live on on Pleasant street, this city. The *Journal's* pictures show specimens of Mr. Chadbourne's great collection of minerals at Lewiston and Poland Springs, and, with the text, make an interesting story. Mr. Chadbourne is a member of several geological and mineralogical societies, and occupies a prominent place as a collector.

— The fine house and lawns of Mr. John T. Trull on upper Main street in this city were the scene of a gay and festive party last Tuesday evening. They were handsomely decorated and brilliantly illuminated, and there was music by an orchestra and dancing, and an elegant repast. The occasion was a reception given by the daughter of the house, Miss Evelyn Trull, to a pair of her Smith College classmates who are visiting her, to whom and the large assembly of young people she played the polite and agreeable hostess to perfection. The company represented the choicest social circles in the city, and so deeply engrossed were the young ladies and gentlemen in the pleasures of the evening that "unheeded flew the hours" until quite a late one was reached.

— As a measure to prevent the spread of scarlet fever, which is somewhat prevalent in this city, although generally of a mild character, the Board of Health have sent out notices requesting the closing up of the churches and their Sunday Schools, for the time being, or until the disease has run itself out, which request will be complied with. They have also issued similar notices to the Public Library, and the Moore & Parker, and Whitcher libraries, showing that the Board are alive to the importance of checking the dreaded disease and preventing its further spread. Many adults, as well as children, have been attacked, but there have been no deaths, and severe cases are rare. So, for an indefinite period, the Churches, Sunday Schools, and libraries will probably be closed to the public.

— His many friends in this city and Boston, of whom he has a host, were greatly pleased to meet and greet Mr. George C. Conn of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, who is Assistant General Freight Agent of Pere Marquette System of Railroads, when he arrived here a few days ago, for it was his first visit to New England in the last two years. Beginning in his early days, and sticking faithfully to it, he is a thorough going railroad man, as is indicated by the responsible position he holds in a great System, and has filled for a long time. He is not as active in politics as he used to be here when he was Chairman of the Republican Ward and City Committee and had strong faith in red lights and noise on political parades and at mass meetings, but he holds to the faith, and is sound on the goose. He and his family have come to Woburn and Boston for a vacation visit, and may they enjoy it to their heart's content. Mr. Conn is looking and feeling fine.

— For a dozen successive years prior to 10 years, or so, ago Mr. Alva A. Persons was the Master of "The Happy Man's Rest" at Revere Beach, and during that time the "biggest pebble" on it. He regularly spent several weeks of each summer there in a neat tent made by himself and enjoyed life to the brim. He kept an eating house, not for money but to entertain his friends from Woburn, and elsewhere, and many a fine bowl of clam chowder have they eaten and praised at his hospitable board. No one on the Beach could make a clam chowder equal to that turned out by Mr. Persons and they became famous; grand people from the Capital of the Nation, New York, Chicago and other great cities, being his customers (not for pay), from some of whom he has written endorsements, and newspaper commendations of his splendid chowders. But, after all, his strongest point, his forte, so to speak, was "clam pancakes", an edible that, for real richness, juiciness and toothsomeness, has never yet been met by an equal. They were a delicious treat. Others on the Beach tried to make them, but Mr. Parsons held the secret of the "clam pancake," and the would be rivals went to the wall. Now, after thinking the matter all over, Mr Persons has concluded that he will make another visit to Revere Beach this summer and try his hand at a chowder and a mess of "clam pancakes".

— The other day a large party of men and women, dressed after the fashion of tourists, came over here from the eastward and took the trolley line for the ancient historical town of Lexington, five miles from Woburn Common. They carried hampers containing food, and were evidently bent on spending the day amid the scenes and monuments of Lexington and Concord, which teem with Revolutionary history, and where the first gun was fired in the great struggle to free the American Colonies from the British yoke. Last summer numerous parties of this sort came over by trolley from Salem and Lynn, and regions thereabouts, for a day's outing on the old battleground at Lexington, and these, when the warm weather comes, as it soon must, will probably be greatly multiplied. From the cities mentioned, and along the seacoast, to Woburn is a charming ride, the scenery which the cars pass through being unsurpassed for beauty, all the way diversified with hills and vales, cool groves and clear running brooks, broken only by an occasional farmhouse, or gentleman's country seat. The car ride from Woburn to Lexington is one of the pleasantest in this part of Middlesex county, so the tourist and student of Revolutionary history, with his eye on its fountain, enjoys a most delightful trip from his home to the Mecca of his pilgrimage. And when he arrives at the old town he finds himself on sacred soil, the identical spot where Major Pitcairn commanded the "Rebels" to "lay down your arms and disperse," which they immediately proceeded not to do.

Very Remarkable Cure of Diarrhoea.

"About six years ago for the first time in my life I had a sudden and severe attack of diarrhoea," says Mrs. Alice Miller, of Morgan, Texas. "I got temporary relief, but it came back again and again, and for six long years I have suffered more misery and agony than I can tell. It was worse than death. My husband spent hundreds of dollars for physicians' prescriptions and treatment without avail. Finally we moved to Bosque county, our present home, and one day I happened to see an advertisement of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with a testimonial of a man who had been cured by it. The case was so similar to my own that I concluded to try the remedy. The result was wonderful. I could hardly realize that I was well again, or believe it could be so after having suffered so long, but that one bottle of medicine, costing but a few cents, cured me." For sale by all druggists.

John Ferguson.

After an illness extending over a period of more than a year, Mr. JOHN FERGUSON, one of the best known and highly esteemed of Woburn's citizens, and who, for many years, had held important official positions, under town and city government, died at his home, 18 Ferguson Place, in this city, on Thursday, June 25, 1903, to the profound regret of all those who had enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance and friendship. A member of the family furnishes the following brief sketch of his life:

"He was a son of William and Sarah (Akerly) Ferguson, and the second of a family of nine children. He was born March 1, 1822, in Wallace, N. S., where his father, an American citizen, then resided. He attended the public schools of his native town, and afterwards taught in a neighboring city. At the age of 21, he went to New York and soon after entered the Naval service of the country, beginning as Captain's Clerk on the Frigate Savannah, which almost immediately sailed on a four years' cruise to the Pacific Coast via Cape Horn. This vessel was of the fleet that took possession of San Francisco, and it was a squad from the Savannah that raised the Stars and Stripes in that town, July 7, 1847.

"Mr. Ferguson rose, through regular grades to be Paymaster and Fleet Paymaster, serving in all 27 years, or until 1870, when he retired to private life. In 1850 he purchased for his mother the estate on Ferguson Place, and thither he returned when he severed his connection with the Navy. The year after taking up residence in Woburn, he married Miss Annette Elizabeth, elder daughter of Philip and Margaret Tears, the union taking place in June, 1871. The widow, two daughters, Misses F. Mabelle and Florence I., two sons, George R. now of Winchester and J. Berton of Baltimore, Md., one sister, Mrs. Sarah A. Reed of Malden, and one brother, Thos. T. Ferguson, Inspector of the U. S. Treasury Department, stationed at Medford, survive him.

"In 1881, he was elected a member of the Board of Selectmen, Overseers and Assessors, serving in this capacity until Woburn became a city, and for several years of this period as Clerk of the Board. After the incorporation of the city he was elected an Assessor, and by successive elections remained a member of that Board and its efficient Clerk until failing health in March 1902, forced him to resign."

Mr. Ferguson was an honest, upright man, and a good citizen. He was conscientious in the discharge of his public and private duties. As a municipal officer his services were highly valued, of which his long continuance in responsible offices was ample proof. He had many friends in this community, by whom he was greatly respected, and by whom he will be greatly missed.

The funeral was held on Sunday afternoon, June 28, at the home of the deceased, and was attended by a large number of people including Veterans of the Civil War in G. A. R. uniforms. Rev. H. C. Parker of the Unitarian church conducted the religious exercises, and a Quartet from Boston rendered several appropriate and beautiful pieces. There were many flowers. The interment was in Woodbrook cemetery.

No man or woman in the state will hesitate to speak well of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets after once trying them. They always produce a pleasant movement of the bowels, improve the appetite and strengthen the digestion. For sale by all druggists.

THE MOTHERS KNOW

A growing, active boy puts clothing to its supreme test. It is the mother of such a boy who understands, as nobody else does, whether materials hold their color, are properly put together, and stand wear as they should.

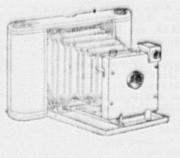
Hundreds of mothers have told us how absolute is the satisfaction which

Our Clothing

gives to them, in all respects, as worn by their sons.

We cannot conceive of a higher endorsement — can you?

Macullar Parker Company
400 Washington Street
BOSTON



TO START RIGHT
ON THAT VACATION
A Folding Pocket Kodak
Should Be In Your Pocket
GET IT AT Whitcher's

Tidd—Clark.

At one o'clock Thursday afternoon, June 25, 1903 Captain JOHN EDGELL TIDD of Woburn, who is Court Officer in the Middlesex County Superior Court, and Miss SARAH JACKSON CLARK of Boston, granddaughter of the late Hon. Jesse Holbrook of Boston, and sister of Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Winchester of that city, were united in marriage by Rev. Theodore I. Reese, Pastor of St. Michael's Episcopal church in Milton, Mass.

Captain and Mrs. Tidd will reside at No. 2 Spring street, Woburn, and be "At Home" after October 1, next.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "The Way to Peace." After this service the church will be closed till second Sunday in September.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—4th Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion at 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by Rev. Cephus B. Crane, D. D. Subject: "The Lesson of the Lamp." Communion.
No Sunday School.
No Christian Endeavor Meeting.
7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "Passing the Examination."
7.45 P. M., Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Life." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton. Subject: "The Best Gift."
No Sunday School.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
At 7, Evening Service. Address by the pastor.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In this city, June 24, by Rev. James J. Keegan, James Flemming Humphrey and Rose Parsons, both of Woburn.

In this city, June 24, by Rev. Henry C. Parker, Albert Everett Brown and Bessie May Ashbee, both of Woburn. No cards.

In this city, June 24, by Rev. James F. Doherty, John Francis Cassidy and Mary Ellen Doherty, both of Woburn.

In this city, June 24, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Henry McInnis and Sarah Ann Cox, both of Woburn.

In this city, June 20, by Rev. Clifford Jones, Dick Turner Lawrence of Buffalo, N. Y., and Ina Gertrude Bagnell of Woburn.

In this city, June 28, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Philip Joseph Shea and Alice Celia Reynolds, both of Woburn.

In this city, June 24, by Rev. James J. Keegan, James Philip McArdle and Mary Ellen Rowen, both of Woburn.

In this city, June 28, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Thomas Francis McKittrick and Katherine Anna Connolly, both of Woburn.

In Boston, June 30, by Rev. Charles H. Beale, George William Buchanan of Woburn and Mary Harding Mecher of Boston.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, June 25, John Ferguson, aged 81 years, 3 months, 24 days.

In this city, June 26, Cornelius Cashman, aged 63 years.

In this city, June 27, Mary Desmond, aged 88 years.

Seasonable Goods
— AT —
Reasonable Prices!

Standard Tomatoes	8c can
Standard Corn	8c "
String Beans	9c "
Wax Beans	10c "
Shelled Beans	12c "
Red Gage Plums	12c "
Peaches	10c "
Bartlett Pears 3lb cans	13c "
2 cans 25c	
3 lb cans Apple	10c "
Gallon cans Apple	25c "
Red Alaska Salmon	9c "
Sockeye Salmon flat cans	15c "
Best New Creamery Butter	25c "

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

RICHARD A. WHITE
Successor to E. A. Brooks,
Undertaker
— AND —
Funeral Supplies
Boarding and Livery Stable.
12 Park St., Woburn.

Our New Quarters
— AT —
26 Montvale Ave.
Are open for your inspection.
Woburn Laundry
Telephone 29 4.

Wanted for Cash
A SMALL HOUSE, from 5 to 7 rooms: modern conveniences: land suitable for garden: must be near electric or steam cars. Address P. O. Box 237, Arlington, Mass.

RASPBERRIES
For Preserving.
14 Pints of Dark Red Raspberries fresh from the vines for one dollar, delivered anywhere in town within one mile of Post Office. No order for less than one dollar accepted. Be careful and give your street number when ordering.
C. S. PRATT, Reading, Mass.

To Let.
No. 7 Charles st., 8 rooms, gas, modern plumbing, etc., concrete sidewalk, 1 minute to electrics, rent low. Apply at No. 590 Main street, opposite Charles, or to John W. Shaw, 15 Green street, Brockton.

To Let.
Flat No. 6 Montvale avenue, with 7 rooms and all modern improvements. Rent very low. Apply to E. PRIOR, 349 Main street, Room 6, Woburn.

THE · LEWIS · F · PERRY & WHITNEY · COMPANY

· PAINTING · SPECIAL · FURNITURE · CARPETS · FABRICS · PAPERS · CRETONNES · TAFFETAS · LACES · RUGS ·

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8 · BOSWORTH · ST · BOSTON · MASS

Mens' Department.

Fancy Hosery, a 25c. quality for 13c. pair.

Mens' Gauze, Jersey and Balbriggan Underwear at 25 and 50c.

Suspenders, Collars and Neckwear.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Ice Cream. Sherbets.

STRAWBERRY (from fruit)
VANILLA
COFFEE
CHOCOLATE
PINEAPPLE (with fruit)

STRAWBERRY (with fruit)
PINEAPPLE
ORANGE
LEMON

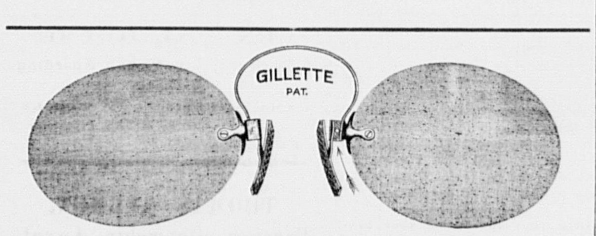
MADE TO ORDER.

FRUIT PUNCH
FRAPPE
ORANGE
STRAWBERRY
PINEAPPLE

SULTANA ROLL
FROZEN PUDDING
MACCAROON
COFFEE PARFAIT
BOM GLACE

Our Ice Cream is made from deep set Jersey Cream and Fresh Fruit Juices.

CRAWFORD'S,
412 Main St., Woburn.
TELEPHONE: 48-3.



Go to a reliable person for your glasses, for a good pair of glasses is a comfort and will relieve your headache and eye strain. Poor, cheap glasses, or glasses fitted by incompetent opticians is an injury to your eyes and your whole system. We have a reputation of the past nine years. Our work is thorough and our prices right. We can give you a thousand references in Woburn and vicinity. Here are a few:

"I have been treated by Mr. Gillette for my eyes after attending the Eye Infirmary, where I was given up as a hopeless case. I have been under his treatment about four months. Am improving every day. Can see very nicely now.
MRS. TEBY, Greenwood Ave. and High street.

Also refer to Mr. L. Herbert Owen, Principal Woburn High School, Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Seth W. Kelley, and every physician in Woburn.

— OSBORN GILLETTE —

REDUCTION
— IN THE —
PRICE OF GAS!

From July 1st, 1903, a reduction will be made from the present price of $1.70 per M less 20c., to $1.60 less 20c., making the net price $1.40 per M cubic feet for prompt payment.

R. J. MONKS, Agent and Treasurer.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Julia A. Johnson, late of Woburn, in said County deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to John W. Johnson of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourteenth day of July, A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-fourth day of June, in the the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Michael McGrath, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Mary McGrath of Woburn, in said County, or to some other suitable person.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourteenth day of July, A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing postpaid to each heir-at-law of said deceased a copy of this citation, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-second day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

We are selling the Latest French Novelty in

Highly Perfumed Violet Toilet Soap

13c. a CAKE.
35c. a BOX.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.

IF YOU WANT

To insure in good reliable companies, for FIRE or Life, consult

BRYAN McSWEENEY,
7 Munroe Street, - Woburn.
A Postal card will bring him to you.

(Original.)

ANSWERED.

Sometimes, with aching heart,
I say within myself,
Is there no good in life?
Do all seek but for pelf?
Have truth and love no part
To lessen endless strife?

And once the Lord replied:
He sent a friend most true,
Who spoke the word in need,
Which, planted, grew and grew,
'Till good for which I sighed,
Has blossomed from that seed.

—C. M. Warren.

The Class Reception.

Before setting out to write the story of this fashionable function it is proper to say that the gentlemanly ushers at the graduating exercises were: John C. Andrews, '94; Waldo P. Cutler, '95; Fred E. Leathe, '96; Frank H. Smith, '94; Clifton G. Buchanan, '96; Otis S. Ralston, '00; John J. McCormick, '99; Geo. N. Parker, '96; William E. McLaughlin, Edward Johnson, and Walter Eaton.

The reception was held in Lyceum Hall on Friday evening, June 26, 1903, and its splendor would be diffiult to match, and utterly impossible to surpass. The Matrons were: Mrs. L. Herbert Owen, wife of the High School Master; Mrs. William W. Hill and Mrs. Dr. H. G. Blake, members of the School Board; Mrs. C. Willard Smith, and Mrs. Minnie S. Hertkorn. They were elegantly dressed for the important occasion.

The Hall was handsomely decorated. The galleries were thronged with the town's uppercrust, and, of themselves, constituted a nice show. The delighted occupants of the seats appeared out in their best clothes and society manners, and, satisfied with everything, they remained to the end of the last dance.

The graduating Class were at their best in every respect. Of course, they occupied the Hall floor, with such male and female guests as were so fortunate as to obtain floor tickets. They made a good appearance, and their reception was the height of perfection in every feature.

First in order was the finishing up of the literary parts left over from graduation night. These exercises consisted of the Class History by Gertrude Alena Neville, the Class Prophecy by Mary Louise Doherty, and music. The papers were a credit to their authors. They were well written and delivered in an effective manner. The audience listened to them with evident pleasure.

Cake and icecream followed and were enjoyed. The management of the reception was put into the hands of a committee consisting of George W. Smith, President of the Class; James S. Murray, Vice-President; Mary B. Tracey, Secretary; Sarah S. Cummings, Avis W. Hill, and Allen C. Inman. The time occupied by the reception was from 8 to 9 o'clock in the evening.

This literary, musical and social event, which will not soon fade from the memory of those who participated in it, but be remembered and cherished as one of the happiest incidents in their lives, closed at 1 a. m. Saturday with the final dance on the programme. For this delightful share of the reception exercises Calnan's Orchestra furnished the music.

NOTES.

Class '03 of the W. H. S. numbered an even 60. It was the largest that has ever been graduated from the school. Medford, with 20,000 inhabitants, turned out only 51 from its H. S. last week.

It is suspected that Master Owen never had a class of graduates that he was prouder of than that of '03.

It is expected that Gertrude A. Neville and Mary L. Doherty will enter Tufts College in September.

The following young lady members of Class '03 will enter the State Normal School at Lowell this fall: Mabel P. Williams, Katherine V. Corry, Bertha M. Dean, Agnes A. Fisher, Edith E. Gott, Sarah A. Lyons, Nellie G. Murphy, Mary B. Tracy, Violet A. Twining, Margaret E. Kerrigan.

Mayor Feeney's presentation of the diplomas was especially well done. It was praised by many who know about such things.

A kind lady and her granddaughter presented handsome fans to members of the Club composed of young girl graduates.

Miss Agnes Amelia Fisher the Salutatorian, daughter of Mr. David Fisher, the florist, took her carriage companions, Carrie M. Andrus, Edith E. Gott and Blanche L. Blackburn, all graduates, to her home after the exercises on Thursday evening, and gave them an elegant treat.

Will Buy It Back.

You assume no risk when you buy Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. All druggists will refund your money if you are not satisfied after using it. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful remedy in use for bowel complaints and the only one that never fails. It is pleasant, safe and reliable.

Boston Theatres.

MUSIC HALL.

"The Fire Patrol," a modern melodrama in five acts, will be the attraction to be presented by the Aubrey Stock Company at the Boston Music Hall, commencing next Monday afternoon. The story is an interesting one, and the play is filled with thrilling situations and intense heart interest.

THE TREMONT.

"Peggy from Paris," the George Ade musical comedy, now running merrily in its month at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, continues to supply tuneful music and clean, wholesome fun to audiences that test the capacity of the house. It would be difficult to give a more lively performance than that given by the members of Mr. Savage's company. The piece goes with a vim and dash from the rise of the curtain on the prologue to the end of the finale at the last act. George Marion, the past-master of stage-craft, who staged so many successful productions, including "The Prince of Pilsen" and "The Sultan of Sulu," has accomplished wonders with the excellent material in the form of scores of handsome young women in the chorus. The principal members of the cast are already prime favorites with theatre-goers. Georgia Caine, with her sprightly dances and captivating French songs, receives many encores at every performance. Dainty little Helen Hale, who plays Lily Ann Lynch, the "home-grown article," Guelma Baker and funny Josie Saddler are artistic comediennes, and E. J. Connelly, George Schiller, William T. Hodge, Arthur Deagon and, in fact, all of the principals are deservedly popular for their clever work. "Peggy from Paris" promises to run at the Tremont for many weeks to come. Summer prices now prevail.

Archibald L. Hyatt.

The friends of Mr. ARCHIBALD L. HYATT in this city, step-father of Mrs. Dr. F. W. Graves, were surprised and deeply pained on the receipt of the news of his death, which occurred at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Sumermondt, in Summit, N. J., about noon, Tuesday, June 30, 1903, and reported in Woburn the next day. It was only a few weeks ago that Mr. Hyatt returned to Summit from a visit here with Mrs. Graves, when, it was supposed he was in the enjoyment of a usual degree of health, so the news of his death was painful and unexpected intelligence to his acquaintances in Woburn, who, during his frequent visits and occasional prolonged stays here, had learned to respect and admire him.

Mr. Hyatt was a native of Connecticut, from which State he emigrated to New York City at an early age, and lived there and in Brooklyn, engaged in business nearly all his life. He was about 75 years old at his death.

Mr. Hyatt was a man of sterling worth, high character, of courtly bearing, and kind and courteous to everyone. He had no enemies; he made friends wherever he went; everybody admired and trusted him; and he had a kind word for all. Mrs. Graves was with him when he passed away.

For a lazy liver try Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They invigorate the liver, aid the digestion, regulate the bowels and prevent bilious attacks. For sale by all druggists.

Geographical Boston.

It is quite unusual to find an issue of a magazine so timely and at the same time of so permanent value as the June number of the JOURNAL OF GEOGRAPHY, published by Messrs. Rand, McNally & Company of Chicago and New York. This is a "Special Boston Number" in honor of the National Educational Association, which is now meeting 15,000 strong in the historic city, and it is devoted to the geography of Boston and vicinity. While this particular issue will appeal first of all to the people of Boston and the thousands of teachers who congregate there in July, it will interest every one who wants to know more of the geography, the history and the modern development of this New England city and its environs.

Among the leading articles are: "The Geographical Features of Boston and Vicinity," by George H. Barton, President of the Appalachian Mountain Club; "Excursions In and Around Boston", by Charles F. King, of the Dearborn School, Boston; "The Boston Park System," by Arthur A. Shurtleff of Boston; "Boston a Center of Industry" by Philip Emerson, of the Cobbet School, Lynn, Massachusetts; and "The Geographical Development of Boston," by F. P. Gulliver, of St. Mark's School, Southboro, Massachusetts.

Richard E. Dodge professor of geography in the Teacher's College, Columbia University, has prepared a fascinating article, "Approaching Boston," which describes to the traveler the geographical features of the landscape as he approaches the city from the east, north, west, or south. There is also "Boston in 1810," taken from the American Gazetteer compiled by Jedidiah Morse, and a selected bibliography of Boston and vicinity, compiled by the Teachers' Geography Club of Boston.

The numerous illustrations scattered through this number are splendid examples of modern half-tone printing, and include photographs of the Arnold Arboretum, Blue Hills Reservation, Winthrop Beach, Concord, Lowell, The Charles River, etc., besides eight maps. THE JOURNAL OF GEOGRAPHY is a very attractive Magazine and should be in the hands of every geography teacher. This issue might well be generally used as a Geographical Reader in Boston and throughout Massachusetts.

Literary Notices.

America's teachers are given first place in the July NATIONAL. Dr. A. E. Winship tells how Boston is preparing to welcome them, 25,000 strong, early in July. His article is illustrated with portraits of thirty leaders of American education. Mr. Chapple's Affairs at Washington is full of brisk and lavishly illustrated chat from the capital. Colonel James Matlock Scovel's Side Lights on Lincoln tells of Grant's loyalty to his chief in 1864, when politicians wanted the soldier to run for President. John Howard Todd's American Invasion of Canada forecasts the annexation of the Dominion. Dallas Lore Sharp, George T. Richardson, J. A. Mitchell, May Ellis Nichols, Waldon Fawcett, Frederick W. Coburn, Charles Ferguson, Frank Putnam, Frank M. Sparks, Marion C. Hallett and Joe Mitchell Chapple contribute other articles and departments, dealing with outdoor life, art, commerce, politics, the stage, current events, our army and navy, John Brown's farm, and the development of American states and cities. The story tellers of the number are Grace MacGowan Cooke, James Ball Naylor, Minien Reid French, John Austin Schetty and Walter Bidwell. The scores of pictures are all fresh and timely. The frontispiece is a fine portrait of Mrs. Walter Farwell of Washington and Chicago, listed in the American Beauty Book as the most beautiful woman in America.

Cholera Infantum.

This has long been regarded as one of the most dangerous and fatal diseases to which infants are subject. It can be cured, however, when properly treated. All that is necessary is to give Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and castor oil, as directed with each bottle, and a cure is certain. For sale by all druggists

Admistratrix's Notice of Sale of Real Estate in Woburn, Mass.

By virtue of a license granted to me by the Probate Court for the County of Middlesex, dated June 23rd, A. D., 1903, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described, on

Wednesday, July 22d, 1903,

at two o'clock in the afternoon the following described real estate, viz:—A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn in said County of Middlesex and bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by land now or late of Kenney; southeasterly by Bedford street; northwesterly by land now, or late, of Thomas Caulfield; and southwesterly by land now, or late, of Martin Doyle, and being the same premises conveyed to Denis Glancy by Bridget Cordell, Administratrix, by deed dated August 27th, 1880, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 1549, Page 336.

Terms made known at sale.

MARY CLANCY, Administratrix of estate of Dennis Clancy, otherwise known as Denis Glancy.

Woburn, Mass., July 1, 1903.

Administratrix's Notice to Creditors of Insolvent Estate.

Estate of Hugh P. Maguire late of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, represented insolvent.

THE Probate Court for said County will receive and examine all claims of creditors against the estate of said Hugh P. Maguire and notice is hereby given that six months from the twenty-third day of June, A. D., 1903, are allowed to creditors to present and prove their claims against said estate, and that the Court will receive and examine the claims of creditors at Cambridge, on the eighth day of September, A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and at Cambridge on the thirteenth day of October, A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon.

CATHERINE T. MAGUIRE, Administratrix.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate Octavia E. Melendy, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to me at No. 15 Court Square, Boston, Mass.

JOHN F. LIBBY, Adm.

June 20th, 1903.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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Mechanics Building.

How Blisters Are Raised.

A blister is the vesicle, or bladder, which is formed by an effusion of serum—the watery portion of the blood —underneath the scarf, or outer skin. Any such powerful irritant as boiling water may produce blisters, and we may regard their formation as an effort of nature to protect the true and acutely sensitive inner skin from attack.

The fact speaks for itself, but the reason for this injurious action of scalding water has a much deeper seat. Our blood vessels are supplied with nerves, and the stimulation of these causes in some cases dilatation and in others contraction. Any excessive stimulus will cause paralysis of the muscular coat of the vessels and consequent stagnation of the blood in these parts, and then their nutrition is impaired.

It is owing to the condition thus induced by scalding water that the serum oozes through the vessel wall and makes its way into the surrounding tissue. This raises the upper and insensible skin into a blister, which probably takes its name from the Anglo-Saxon blœstan, to blast or puff.

The Flight of Time.

One day "Uncle Chet" Thomas drove out to South Topeka to sell a man a horse. The man was no judge of horseflesh and knew it. So after looking the animal over he told "Uncle Chet" to come out again in about ten days. "A friend of mine who knows a horse when he sees it will be here then," he said, "and I'll see what he thinks. And, by the way," he added, "how old did you say the horse was?" "Seven years old comin' February," said "Uncle Chet" as he gathered up the reins and drove away. "Uncle Chet" drove out to South Topeka again. The prospective purchaser was there, and after looking the horse in the mouth asked his age. "Twelve years old this spring," replied "Uncle Chet," smiling blandly. "But," broke in the man who wanted to buy the horse, "you told me not ten days ago that he was only seven." "So I did," squeaked "Uncle Chet"—"so I did. My, how time does fly!"—Topeka Capital.

An Ancient Tragedy.

A historical paper in Lord Montagu's collection in London tells of a strang tragedy "done in Holborn, a little before Christmas," several centuries ago. "A boy seven years old came up into a gentleman's chamber and prattled to him and drew his sword and flourished with it. The gentleman, being in bed, wondered to see the boy toss his blade so and said: 'So, good boy, thou hast done well. Put in the sword.' The boy persisting, the gentleman rose and held him the scabbard, and the rude handed lad, thinking to sheath the sword, lustily chopt it into his belly. Company were called. One offered to strike the child. 'Let him alone,' quoth the gentleman. 'God is just. This boy's father did I kill five years since and none knew. Now he hath revenged it.' And the gentleman died the second dressing."

How Oysters Grow.

A man who has devoted much time to the study of the oyster says that this bivalve is born with his shell on and that he grows only in the summer time. The beard of an oyster is not only his breathing organ—that is, his lungs—but it also serves to convey food to his mouth. When the warm, calm days of June come the oyster opens his shell and by means of his beard begins building an additional story to his house. This he does by depositing very, very fine particles of carbonate of lime till at last they form a substance as thin as silver paper and exceedingly fragile. Then he adds more and more till at last the new shell is as hard as the old shell.

Secret For Secret.

In the days of Louis XIV. even warriors bandied epigrams with one another.

The Marechal de Grammont had taken a fortress by siege.

"I will tell you a secret," said its military governor after surrendering. "The reason of my capitulation was that I had no more powder."

"And, secret for secret," returned the marechal suavely, "the reason of my accepting it on such easy terms was that I had no more balls."

Wanted Something Effective.

Under a "sketchy little thing" exhibited by Jones there hangs a printed card which bears the words:

"Do not touch with canes or umbrellas."

An appreciative small boy added the following postscript:

"Take A Ax."—London Tit-Bits.

His Calling.

"My dear friend, allow me to introduce to you M. X., a man who writes more nonsense than any one living."

"I see; he's a journalist."

"No; he's a legislative stenographer." —Paris Figaro.

Her Very Own.

"He says that he loves me more than his life and that he can't live without me."

"Oh, all young men say that."

"That may be, but they don't say it to me."

Accomplished.

Ethel—Isn't Judy newsy?

Mayme—Isn't she, though? She tells so much I don't see how she gets time to hear anything.—Detroit Free Press.

Eve's Daughter For Sure.

Mother—Why are you so naughty, Dorothy?

Dorothy (aged three)—'Cause it's easier, muzzer.—Comfort.

Learn first how to make a living and make a great name later. — Dallas News.

Wavering.

Nervous Old Lady (addressing officer on board a passenger steamer)—Oh, captain, I wish you'd go and speak to the man at the wheel. He keeps turning it first one way and then the other, and I'm sure he doesn't know his own mind.—London King.

A Bit Unkind.

Holden — Burgess says he always says what he thinks.

Belden—That accounts for it. Saw him at the club last night, and he didn't utter a word the whole evening. —Boston Transcript.

A Common Occurrence.

Mr. Hones—Did you read about a woman who married one man thinking he was another?

Mrs. Hones—Don't get excited over that. Lots of women do the same thing every day in the week.

What's Left.

Mrs. Bingo—Oh, dear! Do you think that death ends all?

Bingo—All but the estate. The lawyers end that.—Exchange.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co.

On and after June 1, 1903, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Burlington and Billerica at 5 45 a. m.

Leave Woburn for Burlington, Billerica and Lowell, at 6 45 a. m., hourly till 11.45 a. m., half hourly till 9.45 p. m., 10 15 and 10 45 p. m. to Billerica only.

Leave Lowell at 5 45 a. m., hourly till 11.45 a. m. half hourly till 9 45 p. m.

Leave Billerica for Woburn or Lowell, at 6 30 a. m., and hourly till 12 30 a. m., half hourly till 10 30 p. m. Also 11 and 11 30 p. m. for Woburn.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6 55 a. m., hourly till 12 55 p. m., half hourly till 11 55 p. m.

Cars arrive at Woburn 7.15 a. m., hourly till 1.15 p. m., half hourly till 12.15 midnight, connecting at Woburn with B. & M. trains for Boston at 7.12, 8.14, 9.06 a. m. and 4.11 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

First car leaves Woburn at 6.45 a. m., hourly till 9.45 a. m., half hourly till 10.45 p. m.

Leaves Billerica at 7.30 a. m., Lowell at 6.45 a. m.

For special cars or other information address C. W. E. HARRISON, Supt., Woburn, Mass.

Tel. 112-4.

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200 1st Floor Seats	50c
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A Clever French Captive.

A person who was supposed to be the French General Mouton, count de Lobau, was once captured by an English vessel, but after a time the captain discovered that his prisoner was the Count de Montrond. "Why did you deceive me?" he demanded angrily of the count. "I did not deceive you," replied Montrond; "not at all. You thought I was General Mouton. You told me so. You have a fifty gun frigate. Was it for me, who have only a pocket pistol, to contradict you?"

The captain did not forgive Montrond and took every opportunity to treat him rudely. One evening at dinner some one proposed the health of the French. As Montrond rose to acknowledge it the captain cried: "They are all cowards! I make no exceptions!" When Montrond's turn came he gave this sentiment: "The English—they are all gentlemen, but I make exceptions."

How Green Turtles Feed.

The green turtles of southern Florida live in deep water and feed on sea plants, mostly the kind called "turtle grass," which they cut off near the roots, eating the lower parts and leaving the tops floating so that it collects in great fields and marks the spots where the animals are to be hunted for by the fishermen. After browsing on such ocean pastures the green turtles go to the mouths of rivers for baths of fresh water, which they seem to need from time to time. The Florida fishermen say the reptiles enter the creeks and roll together masses of grass, cementing them into balls with clay. When the turn of the tide takes the balls out to sea they follow them. The fishermen watch for such balls floating down the creeks, and when they see them they stretch nets across the mouths of the streams and always catch the turtles.

How Pausanius Died.

Pausanius, the Greek general, died by self administered poison. When hotly pursued by those sent to apprehend him on a charge of treason and sacrilege he took refuge in the sanctuary of a temple. Unable to remove him by force and also unwilling to violate the sanctuary, the officers walled up the entrance and began to unroof the building. When he could be seen they noticed that he was chewing something which proved to be a quill filled with poison. By the time the work had sufficiently advanced to admit of their entrance he was in a dying condition.

The Anger Fish.

The anger fish, half fish, half crab, is the terror of all vessels but ironclads that use the south seas. This creature, which is not bigger than an almond, has a proboscis like an enlarge gnat sting that can bore through even sheet iron. Anger fish frequent many of the lagoons of the coral islands and burrow holes for themselves in the coral, but they have a perverse habit of doing the same thing to ships lying at anchor, and the damage generally shows itself when next the vessel is at sea in bad weather—with disastrous results.

Molasses and Salt Poultice.

What is said to be an infallible remedy for sprains and bruises attended with painful inflammation is a poultice of hot molasses and salt. Stir the molasses so stiff with salt that the poultice can be held in place by a muslin bandage and wrap the affected parts well, so as to retain the heat as long as possible. This is good for beasts as well as human beings.

Very Nice Indeed.

Mrs. Gadd—Wouldn't it be grand if science should discover the moon to be inhabited and hit on some way to talk with our lunar neighbors?

Mrs. Gabb—Indeed it would. They would be near enough to talk to, yet not near enough to be running in at all hours of the day, you know.

The One Thing Free.

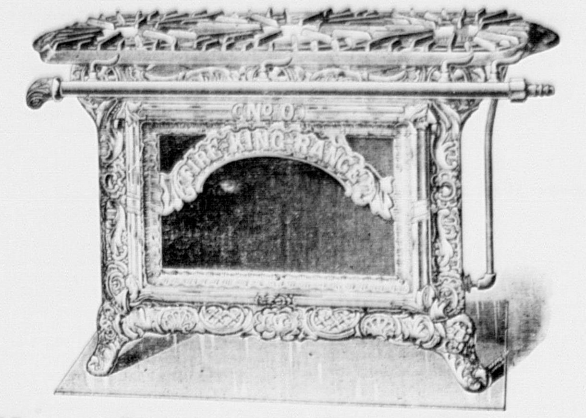
"He took some fine views with his camera."

"Yes. There was nothing else he could take without having it charged up extra in the hotel bill."—Chicago Post.

The Main Point.

Therese—It must have been a terrible shock for you when you heard of the death of your aunt, was it not?

Helene—Oh no; I had still my new black silk dress.—Lustige Blatter.



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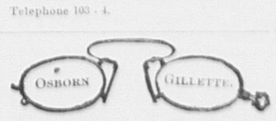

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Open Box Buggy in good order, $30.00. E. H. RICHARDS.

IN APEX CANYON

By WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE

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After Huntly had got his sister aboard the Rocky Mountain Limited and comfortably settled in her section he looked about to see if by any chance there were any of his friends aboard to whom he might confide the care of his sister for the journey from Chicago to Denver. His eye fell on Maddox—big Jim Maddox of Cripple Creek and Seattle and Los Angeles, a mining argonaut who knew his west as a Boston girl does her Henry James.

A moment later Maddox's big fist was squeezing the blood out of the clubman's limp hand.

"By thunder, Huntly, but I'm glad to see you. Let me see—last time I saw you was on the dump of the Mollie K., out in God's country. 'Member the day I drove you up Son-of-a-Gun hill and sold you 5,000 shares in the James G. Blaine? We saw weather that day, young man. The blizzard sure did hit us on the way home. You on the way out there now?"

Huntly rescued a paralyzed hand before he ventured on explanations. "No. I'm seeing my sister started. She has not been well, and the doctors have ordered a complete change. We're sending her to Denver. It was the original plan that I should go with her, but I received a telegram this morning that the senior partner of our firm has died suddenly, and it is imperative that I should leave for New York at once. Would it be asking too much of you to see that she doesn't get too lonesome and that she makes connections with my aunt at Denver?"

"Well, I guess not. That's what I'm here for—to help out my friends when they need me. But I'm not much of a lady's man. Miss Huntly will have to take me in the rough."

Now, big hearted, breezy Jim Maddox was the very man to cheer a homesick girl who was traveling in search of health. He was as full of good spirits and wholesome energy as a Fourth of July is of noise. He had in his varied past experiences enough back of him to beggar romance, and he had the gift of breezy narration as few men have it. To be sure, he didn't know anything about young college graduates from Bryn Mawr, but as soon as he had seen Miss Huntly he was more than willing to learn.

Helen Huntly accepted the introduction with outward reserve and with inward doubt. She was tired, and she did not want to have to smile and look pleasant to this big, awkward man for two whole days. But Maddox did not know of the existence of either the doubt or the reserve. If he had, it wouldn't have mattered. His big brown hand came out and buried the little white one, and somehow the girl found herself less lonely when she looked into the honest, smiling, blue eyed face of this tanned stranger.

Before they had reached Rock Island she was congratulating herself on the good fortune that had made him her traveling companion. He was the most interesting man on her list, she decided. More strange adventures had fallen to his lot than to a dozen average men. He told his experiences quite simply and because she was interested in hearing them, not at all because he was proud of them. He seemed to have gathered into his personality the freedom and the breadth of about a dozen of the mountain states. He wasn't coarse in the least, but he was as unconventional as a Kansas cyclone in action. He trampled unconsciously on her New England traditions with a vigor that would have shocked if it had not amused her. They simply did not exist for him; that was all.

The emotions of Jim Maddox were not a bit complex. When after two happy days he said goodby at the Union depot in Denver, where Miss Huntly's aunt met her, he had already made up his mind to marry her or know the reason why. As he phrased it to himself:

"You've struck the best vein of ore you ever unearthed, Jim Maddox, and if you don't follow it up you're the biggest fool in Arapahoe county."

He certainly followed it up, and if his mines at Cripple Creek required any great amount of personal attention during the next three weeks they must have suffered, for their owner openly and patently made it the business of his life to woo Miss Huntly. He organized picnics and excursions galore, and he always contrived to be the man who was paired off with her. Finally he induced a party of the elder Miss Huntly's choosing to go camping in the mountains near a new mine he was developing.

As to Miss Huntly, Jr., her feelings were as a house arrayed against itself. She found herself falling into a greater liking than she cared to admit for this free and easy blond Hercules, and the nature of her liking did not approve itself to her judgment. She knew, of course, that he was in love with her, and the knowledge of it sent delightful thrills to her heart, but afterward she would scourge herself for it. The things that had formerly seemed to her vital she began to find herself appraising by his unconventional standards, and all the instincts of her life training fought against the concessions to the western spirit. Even while the charm of his easy breadth fascinated her, the Puritan and the social instincts of the girl rebelled at accepting them. She liked immensely the frank equality that existed between him and his workmen, but she knew that such a relation would not be possible for a minute in the east. And, after all, she told herself, she belonged to the east, at which point in her meditations Jim Maddox would perhaps arrive and set her heart to hammering at his friendly audacities.

It was at a picnic up Apex canyon that the young mine owner declared himself. After luncheon he had taken her farther up the gulch to see a curious rock formation, and there, seated on a big rock in the shallow mountain stream, with the steep bluffs rising on each side of them, he had asked her to marry him.

"I'm not worthy of you by a thousand miles. I'm only a rough, self made man with a sort of pick me up education. I don't suppose I'd know a Gainsborough from a Nattier if I saw them walking down the street together. I reckon I know the points of a cayuse, and I can tell pay ore when I see it, but that happens to be my business. So far as I can make it out, there's just one point in my favor—there couldn't any man love you more than I do, dear. I'll have to rest my case on that. I'd make you happy if it were in me."

Miss Huntly leaned forward and put her chin in her hand. Her gray eyes were troubled and her forehead furrowed. She looked quite cool, though her heart thumped madly.

"I'm ashamed of myself. I always thought that a girl ought to know her own heart. I have no patience with myself," she said.

"Do you mean"—

"I mean that I don't know, Mr. Maddox. I like you more than any man I ever met and in a different way, but I'm not sure that"—

From farther up the canyon there came a mighty roar. Maddox grew white beneath the tan. He gave the girl his hand and lifted her to her feet.

"Come, run for your life," he commanded hoarsely, and she, looking in his face, wondered at the sudden change.

They reached the bank and raced for the sides of the gorge that shut them in. Up the precipitous cliffs they clambered, his arm round her waist, clinging to scrub brush or flaming goldenrod, as chance happened. In another instant the great wall of water leaped into sight round the bend in the gorge and tore hungrily at them. Maddox felt the almost irresistible suction, but hung desperately to a slender quaking aspen with one hand while the other, still encircling the girl, clutched at a point of rock. The water caught fiercely at them, tore their footing from under them, beat against them with a force hardly to be denied. But Maddox knew the struggle was for the life he most valued on earth, for if the current once swept them away they would surely be beaten to pieces on the rocks.

"I can't hold on longer," she told him.

"You must," he bade her sternly. "Just another minute, girl."

How long that minute was he never knew, but at last the water from the cloudburst had spent its force and fallen away from them. Together they worked slowly up the cliff to a great abutting rock, and on this the girl sat, almost fainting with fatigue and excitement. There was still a great fear in her face. She held her hands out to Maddox.

"Don't let me go. I am afraid," she said. Then again, shivering, "I am afraid, Jim."

His eyes shone. "It's all right now, Helen. The danger is past. I'll stand by you, little woman."

He put his arm around her and kissed her hair. She, still trembling, snuggled closer in his arms.

Watering Plants.

Watering is an exacting labor, and yet half of it is usually unnecessary. The reasons why it is unnecessary are two—the soil is so shallowly prepared that the roots do not strike deep enough; we waste the moisture by allowing the soil to become hard, thereby setting up capillary connection with the atmosphere and letting the water escape.

See how moist the soil is in spring. Mulch it so that the moisture will not evaporate. Mulch it with a garden rake, by keeping the soil loose and dry on top. This loose, dry soil is the mulch. There will be the moisture underneath. Save water rather than add it. Then when you do have to water the plants go at it as if you meant it. Do not dribble. Wet the soil clear through. Wet it at dusk or in cloudy weather. Before the hot sun strikes it renew the top soil by stirring a mulch of fine litter. More plants are spoiled by sprinkling than by drought. Bear in mind that watering is only a special practice, the general practice is to so fit and maintain the ground that the plants will not need watering.—Country Life In America.

The Japanese Acrobat's Toes.

The little Japanese acrobat, in his short robe of black embroidered with gold dragons, walked slowly up the slanting wire cable to the very roof of the circus tent. There he paused a moment, and then—swish, swish, swish—he slid smoothly and gracefully down the steep wire to the ground. Elevating his voice above the loud applause, an old circus man said: "That sliding trick has never been learned by a European. It's a trick that the Japs alone do. If you watched our little friend you noticed that he always kept the wire between his big toe and the second toe. When he slid, the wire was between his toes. That is the way the Japanese learn to walk the wire, but we English and Americans can't learn to walk in that way because our toes have not the same suppleness and strength. Our toes, confined for generations in unhygienic, tight, heavy leather boots, have no muscle and no mobility. To slide down a wire requires well developed toes first of all. We, therefore, can't match the Japs in this showy, telling and difficult feat."—Philadelphia Record.

Timber Books.

There is at Cassel a library probably unique in the world. It is bound in timber, printed on timber pages—possibly from wood blocks—and deals exclusively with timber. The library in question is the Holzbiblistek, which was compiled at the end of the last century by Karl Schleldbach and is composed of about 500 volumes made from trees in the park at Wilhelmshohe. Every volume bears on a tab—not in timber, but, queerly enough, in morocco—the name of the tree from which it was obtained. There are plates of the tree in all stages of its growth, and the letterpress is a treatise on the foresting and natural history of the tree.

The Panama Silk Tree.

One of the greatest curiosities of the Panama isthmus is the vegetable silk tree. It is a plant that grows from fifteen to twenty feet high, and in appearance does not differ greatly from other trees, but the inner bark is a perfect silky fiber, long, smooth and strong. The natives separate it by some method best known to themselves, the process somewhat resembling that of beating flax. When once it is separated and spun into threads, it can be woven into a fabric so closely resembling silk that it is difficult for any one not familiar with it to distinguish between the two.

His Apology.

Mrs. Minks—I don't want to make a scene, but that man over there is staring at me very offensively.

Mr. Minks—He is, eh? I'll speak to him.

Mrs. Minks (a few moments later)—Did he apologize?

Mr. Minks—Y-e-s; he said he was looking for his mother and thought at first that you were she.

Just to Make Sure.

Customer (to waiter who has brought him a beefsteak very much underdone)—Waiter, just send for the butcher, will you?

Waiter—Why, sir?

Customer—This steak doesn't seem to be quite dead yet!—Humoristiche Blatter.

NAPOLEON'S FOLLIES.

The Climax Came With the Senseless Invasion of Russia.

Of all Napoleon's insanities, for they were nothing less, the climax was the invasion of Russia. What motive can he have had for this, saving delirious ambition, and, what was also undoubtedly strong in him, sheer love of the bloody game of war? He evidently reckoned on encountering the Russian army of defense nearer the frontier, winning an Austerlitz or a Jena, dictating terms as he had dictated them to Austria or Prussia, and returning to Paris in triumph. He was deceived in the character of his enemy. He tried in vain to force a battle at Smolensko. The Russians instead of fighting him near the frontier retreated before him, gave up their country to his ravages, compelled him to make a march in which he lost a great part of his enormous host and after handling him very severely at Borodino evacuated Moscow, leaving it in flames. They then refused to treat with him. He had consequently to decamp without having provided for retreat or subsistence. He lost almost his entire army in the wintry wastes and but for the extraordinary conduct of Kutusoff in letting him and his guard pass unopposed would himself have fallen into the hands of the enemy. This error was on a far more imposing scale and more tragical than any blunder of Beaulieu or Mack. But was it less of a blunder or less of a detraction from the reputation of the man of action or even from that of the commander? It is frightful to think what power a despot has for evil. There was probably not a soul on either side, saving Napoleon himself, who desired the Russian expedition.—Goldwin Smith in Atlantic.

The Green Sea.

There is no sea to which the name green sea is applied in topography, but the term is used as descriptive of parts of the ocean with appropriate significance.

Where the gulf stream is deflected from Newfoundland toward the Azores is the Sargasso sea, the surface of which is a mass of floating seaweed. Its popular name among sailors is the Green sea nowadays, and in earlier times it was noticed with astonishment by Columbus and his sailors, while its weed clad waters were called by others the seaweed meadows.

A part of the Persian gulf is also known by this name on account of a remarkable strip of vividly green water which is seen along the Arabian coast.

Many other large tracts of the ocean assume this distinctive tint, which may be due either to the presence of multitudes of microscopic plants or living atoms or to the depth or density or saltness of the water itself.

Why Her Dancing Dragged.

An athletic young man, with a fine, strong physique, danced with a young woman of some 200 pounds in a village not far west of Rahway, N. J. He noticed that the dancing was uphill work and when it was over sank into a chair in the incipient stages of exhaustion. The young woman looked thoughtfully across the shining surface of the floor and threw a glance of investigation at the corner where the punch bowl stood.

"Doesn't it strike you that the floor is very sticky tonight?" she inquired.

The young man gallantly denied thinking so.

"It seems so to me," the young woman observed. Then she looked down at her foot, protruding from a silken flounce, and exclaimed:

"Why, I've got my rubbers on!"—New York Post.

Taking the Cake.

Concerning the expression "Take the cake," the following from Bartlett and Coyne's "Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland," describing a dance in front of a shebeen, is an interesting illustration: "A churn dish stuck into the earth supported on its flat end a cake, which was to become the prize of the best dancer. The contention was carried on for a long time with extraordinary spirit. At length the competitors yielded their claims to a young man, the son of a rich farmer in the neighborhood, who, taking the cake, placed it gallantly in the lap of a pretty girl to whom he was about to be married."

The Vendetta.

The cross is a threat of death, and the Corsican who finds it drawn upon his door knows that he must look for no quarter. The vendetta neither sleeps nor knows where it may stop. It is not confined to two persons. The quarrels of individuals are taken up by whole families. Not even collateral branches are exempt, and women must take their chances with the men.

Defining a "Crab."

The old story of the Frenchmen who were making a dictionary and defined crab as "a small red fish that walks backward" illustrates the need of exact knowledge. Cuvier said the definition was excellent, only that the crab was not a fish, was not red and did not walk backward.

The Mind.

Unreflective minds possess thoughts only as a jug does water, by containing them. In a disciplined mind knowledge exists like vital force in the physical frame, ready to be directed to tongue, or hand, or foot, hither, thither, anywhere, and for any use desired.

Both to Blame.

John—You are always busy when I come in.

Charles—Well, you always come in when I'm busy.

We can never find out what the future has in store for us until we have paid the storage charges.—Puck.

Huxley on the Bishops.

Among the "Essays of John Fiske" are some delightful reminiscences of Huxley, at whose house Mr. Fiske was a frequent visitor during his stay in London. Here is one of these charming and illuminative stories:

"In an examination on anatomy a very callow lad got the valves of the heart wrong, putting the mitral on the right side, but Huxley took compassion on him with the remark: 'Poor little beggar! I never got them correctly myself until I reflected that a bishop was never in the right!'"

The Word "Belfry."

The word "belfry" had originally no connection with "bell," an idea which is now intimately associated with the term. The first meaning given is "watchtower," from the middle English "berfry," a watchtower. The first part of this word is connected with "borough," the second with "free." As the practice grew of hanging "bells" in such towers people reminded themselves of the fact by changing the word "berfry" into the modern "belfry."

Asking Questions of the Cuckoo.

A curious legend regarding the cuckoo is found among the Danes, which, with some modifications, is likewise current in many parts of Germany, in England and the north of Europe. When in early springtime the voice of the cuckoo is first heard in the woods, every village girl kisses her hand and asks the question, "Cuckoo, cuckoo, when shall I be married?" and the old folks inquire, "Cuckoo, cuckoo, when shall I be released from this world's cares?" The bird in answer continues singing "Cuckoo" as many times as years will elapse before the object of their desires will come to pass.

But as some old people live to an advanced age and many girls marry late in life the poor bird has so much to do in answering the questions put to her that the building season goes by; she has no time to make her nest, but lays her eggs in that of the hedge sparrow.

Why a Boiled Lobster Is Red.

In all crustaceans, as, indeed, in almost everything in nature, there is a certain per cent of iron. Upon boiling the lobster is oxidized. The effect is largely due also to the percentage of muriatic acid which exists naturally in the shell. The chemical change which takes place here is almost similar to that which occurs in the burning of a brick. In boiling a lobster its coat ceases to be a living substance, and to a certain extent it takes a new character.

It is as a brick would be after burning. This effect can also be produced by the sun, but necessarily not so rapid, as the heat of that luminary, although more intense, is not concentrated sufficiently to produce the result. The sun also exercises a bleaching influence which consumes the oxide almost as fast as it is formed, leaving the shell white or nearly pure lime.

A King's Trick.

King Gustavus III. of Sweden had been frequently invited to the little court of Schwerin. In 1783 he paid a visit to Germany, and as soon as the Duchess of Mecklenburg heard of his approach she prepared fetes in his honor. But Gustavus, who disdained the petty courts of the small rulers, sent two of his attendants—a page named Peyron and Desvonges, a valet who had formerly been an actor—to be entertained by the duchess. The two personated the king and his minister, Baron Sparre, and sustained the characters throughout. They accepted as their due all the homage meant for their master, danced with the Mecklenburg ladies who were presented to them, and Peyron went so far as to ask one of the ladies for her portrait. Meantime Gustavus was enjoying himself elsewhere in secret.

Tea In Paraguay.

When the natives of Paraguay drink tea they do not pour it from a teapot into a cup, but fill a goblet made out of a pumpkin or gourd and then suck up the hot liquid through a long reed. Moreover, the tea which they use is altogether different from that which comes from China, being made out of dried and roasted leaves of a palmlike plant which grows in Paraguay and southern Brazil. The natives say that this tea is an excellent remedy for fever and rheumatism, and chemical tests which have been made by German physicians seem to show that there is good ground for this statement. Certain it is that tea is widely used throughout Paraguay in cases of illness and that, so far as has been observed, the effects produced by it are highly beneficial.

Opera Under Difficulties.

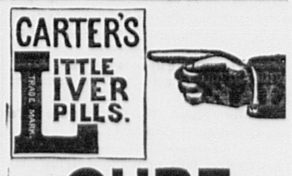
Signor Arditi tells the following story in his autobiography: "During my first long stay in America our company was announced for one night, during a terribly cold winter, at Washington. Shall I ever forget the bitter cold of that season? It was as though we had suddenly been transported to the arctic regions, and the theater in which we had our performance was as inadequate to cope with the frost as though we had fixed up a summer tent for the purpose. 'Norma' was the opera, and Grisi, instead of appearing in her traditional white robe with flowing folds, was compelled to come on the stage wearing a huge fur cloak in which she was huddled up almost to her eyes. The house only really rose to the occasion with loud bursts of laughter when Mario made his entrance holding a coachman's umbrella over his head—he, as Pollio, being confronted by Norma in their tragical meeting—under which prosaic safeguards both artists cowered while singing their grand duo. The roof of the theater had given way under the weight of a heavy fall of snow, and its coating of ice, melting under the heat of the gas, was streaming down on the artists."

Not What She Expected.

Clara (fishing for a compliment)—This is your fourth dance with me. Why don't you dance with some of the other girls?

Charlie—Well, the fact is I dance so badly I hate to ask them.

Do not fancy yourself a martyr of the first class solely because you have been badly bitten in a horse trade.—Dallas News.



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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

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Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON I, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 5.

Text of the Lesson, I Sam. viii, 1-10. Memory Verses, 4-7—Golden Text, I Sam. vii, 3—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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1-3. And it came to pass, when Samuel was old, that he made his sons judges over Israel. * * * And his sons walked not in his ways, but turned aside after lucre and took bribes and perverted judgment.

After the defeat of the Philistines, recorded in the previous chapter, which we had as a lesson six months ago, they were subdued, and the hand of the Lord was against them all the days of Samuel. Samuel was the Lord's representative in their midst and ever sought their true welfare in the sight of God. He was the Lord's faithful messenger, seeing God and not man and seeking nothing from man. The names he gave his sons (verse 2) are indicative of his piety—Joel, Jehovah is God, and Abiah, Jehovah, my Father. But beautiful names neither indicate the character nor change the heart. Righteousness is not hereditary, and many good parents have bad children. Consider Eli and David and Hezekiah, and, stranger still, listen to Jehovah Himself in Isa. i, 2, "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me." Truly the carnal mind is enmity against God!

4, 5. Behold, thou art old, and thy sons walk not in thy ways. Now, make us a king to judge us, like all the nations.

God had chosen Israel that they might be unto Him a peculiar treasure above all people, a kingdom of priests, a holy nation, separated from all other people, dwelling alone, not reckoned among the nations, delighting to say: "The Lord is our judge, the Lord is our lawgiver, the Lord is our king. He will save us" (Ex. xix, 5, 6; xxxiii, 16; Num. xxiii, 9; Isa. xxxiii, 22). His power was their strength and His presence their glory. The very thing that God chose them for they turned their backs upon and wanted to be like other people. They chose the earthly and visible in preference to the heavenly and invisible and deliberately rejected the high position to which God had called them and in which He had placed them. It is just the sin of churches and of Christians today. We are called out of the world to have nothing more to do with it, but glorify God in it and rescue people from it, relying upon the unseen God to supply all our need. Everything that tends to lower this high standard or in any way destroy these distinctive features of the Christian life by saying, "Let us be and do like others," is just Israel's sin repeated.

6, 7. And Samuel prayed unto the Lord, and the Lord said unto Samuel, Hearken unto the voice of the people in all that they say unto thee, for they have not rejected thee, but they have rejected Me that I should not reign over them.

Their conduct was no surprise to God. He had foreseen it all and knew from the beginning their evil hearts and how they would treat Him (Deut. xvii, 14), yet He loved them with an everlasting love, heard them when they cried unto Him, forgave them and delivered them many a time, sent them prophet after prophet to win them back to Him and finally sent His own Son as their Messiah, but even Him they rejected and crucified, saying, "We have no king but Cæsar." Still, He loves them and will yet fulfill His promises to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob for His own name's sake. The time will come when they shall look upon Him, be deeply convicted of their sin and receive Him as their long looked for Messiah and rejoice in Him and He in them before all nations (Zech. xii, 10; xiii, 1; Isa. xxv, 9; Ezek. xxxvii, 21-28; Jer. xxxii, 5-8; Luke i, 32, 33). When Israel murmured against Moses, they murmured against Him who sent Moses; therefore when people reject the messengers of God, they reject God Himself.

8, 9. Now, therefore, hearken unto their voice; howbeit yet protest solemnly unto them and shew them the manner of the King that shall reign over them.

The Lord assures Samuel that this misconduct of Israel is nothing new, that ever since they left Egypt they have acted thus toward Him and that Samuel must not feel slighted or injured, but accept it all as fellowship with God Himself. It would be a great victory for every believer if this was continually practiced and if, when anything is said or done to us, we would remember that He feels it as done to Himself and He will so take it (Acts ix, 4, 5). God wants cheerful, willing service, the love of Christ constraining. He does not love that which is done grudgingly. The Lord loveth a cheerful giver (II Cor. ix, 7). But when He sees people determined to have their own way He sometimes gives them their request, though it brings leanness into their souls (Ps. cvi, 15).

10. And Samuel told all the words of the Lord unto the people that asked of him a king.

Just as when a child he told Eli every whit of the Lord's message (chapter iii, 18), even though it was a message of judgment, so now he declares faithfully all the words of the Lord concerning the manner of the king whom God will give them. Then when the people insist, notwithstanding, on having this king "Samuel heard all the words of the people, and he rehearsed them in the ears of the Lord" (verse 21). He is no man pleaser; he speaks the messages intrusted to him faithfully, leaving results to God (Jer. xxiii, 28; Gal. i, 10). A God of love will not let His people rush into ruin blindly, nor will He overthrow His enemies without offering them mercy as He did to the people of Noah's time before the flood and also to Pharaoh and his people. Mercy always precedes judgment.

Bay Rum.

Bay rum is manufactured from the dried leaves of Pimento acris. Bay rum is procured by distillation and in a very simple manner. The leaves are picked from the trees and then dried. In this state they are placed in the retort, which is then filled with water, and the process of distillation is carried on. The vapor is then condensed in the usual way and forms what is known as "bay oil," a very small quantity of which is required for each puncheon of rum.

He Dared.

Parke—Peterkin has a lot of moral courage, hasn't he?

Lane—How do you know?

"Why, I got half way through a story I was telling him when I asked him if he had ever heard it, and he said he had."—Detroit Free Press.

Unhappy Man!

"Yes, my old friend, I have been the victim of misfortune in all my love affairs. My first sweetheart died, the second jilted me, and the third became my wife!"

Is There an American Face?

The English face, the Jewish face, the Irish face, the Italian face, the Chinese face, the Japanese face, the French face, the Indian face, even the negro face—all these have something about them which calls up a definite picture in one's mind. But the American face has no strong characteristic to differentiate it from other faces of superior races, remarks London Health. It is international, for here and there one may find the traces which suggest a relation to this, that or the other face. It may be a line or a ligament bequeathed by an early English ancestry, or something suggestive of Teutonic origin, or a sharp suggestion of the Frenchman's face or the Irishman's or the Italian's or the Scotchman's. But when one must deal with the American abstractly one can scarcely call up the American face.

Uncle Sam, with his striped trousers, his sharply cut coat, his plug hat, his whiskers and his bland, good natured countenance, is a happy conception, yet he may never hope to portray the matchless and indescribable cosmopolitanism of the American face.

A Peculiarity of Japan.

"One of the strange features of Japan," said a man who has lived long in that country, "is that all crops and fruits are almost certain to deteriorate. I have seen beautiful peaches grown the first year from stock imported from the United States. The second year they were still fairly good, the third season poor, and after that unfit to eat. Nothing in the vegetable world would seem to retain its excellence for any length of time. It is a bamboo country, and everything reverts to the bamboo. Beautiful lush grass covers many a plain, and yet it gives no nutriment to cattle. Garden vegetables look as fine as any grown in the United States, but when cooked they have no taste. The flowers are of gorgeous hues, but they are without perfume.

"But even with these imperfections it is a very interesting corner of the earth, and many things recommend it. Its inhabitants are in their way a fine people. In the rural districts particularly the natives are the most honorable beings I ever met. In the cities they are sharper mentally, but not nearly so scrupulous."

The Emotional Foreigner.

I saw a very pathetic sight on Forbes street, said the observing young woman, and it made me smile. A poor foreigner—I can't tell you his nationality—stood on the corner surrounded by a big pile of luggage.

He signaled to an approaching car, but the car passed right on. Motorman and conductor possibly objected to the load of freight. No sooner had the car passed than the young man burst out crying, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. It seemed strange to see a man act so.

It was one of those stories which have no beginning and no ending. It may be that he had waited there long and that no car would stop for him. It may be that he thought that that was the last car that was going to his destination. I only know that he was a stranger in a strange land and that he seemed broken hearted and that I smiled to see a grown man in tears for so simple a thing.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Cues as Life Preservers.

The fashion of wearing the hair in a cue commenced to wane in the latter part of the seventeenth century. As we think now of those queer pigtail appendages it seldom occurs to us that they could have been of any use except as an index to human folly. It appears, however, that occasionally they were a very important part of a gentleman's person, as may be inferred from the following complaint published in England at the time the fashionables commenced to cut their hair:

"The bathers of Brighton complain bitterly of the trouble they have in pulling young gentlemen out of the sea since they have cut off their cues. Till one of these docked fashionables is drowned from this circumstance the rage for cropping will not die out."

Encouraging the Horses.

A clergyman who spent many years in missionary work in the west says that he had occasion one day to ride in a full stagecoach up a steep hill. The driver where the ascent was sheerest got out and walked, and as he walked he would frequently open the door of the coach and then shut it again with a slam. This the passengers found annoying.

"Look here, driver!" one of them said. "Why do you kick up such an infernal noise with that door?"

"To hearten up my horses," the driver answered. "Every time they hear this door close they think that one of you, taking pity on them, has got out, and that makes them imagine that their load is lighter."

Fishhooks.

Practically all the best fishhooks in the world—and nearly so of all qualities—are made at Redditch, England. The annual output is probably 500,000,000 hooks, about 10,000,000 per week, ranging in size from enormous and ferocious looking shark hooks to the tiniest hooks for very small trout flies, with a "bend" diameter of about one-sixteenth of an inch, a thousand of which will go comfortably into a good sized thimble. The price varies as greatly as the size, ranging from a few pence to two or three pounds per thousand.

No Violence.

Jolkley—I submitted some humorous sketches here several days ago. They haven't appeared. Did you kill them?

Editor—I passed upon them, but I didn't think that killed them.

Jolkley—No?

Editor—No; I think they just died naturally of old age.—Philadelphia Press.

Very Affecting.

"My plea," said the young lawyer who had just won his first case, "seemed to strongly affect the jury."

"Yes," replied the judge. "I was afraid at one time that you would succeed in getting your client convicted in spite of his innocence."—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Guess.

"Where were they married?"

"I ain't jest sure," answered the small boy, "'cause they left me home, but I guess it was in the steeple."

"In the steeple?"

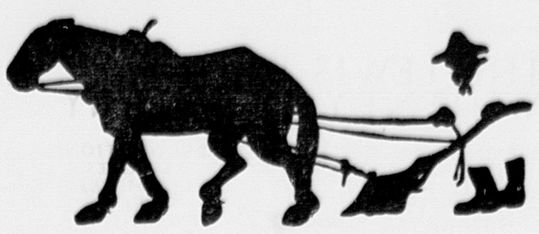
"Well, I heard 'em say it was a high church wedding."—Chicago Post.

Knew Braggsby.

Braggsby—I tell you the current issue of the Purple Peony is a swell one from a literary standpoint.

Waggsby—That so? What is the name of your contribution?—Baltimore American.

To live long it is necessary to live slowly.—Cicero.



Wake up, old plug, and be a horse—be a good horse! Eat the H-O Co.'s Horse Feed. It makes life worth living, even for a plough horse.

Cheaper Than Oats.

We must confess that the H-O Co.'s Horse Feed that we bought of you has turned out to be one of the best Horse Feeds that we have ever used on horses, and we can cheerfully recommend the same to any one that has horses. We shall continue to use the same, as it is also much cheaper than oats.

J. H. GORSUCH & SON,
Merchants and Miners Transportation Co.'s Transfer Agents, Baltimore, Md.

Agents for Woburn and Vicinity:

JAQUITH & CO.

Future of Young Lawyers.

"Young lawyers no longer can create their own opportunities," said a supreme court justice. "All a young lawyer had to do a generation ago was to hang out his shingle and hustle and wait. If he was well equipped for the bar he had a good chance to succeed. About all a young man can do now after he is graduated from the law school is to get in the office of a law firm at a small salary and work up, and if he is successful about the highest goal he can expect to reach is the position of managing clerk, though there is a chance of his being taken into the firm after long years of service.

"The big law firms and lawyers that make a specialty of real estate law, marine law, civil law, criminal law, etc., have revolutionized practice. In the days of Webster and Choate a lawyer was prepared to handle any kind of a case that came up, but now practice is specialized.

"On this account a young lawyer starting alone has little chance of winning fame and fortune unless he is unusually well backed."—New York Press.

Arabian Delicacies.

In a recent Egyptian review may be found some curious extracts from Al Djahez, a celebrated scientist of the tenth century. Speaking of the favorite dishes of the Arabians of that epoch, he says that they considered the flesh of young dogs a great delicacy and also ate grasshoppers and scorpions with much relish. Moreover, they esteemed the flesh of black cats highly, since they maintained that any one who ate it could not be injured either by sorcery or by the evil eye.

Al Djahez also says that he was disappointed when he found that the Arabian tribes of Bassorah did not eat grasshoppers, but, on the other hand, was highly delighted to find his friend, the famous poet Roobah, feasting royally on roast rats and lizards. The Arabians, he says in conclusion, also ate serpents and horses, but took the utmost care only to serve at table horses which had been harnessed, as they did not consider it right to eat those which had been ridden.

Mice That Subsist on Scorpions.

Among the queer forms of animal life that inhabit Death valley is a mouse that has acquired such a taste for scorpions that they form its entire bill of fare. The scorpion carries its formidable armament in the end of its slender, elongated abdomen in the shape of an exceedingly venomous hooked sting. When disturbed it elevates this in the air and goes in search of its disturber. But it is comparatively slow in its motions, while mice are proverbial for their quickness the world over. The mouse learned many generations ago where the scorpion carries its weapon, and when he meets it he leaps at the uplifted abdomen, takes off the sting at a single bite and proceeds to make a meal of his helpless prey. It is supposed to be the only animal that relishes scorpions.

Gladstone and the Actor.

An English speaker related this anecdote to an audience of theatrical employees: "Mr. Gladstone, when Mr. Beerbohm Tree was introduced to him, hardly knew upon what topic to converse with him, but at length asked Mr. Tree's opinion as to the politics of the stage, whether it is, as a rule, Liberal or Conservative. 'Well, sir,' said Mr. Tree wickedly, 'I really have not studied the question, but I should think the actors are mostly Conservative.' 'Dear me,' replied Mr. Gladstone, 'I wonder whether there is any exception to that rule?' 'I should say,' replied Mr. Tree, 'the scene shifters are Radicals to a man!'"

Arsenic a Necessity.

Arsenic—that terrible poison, abhorred of all people for ages, the chief ingredient of the philters of antiquity of the middle ages, when they were designed to get rid of a troublesome enemy—arsenic is neither more nor less than a constituent element of the tissues of all living beings, vegetable or animal. Without arsenic no life is possible. This purveyor of death is one of the great supporters of life. Such is the apparent paradox affirmed by Professor Armand Gautier as the result of physiological and clinical observations.—Paris Nature.

The Touch.

"A sweet book!" she exclaimed. "Not a touch of materialism in it!"

I opened the volume. On the first leaf I read:

"Two dollars and fifty cents."

"Ha!" I thought, but said nothing. I would not for the world shatter my wife's illusions.—Detroit Free Press.

One the Less.

Sunday School Teacher—How many commandments are there, Willie?

Willie—Ten.

Sunday School Teacher—And suppose you were to break one of them?

Willie—Then there'd only be nine.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Where He Got His Start.

"Fillem is a good dentist, I suppose, but he seems to take a fiendish delight in working those emery paper files on a fellow's teeth every chance he gets."

"That's due to his early training. He began his career as a saw sharpener."—Minneapolis Tribune.

NOT "ROGERS" ONLY—BUT "1847 Rogers Bros." is the Trade mark that appears on the old original brand of

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The Allan	Dominion
Anchor	Leyland
Cunard	White Star

LINES.

Drafts on the above lines and the American Express Company, Foreign and Domestic, at the lowest prices.

Mufti and Gold Lace.

Officers of the army on duty in the war department wear uniforms the same as if they were on duty at military posts. The practice has resulted in making nearly every room occupied by officers a dressing room, where wardrobes are kept. Most officers dislike very much to appear on the street in uniform; it makes them too conspicuous. Uniforms for use in the department are kept in a wardrobe, and the officers put them on when they arrive in the morning, take them off and don civilian dress to go to luncheon, and upon their return in the afternoon and departure for home later go through the same process. They don't like it, but it is an order. For people doing business at the department it is much better, for a stranger knows whether he is talking with an officer or a clerk, and if familiar with the emblems can tell the rank of the officer.—Washington Post.

Precious Seeds.

The calceolaria seed is so minute that the actual cost of producing the finest strain exceeds ten times the weight of the seed in pure gold! The outlay in growing double begonia seed is so great that a liberal allowance for a five shilling packet is measured in a tiny spoon with an outside diameter of three-sixteenths of an inch. And yet in that tiny spoonful there would be enough seed to produce more than a hundred stately begonia plants! Naturally such very minute and precious seed has to be handled with extreme care, and as a sudden draft from an open door would scatter perhaps £100 worth, the counters where the seeds are packeted are closed to traffic and so arranged that not a puff of wind can ever enter.—London Chronicle.

Entirely Right.

Tess—Oh, yes, I feel pretty sure of him. I rejected him when he proposed first because I was positive he'd try again.

Jess—And you were right. He did try again, and I accepted him.—Stray Stories.

Comeliness In Several Forms.

A Burmese proverb says: A priest is comely if he be lean; a four footed beast is comely when he is fat; a man becometh comely when he is wise, and a woman when she hath a husband.

A luxury becomes a necessity just as soon as we can afford to have it.—Puck.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. LIII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JULY 10. 1903. (Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.) NO. 32.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 22, 1903.
Passenger service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 6.55, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 5.05, 6.55, 7.39, 7.55, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.
FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 8.27, P. M. Return at 5.43 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, 8.42 P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.
FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P. M.
For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23, 7.50, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.33 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.
Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.
Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.
All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.
Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.
Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.
All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.
Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.
Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.
Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.
Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m
Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m. then 11.30 p. m.
Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05. p. m., then 11.45 p. m.
All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.
People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.
Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.
Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.
Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.
Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.
Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.
*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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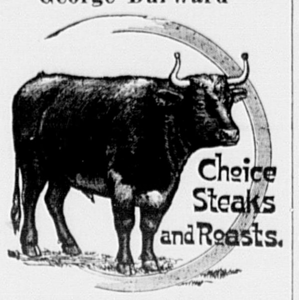

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NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 26, 1903, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6.37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2.37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M.; every half hour to 12.07; then 12.30 P. M. Car tor Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

Box.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

THE LADY GWENDOLYN

By ANNE STORY ALLEN

Copyright, 1902, by T. C. McClure

The Lady Gwendolyn stamped her foot and declared, "Dwendolyn will!"

Then she poked her white bonnet out of the door and listened. They were still talking. She could hear Mrs. Reagan's voice, high and shrill.

"Shure, ye can lave it here," she was saying, "and if they's any more come while ye're out I'll taken 'em for ye. My, but it's fine! And all of 'em from Miss Van Tassel. Well, well!"

It could be borne no longer. Aunt Julia might stay and talk with Mrs. Reagan as long as she liked and about all the stupid things they liked.

"Dwendolyn will!" she announced again, and Gwendolyn did.

Along the hall, past Mrs. Reagan's half open door, down the stairs, step by step, and so on to the sidewalk.

The Lady Gwendolyn was an impulsive person, and, being of a mind to view the trees of the park, clothed, as she had been told, in the snow blankets woven by the fairies the night before, she had determined to wait no longer, but to start out by herself, which was of course contrary to any precedent ever established. Clad in her white coat—marked down and snatched up by Ellen at a bargain—her white bonnet—Aunt Julia had found it in a Third avenue shop, and you couldn't have told it from a Sixth avenue—her white mittens and leggings—bought a trifle large last year with a view to shrinking—Lady Gwendolyn started on her way.

Both of her ladies in waiting and the head groom of the chambers were ignorant of her desperate venture. Now, the first lady in waiting was nearly always in attendance on the Lady Gwendolyn and usually planned so that her duties as housekeeper fitted in nicely with the demands of her other position.

The second lady in waiting, having been promoted from the menial rank of cash girl in Rush & Hurry's big Fourteenth street shop to serve in that firm's lunchroom, found her hours a bit easier and her weekly envelope a trifle heavier, two things that made possible even more devotion on her part to the service of Lady Gwendolyn.

It would take too long to recount the incident, or accident, through which the head groom of the chambers had arisen to the dignity of a wooden faced footman, tight booted and befurred of collar, who flung himself with most satisfactory recklessness on and from the seat of Miss Van Tassel's brougham.

"He's a star, that kid!" Miss Van Tassel was wont to exclaim when, in company with other blond ladies, she would leave the stage door after rehearsal. And Miss Van Tassel, herself a star of no mean magnitude, would enter her carriage amid a chorus of more or less envious assents from the lesser lights of her constellation. The coachman would touch the bad tempered cob and leave the star groom to alight beside him after a flying leap over the wheel.

Although the head groom of the chambers had become the footman of Miss Violet Van Tassel, who had the reputation of being the most graceful dancer as well as the biggest hearted woman that a music hall audience ever split its gloves for, still he was faithful to the house of Ryan, and the Lady Gwendolyn could never complain of disloyalty.

Christmas was at hand, and Miss Van Tassel had made known to her footman a few ideas of her own on the subject of Christmas trees in general and of one in particular that was intended for he special benefit of the Lady Gwendolyn.

Nearly all her spare time for two days had been spent in driving from shop to shop, and the address given for the sending of the parcels had not been Central Park West, but Second avenue. On issuing from one of the shops, more noticeably the toyshops, Miss Van Tassel would hold consultation with her footman. Advice, suggestion, description, seemed to pass between them, together with many nods and smiles on the part of Miss Van Tassel and many touchings of the hat on the part of Tom.

All unknown to Miss Van Tassel she became an angel with a very yellow halo and brilliant garments. All unknown to Tom he became to Miss Van Tassel the image of the young brother who had died a small pauper before ever the twinkling toes had brought fame and wealth to his adoring sister.

By dint of judicious tagging of various people who seemed to be going in the right direction the Lady Gwendolyn reached the park under the chaperonage of two unconscious nursemaids, whose charges were engaged in making faces at each other from their respective chariots. Arrived at her destination, she managed to clamber on to one of the benches and surveyed the scene before her with delighted eyes.

The afternoon sun was warm, and yet it had not quite melted the snow mantle on the shoulders of the big statue opposite. The trees wore their snow blankets, and the grass was almost entirely covered with the white carpet she had been so anxious to see.

Now, it is one thing to fare boldly forth upheld by a sense of injury and the novelty of adventure, and it is quite another thing to wend one's way homeward when one's sense of injury has utterly vanished and novelty has become monotony.

The afternoon sun was not quite so warm on the bench when the Lady Gwendolyn made the discovery that she had seen enough of carpeted grass and blanketed tree branches. Snow was pretty cold stuff to look at anyway, and it suddenly seemed to the Lady Gwendolyn that she had been looking at it a very long time.

She climbed down from her bench with a stiffness that surprised her, and with a growing sense of insecurity walked toward the avenue. The park seemed a very large place, and she was glad to get out of it, yet as she stood on the sidewalk two big tears forced their way from behind winking lashes.

Through which of those streets lay the way home? Which way should she turn? Everything looked strange and unfriendly.

* * * * * * * *

When Ellen Ryan cut her hand on the broken goblet she was picking up in response to the floorwalker's order, the doctor of Rush & Hurry's big store dressed the wound neatly and, patting her on the shoulder, said: "There, you'd better run home for the rest of the day. You'll be all right tomorrow."

So Ellen, with her hand in a bandage and a stiff feeling in the palm of it, hurried homeward, thinking that if Aunt Julia had been too busy there was yet time to take the little sister for a walk.

Running up the stairs, she was bumped into by Mamie Reagan, who was running down at breakneck speed.

"They ain't found her yet," was her excited salutation. "I'm goin' out again. Yer aunt's carryin' on awful."

Ellen's heart seemed to stop beating. She grasped at Mamie Reagan's dress and opened her mouth, but Mamie had resumed her headlong flight.

Ellen tottered up the rest of the stairs, her ears assailed as she neared the door of their rooms by moans within and the sound of Mrs. Reagan's voice.

"There, now," she was saying, "don't take on so. Mamie Reagan 'll find her. She's a reg'lar detective, I tell yer. There, she'll be back in a minute. All the cops on the beat knows Gwendoleen." Then, as she caught sight of Ellen, "Lord, what 'll I do with her?"

"Now it's all right," she began, shaking a bottle of household ammonia at Ellen.

Ellen crossed the room to her aunt.

"When did you miss her?" she asked.

"I just went in Mis' Reagan's room," explained Aunt Julia. "I wanted her to keep the baby carriage Miss Van Tassel had sent till Christmas. I had my bonnet all on"—

"When did you miss her?" broke in the stern young voice.

Aunt Julia sat up and put her hand to her head.

"It was 3 o'clock or maybe half past. I remember because our clock had struck 7, and it always"—

"Had you promised to take her to any place?"

"We was goin' to the park—she'd been tellin' me that foolishness ye'd told her about the snow fairies and"—

Aunt Julia's voice rose to a sobbing wail as Ellen turned and left the room without explanation or comment.

She dashed down the stairs at a speed that rivaled Mamie Reagan's and started on a mad run west.

"She may have found her way there," she muttered to herself.

A messenger boy, two newsboys, a nursemaid with her charge, a man with a suit case and a pretty young woman with her hands in a big muff formed an unconsciously interesting group about a small solitary figure. Blue defiant eyes looked out of a white face from under a wide bonnet frill and two little white mittens were doubled up by tense baby fists. Ellen bore down on this group. Intuition, instinct, sister heart, all told her that here was the Lady Gwendolyn. She pushed aside the newsboys, stepped on the messenger's toes and knocked against the suit case.

"Gwendoleen!"

"Nellen, my Nellen!" came from the depths of the white bonnet. The Lady Gwendolyn was caught up into a fierce embrace and the cut hand, heedless of wound and bandage, pressed the little head close to "Nellen's" heart.

"She ought to be discharged," said the pretty young woman.

"Gee!" said the messenger boy. "You'll be in luck if you don't get de bounce fer dis."

Ellen looked wonderingly from one to another. Then it rushed over her—she was Gwendolyn's nurse. The baby sister had been taken for a lady—a real lady.

"Yes, ma'am," she said meekly to the young woman. "I'll be more careful another time."

Taking a firm hold on the little hand, she addressed the small figure in clear and distinctly humble tones.

"Come, Miss Gwendoleen," she said. "Yer aunt will be worryin' about yer." The Lady Gwendolyn obediently trotted off by her nurse's side.

Half a block away a smart brougham was dashing toward them. There was a glimpse of a sable collar, an ugly, kind face, and it had stopped.

The footman jumped over the wheel, the carriage door was opened and the big voice of Miss Van Tassel called:

"Well, if here isn't the little sister and the big one too! The whole Ryan family in a bunch! Bundle 'em in, Thomas, and we'll drive 'em home."

Tom "bundled 'em in," closed the door and sprang to the box. Just at that proud moment the man with the suit case and the young woman with the big muff came into sight.

The Lady Gwendolyn, confidence restored, smiled at them through the open window, and Ellen, rigid and erect on the very edge of the cushions, reflected the smile respectfully.

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MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

Two of Them.

"You don't seem to like Chumpley," said Tawker. "What sort of a fellow is he?"

"He's the sort of 'fellow,'" replied Krankley promptly, "who invariably calls a 'man' a 'fellow.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Rats and Their Food.

The capacity of rats for discovering fresh stores of food is astounding and often leads to those united migratory movements that periodically create alarm and are described as "plagues of rats." These great movements are undoubtedly initiated and "personally conducted" by old and experienced rats, the aldermen of the colony, at once a proof of highly developed intelligence and unselfishness. Rats in large centers of industry, if not present in commercial plague form, do a great deal of good as consumers of garbage that would otherwise become a perilous nuisance. It is also a popular delusion that a rat bite is unusually dangerous from this fact of sewer garbage eating. On the contrary, rats cut as clean as a new lancet.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Ellen Terry's Toe.

When Ellen Terry was a little girl about ten years old she played Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and had to make her appearance through the stage floor on a trapdoor. The trapdoor was shut too soon, and one of the child's feet was caught. She screamed with pain, and Mrs. Charles Kean whispered to her: "Be a brave girl, Nellie. Finish your part, and you shall play Arthur in 'King John.'" The trapdoor by this time was opened, but the child's toe was broken. She, however, pluckily pulled herself together and finished her speech.

Two Sad Men.

First Fisherman—Why do you come to this lonely place to fish?

Second Fisherman (sadly)—Because I like solitude and silence. I am a widower. And you?

First Fisherman—Because I, too, like solitude and silence.

Second Fisherman—Ah, you also are a widower?

First Fisherman (more sadly)—Not yet.

As Rare as Curious.

"My dear," said Mrs. Jorgson, as she closed the book she had been reading, "do you know what is the most curious thing in the world?"

"Of course I do," replied the brutal half of the combination. "The most curious thing in the world is a woman that isn't curious."—Stray Stories.

Got Rid of Him Quickly.

"Well, I got rid of that life insurance agent in short order," savagely remarked Mr. Higgsworthy.

"You didn't insult him, did you?" asked his wife.

"Insult him? No! I gave him my application for a policy, blame him!"—Chicago Tribune.

She Knew It.

"The longer I live," sighed the sage, "and the more I learn the more firmly am I convinced that I know absolutely nothing!"

"I could have told you that twenty-five years ago," said his wife, "but I knew it would be of no use."—London Answers.

Unappreciative Wretch.

"What did your wife say when you came home so late?"

"I really don't know. I can just remember that I woke up three times, and she was still talking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

If men were relatively as strong as brutes they could juggle with weights of several tons.

HER ONE DAY OFF

By May Everett Glover

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She was such a little woman, and he was a very large man. He first noticed her when the crowd began pushing toward the reviewing stand, and he could not help thinking that it must be hard for her to keep on her feet. Just then the parade was heard approaching, and again there was great pushing, in spite of the warnings of the policeman. The large man found himself just behind her. When the disappointed crowd swayed from the other direction, she was suddenly crowded against him.

"Look out there!" he exclaimed to the man next to her. "Can't you see how you are crowding this lady!" Then she felt an arm protectingly around her. "Excuse me, madam, but I am not going to let them crush a little mite like you."

There was such a free heartiness blended with anxiety in his tone that she laughed in spite of her indignation at the liberty he had taken.

"Thank you," she said when the crush was over and she had been released. She looked up for the first time into the dark, handsome face under the wide brimmed hat, which spoke so plainly of the west. "A cowboy," she thought. "I suppose that he has been one of the rough riders."

"No thanks needed in a crowd like this. I think it is a"— Then he paused, and his dark eyes scanned her questioningly. She felt her face flush. "Excuse me, have I ever seen you before?" he asked. "Oh, I know you! You are Anna! Beg pardon. I mean Miss Reynolds—Mrs. Bains' cousin."

"Mrs. Bains? Oh, Mrs. Bains out in Washington. Then you must be Phil—I mean Mr. Edmunds," she said in surprise.

"Yes, Edmunds is my name, but I am Phil." And there was a twinkle in the dark eyes. "I am glad that I found you today. I have your address and wanted to call on you. I promised Mrs. Bains that I would—I wanted to anyway—but after I got here I"— He hesitated an instant. "Well, I just dreaded it. I am not used to ladies and never could get along very well with them." He laughed bashfully.

"So you were afraid to call. I don't think that I should have frightened you, do you?" She smiled.

"No, not at all, but I didn't know. I had an idea that you were very independent and wouldn't want to see a rough fellow like me, and I didn't know how you would treat me."

"Mrs. Bains wrote me that you were east on business and would call to see me and tell me all about them," she said pleasantly. "But it was strange that we should meet in this crowd and you should recognize me. I was going with some friends, but in some way we missed one another."

"You are alone then? Good! I may take care of you today, may I not?" he asked eagerly.

She looked rather surprised.

"You see, we are not strangers," he said apologetically. "I have heard of Cousin Anna for years, and I have looked at your picture dozens of times. Say, I like that last one of you with that fluffy thing around your neck—I don't know what you call it. I wanted that picture the worst kind, but Mrs. Bains wouldn't give it to me, and when I took it she made me bring it back."

She laughed. Somehow she could not feel provoked with him, as she would have done with any one else. There was a ring of sincerity in his tone that made her feel instinctively that she could trust him. She was rather prepared for his abrupt way, for Mrs. Bains had written:

"You will find that Phil is like a boy and blurts out what he thinks. He is not at all used to ladies' society, but he has a high opinion of women. My husband says he is true gold. He is quite wealthy, and no one stands higher in this locality than he does."

"You may take care of me today. It will be a new experience. I am not used to being taken care of," she said after a pause.

"That is a shame. Do you know you look like Mrs. Bains, and she is the only woman that I could ever get along with. She is just like a sister to me. You see, our ranches join, and I have known the Bainses for years."

"I am glad that you know them. I have not seen them for so long."

"They want me to persuade you to come along home with me. You will, won't you?"

"I couldn't think of taking such a long vacation. You know that I am a business woman."

"Couldn't you have some business out there?" he asked anxiously.

"I might herd cattle," she laughed. "What do you think of New York?"

"There wouldn't be much pasture," he said, glancing around at the pushing, swaying crowd. "I have not been here for years—not since the year I graduated from college and thought that I knew everything," he laughed. "It seems as if I am nearly smothered with all these high buildings and crowds of people. I will be glad when I get back on my ranch again, where I have room to breathe."

In some way she felt unusually free. There was something about him that made her feel that she was really being taken care of. It was a new sensation to have some one help her over streets, on cars and pilot her through crowds. They laughed and chatted like a couple of children suddenly let loose from school. They even stopped at a corner and bought peanuts and munched them as they walked, a proceeding that would have shocked her an hour before. She could not help wondering what her friends would say if they should see her.

"Here I had an idea that you would not be at all sociable with a fellow," he said, "and I think that you are just fine. I am sorry that I did not come around and get acquainted sooner."

She looked up gratefully. They were waiting for the exhibition of fireworks, and he had found her a seat where they could have a good view and not be jostled by the crowd.

"I certainly shall remember this day," she said.

"I know that I shall," and there was a strange look on his dark, handsome face.

"I will think of it when I get lonely," she said slowly, as if half to herself.

"Do you ever get lonely?" he asked.

"Sometimes. I think that there is no place where a person can get as lonely as in a large city. Of course I have my work, but there are times when I feel it very much." Her voice trembled in spite of herself. "There!" she exclaimed suddenly. "You are the first person to whom I have ever acknowledged that I ever got lonely," she laughed.

He leaned over and brushed a fallen leaf from her hat.

"You see, this has been my one day off, and it has spoiled me. I do not often give up a day to pleasure."

They were silent for a few minutes. Cheer after cheer went up from the crowd as the brilliant fireworks shot high in the air, but they did not seem to see them.

"Do you know that"—he suddenly paused—"I will get lonely too when I am on my ranch and think of you here, and I just can't go home without you. There it is out!" he said impulsively. "Anna, won't you go with me? I have never cared for any one before, but I think I have been loving you for years. I have known it for a long time. I heard so much about you and I learned to love your picture, but when I got here I could not summon up courage enough to call. I know that I am abrupt and not used to society; but, Anna, will you marry me and go home with me? I—I do love you."

It was nearly dark, and those around were taking care of their own affairs. He leaned close to her. "I know that it is a great deal to ask you to give up everything here and go on a ranch, but I will try to take good care of you and do all that I can to make you happy," he said pleadingly.

She did not answer. He waited a few minutes.

"Forgive me, Miss Reynolds," he said, a new dignity in his tone. "I must be wild to think for a moment that you would ever dream of marrying me." His voice trembled. "I can't help loving you, but you must forget it. I thank you for the pleasure that you have given me today. It will be the one bright spot in my life. I shall often think of it."

Still she was silent. She was living the years to come—the days with her books and papers, the lonely hours she must spend and the longing that she would feel to have some one to care for her in spite of all her talk of womanly independence. And then she seemed to feel that protecting arm that had been slipped so unceremoniously around her in the crowd and the strong hand that had guided her. She asked herself if it had been only for a day that she had been so taken care of, and she knew that she would miss it on the morrow unless— She looked up at the man who had come so suddenly into her life and in whom she felt perfect trust, who would make her life so different if she would only allow him to do so, and then—she slipped her hand in his.

"I'll go with you, Phil," she whispered. "I don't believe that I can get along without you. I'll miss you so."

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You can depend on Ayer's Hair Vigor to restore color to your gray hair, every time. Follow directions and it never fails to do this work. It stops
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for Fading Hair

The Rattler's Call.

"What is the rattlesnake's rattle for?" asked the zoo keeper.

"It is a call," he resumed, answering his own question. "The rattlesnake with it calls his mate. A man was telling me the other day that he studied the rattle question last year in the west. He said it is mainly as a call that the rattle is used, though different sounds can be made with it, and these sounds appear to have different meanings.

"Once this man saw seven hogs attack a rattlesnake. The reptile began to fight pluckily, and while he fought he rattled loud and long. Three other snakes came with great speed and courage to his aid. A dreadful battle followed. The snakes, though they fought well, were all killed.

"The rattle is also said to charm or hypnotize birds, so that the snake can seize them easily, but in this story my friend doesn't take much stock. It's as a call, he says, that the rattle is used most—a love call generally, with which the male snake summons his mate."—Philadelphia Record.

Mending.

Mix—I noticed your wife sitting by the window sewing this morning. I thought you told me yesterday she was ill.

Dix—So she was, but today she's on the mend.

Borrowed Plumes.

"Some folks' ideas," said Uncle Eben, "is jes' like an ostrich's feathers. Dey doesn' 'mount to nuffin' in partickler till dey gets into de possession of somebody else."—Washington Star.

GYPSY RETICENCE.

It Was Not Proof Against Charles Godfrey Leland.

Charles Godfrey Leland, author of the "Hans Breitmann" ballads, had a passion for studying the race of gypsies and at the same time great human sympathy with them. The fact that he was the greatest living authority on the gypsy tongue and customs gave him little pleasure compared with the delight of being hailed as brother by gypsy horse traders at English fairs and gypsy musicians in Russia and Austria.

One day in Philadelphia he met three dark men whom he knew to be of an ancient stock. He was quite sure that they could speak a language which contained roots of Sanskrit, Hindoo and Persian. Yet they would make no display of it. They would, like their race, deny all knowledge of it as well as the fact of their gypsy blood.

He addressed them in Italian, and they answered fluently. He changed to obscure tongues of the east, and again they replied.

"Have you got through all your languages?" he inquired at last.

"Yes, signor, all of them."

"Isn't there one left behind which you have forgotten? Think a minute."

"No, signor; none."

"What, not one?"

"Signor, you have seen every egg in the basket."

Leland looked the man fixedly in the eye and put a question in Romany. There was a startled glance from one to the other and then a silence. He asked them, again in Romany, "Won't you talk with a gypsy brother?"

That opened the gates. They shook his hands in great emotion and tried to tell him how happy they were in having met some one who knew them.—Youth's Companion.

Moon Superstitions.

The eclipse of the moon is full of portent to the Macedonian Mohammedans. It indicates bloodshed. It is met with reports of firearms, and the imams call from the minarets the faithful to public prayers in the mosques. This recalls in a striking manner the practices of many savage and barbaric nations. The great nations of Asia, such as the Hindoos and the Chinese, still cling to the belief in the eclipse monster. The latter meet it with prayers, like the Turks. But even in civilized Europe, both ancient and modern, one finds numerous proofs of this superstition. The Romans came to the succor of the afflicted moon by flinging firebrands into the air, by the blare of trumpets and the clang of brazen pots. The superstition survived through the middle ages into a very late period. France, Wales and Ireland offer many instances as late as the seventeenth century.

A Temple of Divorce.

So long ago as 1250 the wife of a Japanese regent obtained from the government permission to rescue women from the hands of cruel husbands. The means she took were very simple. A new sect of Buddhism known as the Zen was just then being formed. In the temple of the Zen sanctuary was established for fleeing wives. When they wished separation or divorce from their husbands, they could claim protection under the wing of the temple. Once across the threshold, government officials would not be allowed to interfere, still less the furious husbands. This "temple of divorce" was supreme umpire on matters of matrimonial disagreement. The practice of the "privilege of the temple" was maintained for over 600 years.

Facts About Animal Structure.

The complexity of animal structure is marvelous. A caterpillar contains more than 2,000 muscles. In a human body are some 2,000,000 perspiration glands, communicating with the surface by ducts, having a total length of some ten miles, while that of the arteries, veins and capillaries must be very great. The blood contains millions of corpuscles, each a structure in itself. The rods in the retina, which are supposed to be the ultimate recipients of light, are estimated at 30,000,000, and Meinert has calculated that the gray matter of the brain is built of at least 600,000,000 cells.

The Animals In Heaven.

According to the Mohammedan's belief, there are ten animals in heaven. These form the following strange menagerie: The calf offered by Abraham, the ox of Moses, the whale of Jonah, the ass of Balaam, the ram of Ishmael, the ant of Solomon, the camel of the prophet Salech, the cuckoo of Balkis, the dog of the seven sleepers and Al Borak, the animal which carried Mohammed to heaven.

Anti-Golden Rule.

"What are you going to do for the men who have put you in your present position?"

"My dear sir," said Senator Sorghum, "that is not the question. Prosperity is attained by observing what people can do for you, not what you can do for other people."—Washington Star.

Proof.

"Old Swaddleford always pretends to be as deaf as a post, but I believe he can hear as well as anybody."

"What makes you think so?"

"Nobody ever saw him walking along a railroad track in advance of a train."—Exchange.

A Tired Brother.

"What you gwine to do w'en you gits ter glory?"

"Nuthin' 'tall, but des' crawl in en' rest."—Atlanta Constitution.

Difficulty is only a word indicating the degree of strength requisite for accomplishing a particular object.

Grew on Him.

Burton—Your garden is pretty small, isn't it?

Barton—It seemed so to me before I began to take care of it.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

Fisherman's Luck.

"So you think justice should be represented with a rod and reel?" "Yes, of course! The big fish most always get away."—Puck.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JULY 10, 1903.

THE SCHOOLHOUSE SITE.

At a meeting of the City Council held last Monday evening, July 6, the report of the special committee appointed to recommend a site for the new High School building, which was in favor of the Wade lot, so called, on Salem street and Wade avenue, was rejected on its final passage. That, it is supposed, ended all thought, or movement, for its purchase.

After the disposal of the Wade lot the attention of the Council was turned to the Dow farm on Montvale avenue. It contains 36 acres, and the price demanded for it is $500 an acre, or $18,000 for the property. On a vote the Council declared nearly unanimously in favor of its selection—12 for, 2 against, and one not voting.

There has been, all along, a strong sentiment in the Council favorable to the selection of the Dow farm, the choice between it and the Wade lot having been pretty evenly balanced. It has been clearly apparent from the start that one or the other of these two pieces of real estate would be chosen. No others have been seriously thought of by the committee or Board, although, of course, various places have been discussed, because the owners wanted them to be. Plausible reasons have been given for the purchase of the one and the other, and of about equal weight. All that has been said concerning the lots, and even the decision of the Board, was merely a matter of opinion, or fancy; there exists no true criterion by which their real value for the purpose wanted can be ascertained. It is unquestionably true that the two are superior in all round fitness for a site to any other two that have been brought to the attention of the committee, or Council.

It is more than likely that the Dow farm will be determined on for the schoolhouse lot at the meeting of the Council next Monday night.

☞ So far as this city was concerned it may, with the utmost propriety, be said that the Fourth of July, the 127th anniversary of our glorious Nation's natal day, passed off in a strictly proper and highly commendable manner last Saturday. Firecrackers and good order ruled the day. There was no rioting, or fighting and but little, if any, more noise than usual on Independence Day. A few nervous souls claimed that Friday night was rather tougher to bear than had generally been the case on the night before the 4th, but the claim was disputed by others. Locality doubtless had considerable of a bearing on the decision of the case. There were no fatal or serious accidents from firecrackers or runaways; an unusually small number of intoxicated persons were seen on the streets; no conflagrations; and but slight damage to property. There were bellrings, picnics, flagflying, aquatic sports, athletic games, and any amount of fun and frolic; and these constituted all of a celebration worth mentioning in Woburn.

☞ His Honor, Mayor John P. Feeney is to sail from Boston on a Cunard Liner for Europe next Tuesday, July 14, for which he has secured passage. He will have for a traveling companion Mr. Irving Murray of Winchester, and they expect to be away about six weeks. After viewing London, and, perhaps, a little of rural England, it is their intention to travel on the Continent, visiting the Capitals and principal cities of several European countries, and to get as much pleasure out of the touring as the limited time of their stay will admit of. It is the JOURLAL's hope that the Mayor will greatly enjoy his trip and visit abroad.

☞ The State of Maine is filling up with summer residents at a rate never before known in its history. On July 3 the enormous number of 100 Pulman cars, loaded to the gunwales with humanity, passed through Portland for Bar Harbor and other points. A few days before 88 passed through, which was a record breaker to that date; but, good Lord! it wasn't a fleabite to what has since been done. Baggage? Why, the Boston & Maine and the Maine Central are working their men half to death handling it.

☞ The July number of the *Boston & Maine Messenger* is one of the best that has yet appeared. It contains many pictures of buildings and scenery, the cover one being a fine reproduction in halftone of the famous "Waverly Oaks" in Watertown, which are annually visited by hundreds of admirers. Besides the illustrations, the *Messenger* contains much valuable information respecting the B. & M. System of Railroads.

☞ The assurance that Senator Mark Hanna of Ohio is to conduct the Republican Presidential campaign next year is gratifying beyond the power of words to express. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts says that such is the programme, and what he says goes. The Ohio statesman is the greatest campaign manager in the United States, to which the Massachusetts statesman is ready, at any time, to say amen.

☞ If any person in these parts is in possession of information that might lead to, or to any extent aid in, a solution of the interesting, but perplexing, question of the sudden and very remarkable change of front by the City Council the other night on the schoolhouse site controversy, a postal card containing such information would be gratefully received at the JOURNAL office. Don't all speak at once,

☞ Mr. Wallace P. Groom, 486 Jefferson avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "Today there is sore need of legislation to improve the currency [of the country] so that a disastrous financial panic, which threatens, may be averted." Exactly: and a good place to begin the improvement is right here in the JOURNAL office.

☞ Boston has been doing the handsome thing by the thousands of American teachers gathered there from all over the Union to attend the N. E. A convention this week. The Hub can be trusted to do that every time.

☞ Yesterday morning the contents of the JOURNAL's bookshelves were materially increased by the addition of several volumes of Mass. Public Documents kindly presented by Representative Henry M. Aldrich of this city for which we return thanks.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

E. Prior—Readers.
A. F. Converse—Notice.
C. W. Clark—Pet. & Order.
J. W. Johnson—Mort. Sale.
Com. of Mass.—Pet & Order.

— Mrs. A. E. Stover is vacating at York Beach.

— Mr. Fred E. Perkins has been visiting here.

— 8 A. M., July 10. Fair; wind N. W.; temp. 75.

— M. Bancroft, Sewing Machines and finding, 410 Main street.—6m

— Ald. McHugh and family are taking their vacation at Nantasket.

— Ald. W. S. York and family are at Rockport, their hot weather home.

— Miss Bertha B. Smith is the guest of Miss Olive Hinckley at Megansett.

— The Warren Academy Industrial School is expected to reopen on July 13.

— Houses let and rents collected by E. Prior Real Estate agent, 349 Main street.

— The George E. Brown Building Co. are doing a good business this summer.

— Dr. Joseph T. Callahan, City Physician, is going to Maine, to recuperate.

— Woburn's County Tax this year will be $11,756.53, or $2,781.53 more than last year.

— Aberjona Colony, Pilgrim Fathers, will give a trolley party to Revere Beach on July 15.

— William A. Prior and family are spending this month at the old Prior homestead in Duxbury.

— Mrs. Bertha Taylor and Miss Marion will stay at Salisbury Beach the rest of this month.

— Policeman John Walsh includes in his vacation outing the Hudson River and City of New York.

— Frank P. Johnson is substituting for Rev. Mr. Suter at the Episcopal church, Winchester, this summer.

— Miss H. Josephine Ellis returned from a protracted visit with her brother in New York City a few days ago.

— Len Buchanan's Independence Day illuminations in the evening beat all competitors in this neck of timber.

— "Old Quebec" is the title of a fine poem by Miss Gertrude Menard in the July issue of *Donahoe's Magazine*.

— Willie Larock gave a fine 9th birthday party on July 2. About 40 guests were handsomely entertained by him.

— Notice was given out last Sunday evening that meetings would not be suspended at the First Congregational church.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— Mr. Charles R. Burdett, of Burdett's Business College, Boston, and family are spending the heated term at Nantasket.

— Excepting the schoolhouse question but little business was transacted at the meeting of the City Council last Monday evening.

— Mr. and Mrs. Warren N. Blake of 13 Abbott Street, are at Hollis, N. H. Madam Harriet C. Blake is at Rockport, Mass.

— People who are looking for fire or life insurance will find Mr. Bryan McSweeney, 7 Monroe street, a good man to apply to and deal with.

— Miss Eliza A. T. Kendall came up home from East Somerville a week ago last Wednesday to celebrate her birthday. She had a good time.

— A big plateglass window in the store of Copeland & Bowser was smashed by a skyrocket early on 4th of July morning. A new plate cost about $100.

— Miss Grace Callahan, too, has had a touch of scarlet fever, or of something that has been passing for that complaint in this city for a couple of months past.

— Miss Emma F. Hovey, Principal of Plympton School, lots on taking her vacation during the month of August. She is a close attendant at the N. E A. convention this week.

— Rev. Dr. Norton and family don't know for a certainty but that they will try to find a sequestered nook in Burlington, where they can pass a quiet and happy vacation season.

— Mrs. Dr. Robert Chalmers and children are at present stopping at Hotel Taylor, Salisbury Beach. Several other Woburn people are guests of that large and popular seaside hostelry.

— Mrs. Walter S. Stackpole and daughter Lillian, and Misses Dora and Mildred Knapp of Church avenue, passed last Tuesday in the most delightful manner at Norumbega Park.

— Mr. Charles H. Taylor, the photographic artist of 23 Pleasant street, has put in a large stock of amateur photographic supplies which he will sell at bottom figures, namely, 10 percent below the price list.

— James Linnell and wife left here last Friday evening for Southport, Maine, where they will remain and take comfort three weeks. Daniel W. Bond, Henry H. Leathe, and J. Q. A. Brackett, and their families, are also at that popular seaside resort.

— Vacationists who wish the date and destination of their outing announced in the JOURNAL can be promptly accommodated by sending a postal card to that effect to this office. Please state whether, or not, Editorial trimmings and frills to notice are desired.

— Miss Mary L Doherty and Messrs. Kenneth S. Johnson and Wm. F. Greydon, all of this year's Woburn High School graduating class have passed the Harvard College examinations successfully, and Johnson and Graydon will enter Harvard College this fall.

STRAW MATTINGS
FOR SUMMER HOUSES

Our new importation includes all grades from China and Japan, many patterns of which are exclusive. Always cool, cleanly, and sanitary.

RUGS

Royal Wilton, Saxony Axminster, Seamless, and other Axminster and Brussels rugs, in sizes 9 x 12, 8.3 x 10.6, and 6 x 9. Hundreds of small rugs—Smyrnas, Wiltons, Axminsters, Japanese, etc., etc., at exceptionally low prices.

RUGS

Heavy Brussels Art Squares, many of them in Oriental designs and all reversible, sizes 7.6 x 9, 9 x 9, 9 x 10.6, and 9 x 12; price about $1.00 per square yard.

JOHN H. PRAY & SONS COMPANY
Pray Building 658 Washington St. Opp. Boylston St.
BOSTON

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

NEW SPRING GOODS!
Latest Styles in Pattern and Cloth,
—AT—
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

SPONGES,
We have them, all sizes, all prices. A good one for 25c.

BRUSHES.
Hair, Tooth, Nail, Shaving, Bath, and Bailey's Complexion Brushes, a large and complete line of each.

TOILET ARTICLES.
Mernen's Talcum Comfort Powder, Johnson and Meares Baby Powder, Ices, Cold Creams, and a large assortment of Violet Waters. A few bottles of distilled St. Thomas Bay Rum at 23c. bottle. Violet Ammonia makes a a cooling refreshing bath. 23c.

☞ ALL THE ABOVE AT CUT PRICES.

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
GREEN SIGNS. GREEN STAMPS.

— We have had some real hot summer weather this week.

— Aberjona Colony, P. F., will conduct a trolley party next Wednesday evening.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— Susie Quinn of this city is the pianist at Houghton & Dutton's great department store in Boston.

— All the grocery stores, nearly all the markets, and some other places of business, kept open house last Wednesday afternoon. Evidently the plan is not endorsed by everybody.

— The 5th Regiment of Mass. Vol. Inft., of which the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx is Co G, are to go into camp on Aug. 7 at Duxbury for a week's muster. The Second Brigade, with the above exception, go to camp at South Framingham next week.

— Quite a good many Woburn teachers and people interested in educational matters have been attending the great convention of the N. E. A. this week and greatly refreshed thereby. Our local educationists can always be depended on to "keep step to the music of the Union."

— Professor Daniel N. Hood, First church organist, sailed yesterday morning, July 9, from Boston on the Steamship New England for Europe. He is to be away about two months, the larger part of which time will be spent by him with his daughter and family near Liverpool, England.

— St. Charles Parish picnic in City Park last Saturday attracted a larger crowd than ever before, and was one of the most successful. It made a great day for the N. W. Trolley line. The weather was fine, the arrangements were complete, and every visitor got his money's worth and enjoyed the outing.

— The city reports for the year 1902 are ready for delivery at City Hall. It is earnestly to be hoped that Haggerty's little *Times* will now cease howling over the delay of the printer in getting them out. Janitor John Connolly kindly presented the JOURNAL with a copy, which was found to be neatly printed and all O. K.

— Mr. Thomas J. Feeney, Business Manager of the *News*, to remove them from the danger of scarlet fever, took his wife and children to Winchester last week, and had been there only a short time when little Mary was attacked and became quite ill with it. But that didn't worry "Young Tom" any so long as Towser, his dog, was well and lively.

— It must be a depraved and evil-minded person who would burn a schoolhouse, as in the case of the Cedar Street one. A second attempt was made to destroy it last Monday forenoon and considerable damage done to it. The fire originated in the basement and was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary, for the building was unoccupied, the school being closed.

— Last year there were 225 applicants for membership of the Massachusetts Bar, and last week 340 were examined in the Girls High Schoolhouse, Boston, for similar honors. It was said to have been a stiff examination. The Board will report on them about Sept. 1. The Woburn young men who were put through the mill were W. Fred Davis, John E. Moore, Winfred R. Lang.

— At a regular meeting of the School Board on June 30, the salary of Master Owen of the High School was raised from $1,900 to $2,000. It was done on motion of Dr. Robert Chalmers, and received all the votes of the Board except Cassidy and Cotton. Dr. Chalmers appreciates the value of a good teacher, and is ready to reward real merit when he runs up against it.

— Johnnie Seaver, 6 years old, grandson of Mr. Gilman F. Jones, was quite seriously burned by firecrackers on the 4th. He had a couple of bunches of them in his arms near his home when, by some means, they caught fire, resulting in the destruction of his shirt and bad burns on his arms and body. The little fellow and Mrs. Dunnigan, 70 years old, managed to extinguish the flames, and saved him from dangerous consequences.

— Some people are impertinently asking if the office of Milk Inspector really inspects. An easier one might be answered more readily. As they say, down in Kentucky, "it mought, and then agin, it moughtn't." There are those in every community who would find fault even if their quart of milk contained twice as much water and coloring as it does now. It is impossible to suit everybody. The best pumps out of jail can't do it.

— Supt. Thomas Lees of the North Woburn Div. of the B. & N. Street Railway has issued an order to the conductors on his line to exclude from their cars all people in a condition of intoxication. It is having a good effect, especially on the travel between Woburn and Lowell. Things have become more decent on the cars, on which sober people can now ride without being insulted and abused by drunken men and women. Supt. Lees is all right.

— The JOURNAL office considers itself lucky to have run the guantlet of Friday night's ante 4th of July street carousings and escape with no greater damage than the demolition of one of its fine plateglass windows. The worst feature of the catastrophy, and, indeed, the only really serious one, was in the fact that the shattered pane of crystal left the JOURNAL's safe and its valuable contents exposed to public view and to raids by cracksmen. But fears on that head were groundless.

— Mr. Arthur W. Walls, a prominent and highly respected resident of North Woburn, aged 30 years, died at the Mass. Gen. Hospital last Tuesday morning after a lingering illness. He left a wife and two children to mourn the loss of a kind husband and loving father. He was an educated man, having graduated from the Mass. Institute of Technology, and had long been employed as a chemist at the Merrimac Chemical Works at N. W. His wife is the daughter of Mr. C. L. Babcock.

— That Veteran of the Civil War, prominent G. A. R. man, and highly esteemed member of the "Sons of '24," of which Mr. George Buchanan is President, and Mr Salmon T. Brigham, Vice, Mr. James Walker of 60 Pleasant street, this city, left here yesterday for Lewiston, on the Androscoggin River, Maine, to pay his daughter Lily and her husband, Mr. Evlon R. Chadbourne, a fortnight's visit. His leavetaking was accomplished in the best of spirits in anticipation of a happy time with his relatives, and his health was such as to excite no apprehension as to his ability to make the journey on schedule time, without the leastt rouble.

— E. Prior, 349 Main street is agent for the New York Life Insurance Co. Call and see him before placing any life insurance.

— Generally speaking, the merchants of Melrose refuse to deal in trading stamps. Some of them say that the customers are deceived as to the value of the stamps and that the cost of them is added to the price of the goods, therefore, the customer gets exactly what he pays for, as before. The stamp originators and promoters get rich; where do their profits come from? That isn't a hard one.

— For 5 or 6 weeks, beginning on July 14, President John W. Johnson of the City Council will be Mayor of Woburn. Some writers on the subject call it Acting Mayor, but putting it thus the JOURNAL regards as a distinction without a difference, as the Philosophers say. During the period above named, or a large part of it, at least, Mayor Feeney will be devoting himself to European sight seeing, or crossing and recrossing the Atlantic Ocean.

— Mr. Thomas W. Kenney, who was reported as sick in bed with scarlet fever at his home on Johnson street a few days ago, was on the streets as lively as a cricket last Wednesday morning. The fact is, and the Board of Health are authority for the statement, there has been but little genuine scarlet fever among the 130 cases reported, a large share of them having been scarletina or cankerash, diseases that need not cause alarm. And these are rapidly dying out.

— Mr. and Mrs. George Phillips, with son and daughter, of Nebraska are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Simonds at their home on Church avenue, having arrived there last Friday. Mr. Phillips, who has been a resident of Nebraska for the last 30 years, is a brother of Mrs. Simonds, who, with the Western guests, visited Mrs. Nichols (Minnie Simonds) at Weare, N. H., last Wednesday. Mr. Phillips's State has been well represented at the N. E. A. convention in Boston this week.

— There may be, for aught we know, other piano tuners besides Mr. James W. McDonald in this community, but be it so, or not, he is the leader in the business. He occupies that position because, in the first place, he knows all about tuning pianos, is a faithful artist in that line, always gives satisfaction, and the people confide in his ability and integrity. The fact is, patrons like him and his work. Mr. McDonald is also agent for the sale of the best pianos made and does a fine business at that branch of trade.

— We received a note last Wednesday from our friend and former respected fellow citizen, Mr. Samuel R. Dolliver of San Francisco, California, who is a respected member of "The Sons of '24," in which he regrets to say that poor health will prevent him from making his biennial visit to New England this summer. He and his brother have been highly successful San Francisco leather merchants for many years, during which it has been their habit to take turns in coming to and spending the summer in Woburn and Boston. But they are getting old, and Samuel R. has reluctantly given up the idea of visiting here this season.

— About 1.30 o'clock last Sunday morning, a fire broke out in Litch & Hayward's stable in the centre of Stoneham village which was not subdued until 10 buildings, 9 horses, and much property had been burned up. The horses belonged to the stable. In response to calls, Woburn, Reading, Winchester, Wakefield, and Melrose, sent firemen and apparatus which rendered great aid to the Stoneham Department. The Woburn steamer and men were the first to arrive at the fire. Everyone said that, if there had been a high wind, the entire village would have been destroyed. The total loss was roughly estimated at $100,000.

— In the neighborhood of 60 or 70 dealers in dry goods, clothing, shoes, provisions, jewelry, hardware, furniture, etc, in this city, per agreement, closed their stores at 12 o'clock noon last Wednesday and kept them closed until Thursday morning. This rule is to continue in full force and effect until next Labor Day, the first Monday in September. The ostensible reason for adopting it was to give clerks and salesmen more time for rest and recreation, of which they stand greatly in need. The stores now close Monday and Wednesday evenings, and Wednesday afternoons, and the barbers shut up shop on Thursday afternoons and evenings.

— The Unitarian meetinghouse is to undergo great improvements this summer. They are to cost about $2,500. The present pulpit is to be made to give way to a new up to date one; new carpets are to be substituted for the present floor coverings; the pews are to be thoroughly overhauled and refurnished with cushions; and the whole interior is to be painted white, and ornamented with the finest work of the best artists. Rev. Mr. Parker, the esteemed Pastor, will probably forego the pleasure of a prolonged vacation in order to keep a supervising eye on the improvements and contemplated embellishments, and will be at home after a visit of himself and family to the Isles of Shoals. No expense will be spared to put the edifice into the finest possible shape.

— Business at Winning Farm is now in full feather. The boys had their inning last week and the girls stood ready to take their places. It is turn and turn about; the boys a week; then the girls a week; and so they alternate through the season. Mrs. McGarrey, the Matron, has her hands full providing comforts and pleasures for her small army of guests; but she manages them in the best of shape, and is popular with her visitors and the Managers. Winning Farm is a grand institution, a practical charity, one that deserves the countenance and support of good people. Every summer hundreds of Boston's poor children get pure air and wholesome country living there, besides lessons and teachings that will benefit them in days to come. Matron McGarrey likes her work at the Farm, because it not only affords comfort and pleasure to the boys and girls, but educates them for decent and useful lives.

THE MOTHERS KNOW

A growing, active boy puts clothing to its supreme test. It is the mother of such a boy who understands, as nobody else does, whether materials hold their color, are properly put together, and stand wear as they should.

Hundreds of mothers have told us how absolute is the satisfaction which

Our Clothing

gives to them, in all respects, as worn by their sons.

We cannot conceive of a higher endorsement—can you?

Macullar Parker Company
400 Washington Street
BOSTON

HOFF'S MALT AND IRON
The Doctors order for convalescent
Scarlet Fever Patients
THE LOWEST CUT PRICE IN TOWN 30c.—IS AT Whitcher's

— Mr. William R. Bartlett, the marketman, and family are occupying their cottage at Nahant.

— Mr. and Mrs. Henry Eustis Smith have not yet picked out the spot where they will pass the hot weather.

— Mr. Fred A. Flint expects to spend the vacation season at his old stamping grounds, Camden, Maine.

— There are to be no more Sunday services at the Unitarian church until after the close of the vacation season.

— The Innitou Club's exercises and exhibitions drew large crowds of people to the banks of Horn Pond last Saturday.

— The Board of Health wisely orders all houses in which there have been cases of scarlet fever to be thoroughly fumigated before the inmates are allowed to leave them.

— Moore, proprietor of the Woburn Steam Laundry, is mighty well satisfied with his new quarters in the Auditorium building. His work gives the best of satisfaction everywhere, and is increasing every day.

— Yesterday was in very deed a scorcher. Thermometers indicated a temperature away up in the nineties in the middle of the day, and the rays of the sun were intensely hot. Had the atmosphere contained the customary amount of moisture it would have been almost unbearable; but fortunately the air was dry.

— A few days ago the E Prior Real Estate Agency, located in Johnson Block, Main street, this city, sold to Mr. Cary Fitchett the house and lot No. 93 Prospect street, the purchaser buy-it for occupancy by himself and family The above named Agency, which is a reliable one, has several valuable city estates for sale.

— For the largest, most beautiful, and the most fragrant bouquets of roses, with which to adorn and fill its rooms with rich perfume, the JOURNAL always turns its thoughts towards Cummingsville and fixes them on Mr. John Cummings, the merchant of that section of the city. Nor is such mental operation performed in vain. Never. If Mr. Cummings were given to vanity and public airing of his success in raising roses, he might, with the utmost propriety, boast of producing in his prolific West Side garden, annually, larger roses, more of them, and in greater variety, than any other flowerculturist in this part of the State. He kindly brought us over a basketful of them last Tuesday morning. They filled the room with beauty and delicious odors. They were immense in every sense of the word. Delightful to the eye, highly agreeable to the sensitive and properly educated olfactory nerve, brilliant in all the colors of the rainbow, many of them as big over as saucers, we were charmed with Mr. Cummings's generous floral present, and hereby thank him for the same.

— A Woburn aggregation of ladies and gentlemen of considerable size attended a lawn jubilee gathering of the Everett Pine Tree Club on Ex-Mayor Nichols's lawn in that thrifty city last evening. Councilman J. Howard Nason phoned to people here that the function was to be a reception to Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Strout of Woburn who have, on several occasions, entertained the Everett P. T. C. at their residence on Montvale avenue; but the worthy couple knocked that scheme in the head by positively refusing to go near the party unless the reception idea was at once and forever and totally abandoned. That question being disposed of, a dozen, or more, of the natives of Maine in this city, repaired to Everett last evening, at least, that was the programme, and had a glorious good time. Having heard nothing to the contrary, we take the responsibility to assert that ex-Mayor Nichols had everything in applepie order for the party. A fine orchestra furnished music for the dancing on the green; an elaborate spread of refreshments was served; there was song singing, story telling, and many other agreeable and pleasant features of the highly successful social affair.

Will Buy It Back.

You assume no risk when you buy Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. All druggists will refund your money if you are not satisfied after using it. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful remedy in use for bowel complaints and the only one that never fails. It is pleasant, safe and reliable.

For a lazy liver try Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They invigorate the liver, aid the digestion, regulate the bowels and prevent bilious attacks. For sale by all druggists.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Nathan W. Frye, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ALBERT F. CONVERSE, Adm.
Woburn, Mass.

July 2d, 1903.

A Fine Musicale.

The Woburn pianoforte pupils of Miss Leila Tilton gave a very interesting musicale at 51 Elm street Thursday evening, July 2d. Miss Tilton is to be congratulated upon the succesful results attained.

March Militaire.	Carrie and Marion Curtis.	Behr
Waltz.	John Enwright.	Schnecker
Rainbow Fairy.	Jeannette Hamilton.	Krogmann
March.	Claire Sumann.	Kohler
Waltz Rondo.	Mary Hartnett and Miss Tilton.	Lichner
Trumpeters Serenade.	Mary Hartnett.	Spindler
Melody.	Marion Curtis.	Paderewski
Scarf Dance.	Wilbur Burleigh.	Chaminade
Romance.	Lena Marston.	F. A. Porter
Valsette.	Edith Smith.	Borvioski
Pixies Drill.	Elizabeth Bixby.	Brown
The Watchman's Song.	Edith Galt.	Grieg
Romance.	Helen Buck.	Jensen
March.	Wilbur Burleigh and Miss Tilton.	Gwillit
2nd Mazurka.	Arline Sibley.	Godard

Very Remarkable Cure of Diarrhoea.

"About six years ago for the first time in my life I had a sudden and severe attack of diarrhoea," says Mrs. Alice Miller, of Morgan, Texas. "I got temporary relief, but it came back again and again, and for six long years I have suffered more misery and agony than I can tell. It was worse than death. My husband spent hundreds of dollars for physicians' prescriptions and treatment without avail. Finally we moved to Bosque county, our present home, and one day I happened to see an advertisement of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with a testimonial of a man who had been cured by it. The case was so similar to my own that I concluded to try the remedy. The result was wonderful. I could hardly realize that I was well again, or believe it could be so after having suffered so long, but that one bottle of medicine, costing but a few cents, cured me." For sale by all druggists.

Boston Theatres.

MUSIC HALL.

No play produced in recent years has met with such popular favor and success as "Wh-Uns of Tennessee," Lee Arthur's great play of Southern characters, which will be presented by the Aubrey Stock Company at Boston Music Hall, opening with a coupon matinee next Monday afternoon. In dealing with the characters in this story, Mr. Arthur has properly portrayed each one as he found them during a lengthy sojourn in sunny Tennessee. The story has for its leading figure a pure-hearted lassie, a chivalrous youth and a black-hearted scoundrel, who, with the aid of his money, attempts to ruin the future of his rival in the eyes of the girl who loves him. The several character parts are woven together in such a manner as to bring out the many amusing situations conceived by the author in putting the play together. The play will be splendidly mounted, special scenery having been painted for the production and every act will be complete in the smallest detail. The favorites in the company will be seen in congenial roles and the production will be a meritorious one.

The prodigious strides recently made by The Boston *Sunday Herald* seem almost phenomenal even in these days of accepted progress. Not content with making a good paper, which The *Herald* has always been, nor resting for a time because it was a better paper than any other, it seems to be determined to set a pace which will preclude rivalry. Certainly no paper comes into this office which covers so wide a field so well, or which is so broad in the discussion of the topics of the day. No paper in the country boasts such an array of humoristic talent, nor is there one which can approach The *Herald* in the matter of its illustrations. Without going into the details of The *Herald's* greatness, there is one feature which deserves unusual mention—the children's department. In no publication can there be found such a presentation. It is clean, pure and wholesome. It is bright without being repulsive, and interesting without being offensive. It appeals to the intellect of children rather than to their vision. Such a children's department should meet with the approval of parents everywhere. Surely The *Herald* is entitled to be called "New England's Greatest Newspaper."

Serious Results

Often attend the neglecting of those places about the house whose unsanitary condition means sickness and disease. Without exception the best article on the market to maintain absolutely sanitary, healthy conditions is Cabot's SULPHO-NAPTHOL, the ideal DISINFECTANT, DEODORISER and PURIFIER for the hot summer months.

Cholera Infantum.

This has long been regarded as one of the most dangerous and fatal diseases to which infants are subject. It can be cured, however, when properly treated. All that is necessary is to give Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and castor oil, as directed with each bottle, and a cure is certain. For sale by all druggists.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—5th Sunday after Trinity. Morning Prayer at 10.30. Evening Prayer at 7. No Sunday School during July and August. Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Sacrament."

Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by Rev. Cephus B. Crane, D. D. Subject: "Wings Like a Dove."

No Sunday School.

No Christian Endeavor Meeting.

7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "If Thou Hadst Known."

7.45 P. M., Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev. Norman E. Richardson, Asst. Pastor. Subject: "The Essentials of the Kingdom."

12 M. Sunday School.

6 P. M. Bible Study.

6.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting. Subject: "The Burden of Micah—the Present Destructiveness of Sin."

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Judson V. Clancy of Medford.

No Sunday School.

At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.

At 7, Evening Service. Address by the pastor.

Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, July 4, Mary Murphy, aged 9 months, 16 days.

In this city, July 8, Clara E. Pearson, aged 21 years, 8 months, 26 days.

In Boston, at Mass. General Hospital, July 7, Arthur N. Walls of Woburn, aged 30 years, 6 months, 14 days.

Seasonable Goods
—AT—
Reasonable Prices!

Standard Tomatoes	8c can
Standard Corn	8c "
String Beans	9c "
Wax Beans	10c "
Shelled Beans	12c "
Red Gage Plums	12c "
Peaches	10c "
Bartlett Pears 3lb cans	13c "
2 cans 25c	
3 lb cans Apple	10c "
Gallon cans Apple	25c "
Red Alaska Salmon	9c "
Sockeye Salmon flat cans	15c "
Best New Creamery Butter	25c "

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

RICHARD A. WHITE
Successor to E. A. Brooks,
Undertaker
—AND—
Funeral Supplies
Boarding and Livery Stable.
12 Park St., Woburn.
Telephone 54-3.

..Are..
You Particular
About your laundry? Let us try it. We please particular people.
Woburn Laundry
26 Montvale Ave.
Telephone 29 4.

Administratrix's Notice of Sale of Real Estate in Woburn, Mass.

By virtue of a license granted to me by the Probate Court for the County of Middlesex, dated June 23rd, A. D., 1903, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described, on

Wednesday, July 22d, 1903,

at two o'clock in the afternoon the following described real estate, viz:—A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn in said County of Middlesex and bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by land now or late of Kenney; southeasterly by Bedford street; northwesterly by land now, or late, of Thomas Caulfield; and southwesterly by land now, or late, of Martin Doyle, and being the same premises conveyed to Denis Glancy by Bridget Cordeil, Administratrix, by deed dated August 27th, 1880, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist Deeds, Book 1549, Page 336.

Terms made known at sale.

MARY CLANCY, Administratrix of estate of Dennis Clancy, otherwise known as Denis Glancy.

Woburn, Mass., July 1, 1903.

Administratrix's Notice to Creditors of Insolvent Estate.

Estate of Hugh P. Maguire late of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, represented insolvent.

THE Probate Court for said County will receive and examine all claims of creditors against the estate of said Hugh P. Maguire and notice is hereby given that six months from the twenty-third day of June, A. D., 1903, are allowed to creditors to present and prove their claims against said estate, and that the Court will receive and examine the claims of creditors at Cambridge, on the eighth day of September, A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and at Cambridge on the thirteenth day of October, A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon.

CATHERINE T. MAGUIRE, Administratrix.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
349 MAIN STREET, - WOBURN.
Tue., Thur., Sat., 7.30 to 9 P. M.

JOSLIN & MENDUM,
10 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
Tel. Main 3908-3.

Wanted for Cash
A SMALL HOUSE, from 5 to 7 rooms: modern conveniences: land suitable for garden: must be near electric or steam cars. Address P. O Box 237, Arlington, Mass.

RASPBERRIES
For Preserving.
14 Pints of Dark Red Raspberries fresh from the vines for one dollar, delivered anywhere in town within one mile of Post Office. No order for less than one dollar accepted. Be careful and give your street number when ordering.
C. S. PRATT, Reading, Mass.

THE LEWIS F. PERRY & WHITNEY COMPANY

PAINTING · SPECIAL FURNITURE · CARPETS · FABRICS · PAPERS · CRETONNES · TAFFETAS · LACES · RUGS

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TREMONT ST · BROMFIELD · BOSWORTH · SCHOOL ST · WASHINGTON

8 BOSWORTH ST BOSTON MASS

Mens' Department.

Fancy Hosery, a 25c. quality for 13c. pair.

Mens' Gauze, Jersey and Balbriggan Underwear at 25 and 50c.

Suspenders, Collars and Neckwear.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Ice Cream. Sherbets.

STRAWBERRY (from fruit) · VANILLA · COFFEE · CHOCOLATE · PINEAPPLE (with fruit)

STRAWBERRY (with fruit) · PINEAPPLE · ORANGE · LEMON

MADE TO ORDER.

FRUIT PUNCH · FRAPPE · ORANGE · STRAWBERRY · PINEAPPLE

SULTANA ROLL · FROZEN PUDDING · MACCAROON · COFFEE PARFAIT · BOM GLACE

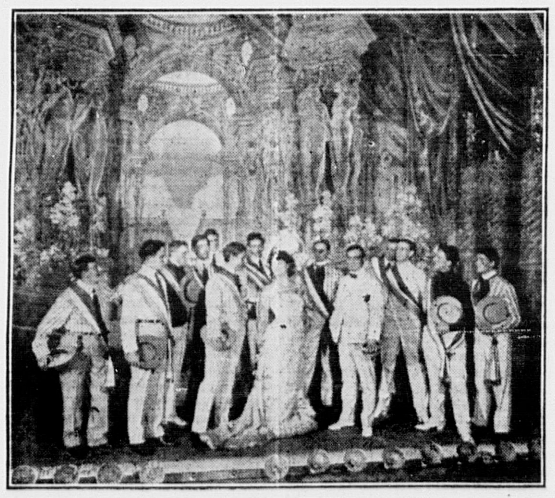
Our Ice Cream is made from deep set Jersey Cream and Fresh Fruit Juices.

CRAWFORD'S,
412 Main St., Woburn.
TELEPHONE: 48-3.

REDUCTION
— IN THE —
PRICE OF GAS!

From July 1st, 1903, a reduction will be made from the present price of $1.70 per M less 20c., to $1.60 less 20c., making the net price $1.40 per M cubic feet for prompt payment.

R. J. MONKS, Agent and Treasurer.



Scene in Peggy from Paris at the Tremont Theatre, Boston.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Julia A. Johnson, late of Woburn, in said County deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to John W. Johnson of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourteenth day of July, A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-fourth day of June, in the the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Michael McGrath, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Mary McGrath of Woburn, in said County, or to some other suitable person.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourteenth day of July, A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing postpaid to each heir-at-law of said deceased a copy of this citation, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-second day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

We are selling the Latest French Novelty in

Highly Perfumed Violet Toilet Soap

13c. a CAKE.

35c. a BOX.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.

IF YOU WANT

To insure in good reliable companies, for FIRE or Life, consult

BRYAN McSWEENEY,
7 Munroe Street, - - Woburn.

P. S.—A postal card will bring me to your home.

A Clever Escape.

Prince Louis Napoleon, afterward Napoleon III., effected his escape from Ham in 1846 in a singular manner. He was imprisoned for his attempts against the French government, made at Boulogne in 1840. At 7 o'clock one morning the prince, having shaved his mustache and thrown a blouse and workingman's trousers over his own clothes and wearing wooden shoes, quietly walked out of the prison, carrying a bookshelf over his shoulder to complete his disguise. He was taken to be one of the painters then at work in the prison and was passed by several persons. A carriage was waiting in the neighborhood, and by 3 o'clock in the afternoon he was at Valenciennes, where he took a train to Brussels, and he arrived in London two days later. Meanwhile in the prison Dr. Conneau, the prince's physician, had placed a dummy in the prince's bed and told the governor that the prince was confined to his room by illness. This satisfied the governor until 7 o'clock in the evening, when he insisted on seeing the prince and discovered the fraud. By this time, of course, the prince was over the frontier. Dr. Conneau got off with three months of prison. Within thirty-one months Prince Napoleon was the first president of a French republic, supplanting King Louis Philippe, who had abdicated.

Bedouins and Water.

It is not unusual to hear a Bedouin upon reaching a camp where water is offered him refuse it with the remark, "I drank only yesterday." On the Bedouins' long marches across dry countries the size of the water skins is nicely calculated to just outlast the journey, and they rarely allow themselves to break the habit of abstemiousness, as this would be sure to make their next water fast all the harder. They are accustomed from infancy to regard water as a most precious commodity and use it with religious economy. They know every hollow and nook in the mountains where water may be found. Their camels and goats, which they take with them on their marches to supply them with milk and meat, live principally on the scanty herbage and foliage of the thorny mimosa. Neither men nor animals drink more than once in forty-eight hours. No wonder they can subsist where invaders quickly perish.

Courage of Wild Dogs.

The whole tribe of wild dogs, which in closely allied forms are to be found in the wildest jungles and woods of Asia, from the Himalayas to Ceylon and from China to the Taurus—unless the "golden wolves" of the Roman empire are now extinct in the forests of Asia Minor—show an individual and corporate courage which entitles them to a high place among the most daring of wild creatures. The "red dogs," to give them their most characteristic name, are neither large in size nor do they assemble in large packs. Those which have been from time to time measured and described seem to average some three feet in length from the nose to the root of the tail.

The pack seldom numbers more than nine or ten, yet there is sufficient evidence that they are willing and able to destroy any creature that inhabits the jungle, except the adult elephant and perhaps the rhinoceros, creatures whose great size and leathery hide make them almost invulnerable to such enemies as dogs.—London Spectator.

A Custom of the Balkans.

He or she who enters a house for the first time is supposed in the Balkan countries to bring it good or bad luck for the whole twelvemonth. This belief gives rise to a curious observance The visitor before crossing the threshold picks up a stone (token of strength) or a green twig (emblem of health and fruitfulness) and lays it on the hearth He also brings with him some grains of salt, which he casts into the flames, and then, squatting by the fireside wishes his hosts "a prosperous year, a plentiful crop and many blessings." Then as the grains of salt burst and crackle in the fire he utters the following quaint formula: "As I am sitting even so may sit the hen and warm the eggs. As this salt splits even so may split the eggs of the clucking hen and the chickens come forth."

Why Men Eat Too Much.

Eating is the greatest of all our standard amusements. A great number of people obviously eat a great deal more than they need, and it is entirely credible that a large proportion of the moderate eaters might thrive as well and look as handsome and work as hard and live as long on a very much restricted diet. But would the joy of life continue unimpaired for them? The native born might raise plenty of children if they could subsist for 11 cents a day, but would they think life was worth living on 11 cents worth of food a day? No, they wouldn't. That is one thing that ails them.—Harper's.

Chairs In the Dark Ages.

The chairs of the dark ages, modeled partly on those of the Romans, were in keeping with the comfortless dwellings in which the people of the north of Europe then passed their lives. The Saxon kings of England are represented as seated on thrones in the form of a box, the ends slightly raised, the bottom advanced to form a sort of footstool. There is always a cushion to add a degree of comfort, and sometimes a back in the form of a crosspiece or remotely resembling the backs of modern chairs.

Courage Begets Courage.

One brave step makes the next one easier. True, the road seems more piled up with obstacles as one goes along; but, then, one is made stronger and more capable with every step, so that relatively we have an easy road always before us. At least if not exactly easy it becomes more interesting—one feels less inclined to grumble.—Cosmopolitan.

Turned Out.

"Our colleges turn out some pretty good men nowadays," remarked the elderly gentleman.

"Yes," replied his son gloomily, "our college turned out the man who was sure to have won the hundred yard dash for us next year just because he didn't pass any of his examinations."—Syracuse Herald.

Comes Natural to Him.

"Qupon is a good fellow, but his conversational abilities are remarkably limited. He has a few stock phrases, and that's all."

"Well, what else can you expect? He's a stockbroker."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Just the Other Way.

Hobson—I understand your daughter is taking great pains with her singing?

The Poor Father—"Taking" is not the word; "giving" is more like it.

The Serpent That Talked Like a Man

In John Ashton's "Curious Creatures of Zoology" there is a quotation from "a little Latine booke printed at Vienna in the yeare 1551" which tells a most wonderful story. Ashton quotes as follows: "There was found in a mowe or rycke of corn almost as many snakes, adders and other serpentes as there was sheafes, so as no one sheaf could be removed but there presently appeared a heape of ougly and fierce serpentes. The countrie men determyned to set fire upon the barne and so attempted to do, but in vaine, for the straw would take no fire, although they laboured with all their witts and policye to burn them up.

"At last there appeared unto them at the top of the heap a huge great serpente, which lifted up his head and spake with a man's voyce to the countrie men, saying, 'Cease to prosecute your devise, for you shall not be able to accomplish our burning, for wee were not bredde by nature, neither came we here of our owne accord, but were sent by God to take vengence on the sinnes of men.'"

Ashton leaves us in the dark as to what the "countrie" men did, but it is natural to suppose that they surrendered at once.

Pictures In Stone.

Shakespeare could "find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything," but he fails to mention the possibility of finding a picture drawn by nature in a stone. In several of the ancient as well as modern scientific journals we read of lines and markings in certain stone formations, particularly agates, which bear striking resemblances to the outlines of men, animals, landscapes, etc.

One of these curiosities now preserved in the museum of the Vatican is a perfect likeness of a crowned king. Many of these representations are so lifelike that they have been mistaken for medallion portraits. We read accounts of several of these wonders in Albertus. One plainly shows a man in the attitude of running, another is a perfect figure of the good St. Jerome, but the most remarkable of all is an agate containing a representation of Apollo surrounded by the nine muses.

A Persian Story.

There is a story in Persian literature of a certain poet who came before a great man and praised him very ornately. The rich man was very pleased and said: "Ready money I have not; nevertheless there is in my granaries very much corn. If you come tomorrow I will give you some." The poet went to his own house and on the morrow presented himself to his patron. The rich man asked him, "Why have you come?" He said: "Yesterday you promised to give me corn. For this reason am I come." The rich man said: "A most wonderful fool thou art. What you said to me gave me pleasure. What I have said to you equally pleased you. Why, then, should I give you corn?" The poet was covered with shame and departed.

How to Make Cloth Waterproof.

Ordinary cloth may be made waterproof by the following treatment: Put half a pound of sugar of lead and half a pound of alum in a pail of soft water. Stir this at intervals until it becomes clear. Then pour it off into another pail, put the cloth or garment into it and let it stand an entire day, twenty-four hours. Then hang up to dry without wringing. Garments treated thus, it is said, can be worn in the wildest storm of wind and rain without the wearer getting even damp. The rain hangs in globules upon the cloth, and cloth that is waterproof is better and more healthy than rubber goods.

The Spittle Fly.

The spittle fly is an insect which encompasses itself in a white froth composed of the juice it has sucked out of the plant on which it is bred. It seriously injures pinks, carnations and picotees if not checked in the early stages of its progress. It is very tender when young, but develops into a hard skinned hopper. It can be pinched and rubbed off with the fingers, or a good syringing with something bitter, like a concoction of quassia chips, will drive the creatures away.—London Times.

The Trap.

"You call zat building a 'fire trap?'" asked the perplexed foreigner. "How can a house be a trap for ze fire?"

"It catches fire so easily. See?" said the native.

But he couldn't see, such is the unreadiness of the untrained foreign intellect in grasping the idioms of our rich and expressive language.—Chicago Tribune.

Inadequate Motive.

Howes—What did they do with that fellow who was arrested for stealing cigars from McStogy's place?

Barnes—Oh, he was discharged. The prosecutor was unable to prove a motive for the alleged theft. The judge as it happened had smoked one of McStogy's cigars.—Boston Transcript.

A Lovers' Quarrel.

She (turning at the door)—I think you are just hateful, and I'm never going to speak to you again; so there's no use coming into the music room after me, because I'll be on the rustic bench at the far end of the conservatory.—Smart Set.

Brazen.

The Father—What! You want to marry that puppy? I never heard of such a thing.

The Dear Girl—Well, you know, father, dogs are very fashionable just now.—San Antonio Express.

There is this difference between a house and a woman: A coat of paint improves the house.—Atchison Globe.

His Particular Line.

"That new man of yours," said the proprietor of the store to the department manager, "seems to be a mighty hard worker."

"Yes," replied the latter; "that is his specialty."

"What—working?"

"No—seeming to."—Syracuse Herald.

Sorry He Spoke.

Husband—Do you know that every time a woman gets angry she adds a new wrinkle to her face?

Wife—No, I did not; but if it is so I presume it is a wise provision of nature to let the world know what sort of a husband a woman has.

The Way With Bills.

Husband—You must try to keep our bills down.

Wife—I do, but they're always running up.—Baltimore American.

Edgar, aged six, was recently sent to school for the first time, and upon his return home he asked, "Papa, who taught Adam the alphabet?"

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co.

On and after June 1, 1903, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Burlington and Billerica at 5 45 a. m.

Leave Woburn for Burlington, Billerica and Lowell, at 6 45 a. m., hourly till 11.45 a. m., half hourly till 9.45 p. m., 10 15 and 10 45 p. m. to Billerica only.

Leave Lowell at 5 45 a. m., hourly till 11.45 a. m. half hourly till 9 45 p. m.

Leave Billerica for Woburn or Lowell, at 6 30 a. m., and hourly till 12 30 a. m., half hourly till 10 30 p. m. Also 11 and 11 30 p. m. for Woburn.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6.55 a. m., hourly till 12 55 p. m., half hourly till 11 55 p. m.

Cars arrive at Woburn 7.15 a. m., hourly till 1.15 p. m., half hourly till 12.15 midnight, connecting at Woburn with B & M. trains for Boston at 7.12, 8 14, 9.06 a. m. and 4.11 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

First car leaves Woburn at 6.45 a. m., hourly till 9.45 a. m., half hourly till 10 45 p. m.

Leaves Billerica at 7.30 a. m., Lowell at 6.45 a. m.

For special cars or other information address C. W. E. HARRISON, Supt., Woburn, Mass.

Tel. 112-4.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by John Ahearn of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Reuben B. Richardson and Hannah M. Parker, dated January 1, 1883, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1619, Page 503, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction at the office of John W. Johnson, 349 Main street Woburn, on

MONDAY, the third day of August, A. D., 1903,

at four o'clock in the afternoon all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows, namely:—A certain parcel of land situated in said Woburn, containing seven thousand two hundred and ninety (7290) square feet, and being Lot No. 1 on a Plan of house lots owned by Reuben B. Richardson and Hannah M. Parker, surveyed by J. R. Carter, dated April, 1877, bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises at the junction of Conn street, so called, and Main street; thence the line runs northerly by said Main street sixty-five (65) feet to Lot No. 2, on said Plan; thence easterly by said Lot No. 2, one hundred and ten (110) feet to Lot No. 7 on said Plan; thence southerly by said Lot No. 7 sixty-three and four-tenths (63.4) feet to said Conn street as laid out on said Plan; thence westerly by said Conn street, one hundred fifteen and two-tenths (115.2) feet to the point of beginning.

Also, one other lot of land situated in said Woburn, adjoining the lot above described, containing five thousand four hundred and fifty (5,450) square feet, being Lot No. 2 on said Plan, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises at said Main street, and the northwesterly corner of lot No. 1 above described; thence the line runs northerly by said Main street fifty and two-tenths (50.2) feet to Lot No. 3 on said plan; thence easterly by Lot No. 3 on said Plan, one hundred and eight (108) feet to said lot No. 7; thence southerly by said Lot No. 7 fifty (50) feet to said Lot No. 1; thence westerly by said Lot No. 1 one hundred and ten (110) feet to the point of beginning.

$100 will be required of the purchaser at the sale.

JOHN W. JOHNSON, Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.

Woburn, July 10, 1903.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate Octavia E. Melendy, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to me at No. 15 Court Square, Boston, Mass.

JOHN F. LIBBY, Adm.

June 20th, 1903.

To Let.

Flat No. 6 Montvale avenue, with 7 rooms and all modern improvements. Rent very low. Apply to E. PRIOR, 349 Main street, Room 6, Woburn.

Literary Notices.

The July COSMOPOLITAN contains eighteen stories and articles; there is a long list of distinguished contributors. A timely article on The World's Fair at St. Louis, 1904, by Frederic C. Howe, is illustrated with twenty photographs. King Menelek of Abyssinia is the subject of a character sketch by W. T. Stead. Edmund Gosse contributes a notable essay on The Ethics of Biography. The Love-story of Shelley and Mary Godwin is by Richard Le Gallienne. H. G. Wells, in an article on The Organization of The Higher Education, criticises the educational system of the English universities and American colleges. The gradual disappearance of some of the most noted ruins in Egypt is the subject of an article by Dulany Hunter, entitled The Passing of Philae. Other contributions are The Leisured Public and the Stage, by Madge Kendal; What Love Is, by Lavinia Hart; Vocation and Avocation, by James H. Canfield, Librarian of Columbia University, in the series Making a Choice of a Profession; Suburban Life in America, by Waldon Fawcett; three personal articles — James Stillman, by Edwin Lefevre; Levi Zeigler Leiter, by Samuel E. Moffett; Herman Henry Kohisaat, by Elliot Flower; and Dividing Expenses, Illustrated by an Experiment in Cooperative Housekeeping, by Martha Martin. Among the fiction writers are: Henry Seton Merriman; Mary H. Peixotto, whose story is illustrated with pictures in color, drawn by her brother, E. C Peixotto; Baroness von Hutten, and Clinton Dangerfield. The July COSMOPOLITAN is as remarkable for its excellent short stories as for the variety of its articles and the number of its illustrations.

Those who read and use monthly publications recently had their attention called to a consolidation whereby the Ledger Monthly, founded by Robert Bonner in 1843, The Household, established in New England in 1868, and Ev'ry Month, a leading musical publication, were merged, forming THE HOUSEHOLD-LEDGER, to appear monthly, published at 95-97 Liberty Street, New York. A further uniting of publications now embraces Piano Music Magazine, established by J. W. Pepper in Philadelphia in 1900, and Literature, Art and Music, the first issue of which appeared in 1902, thus five publications have been purchased by those who form The Household-Ledger Publishing Company. All will be published collectively as THE HOUSEHOLD-LEDGER. The July issue of THE HOUSEHOLD LEDGER, will contain much of value to the general as well as the home reader. Its cover is appropriately designed with a conventional border of fire crackers and a typical American girl applying a lighted match to an open pack of crackers which as they dangle, form the words, July, 1903.

No man or woman in the state will hesitate to speak well of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets after once trying them. They always produce a pleasant movement of the bowels, improve the appetite and strengthen the digestion. For sale by all druggists.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT.

Chester W. Clark, of Wilmington in said County of Middlesex, administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Sabra Carter, late of said Wilmington, deceased, Complainant,

against

The Attorney General of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and Albert D. Carter, Ella H. Thompson, John R. Carter, Frank Carter, Martha A. Burnham and Abby Young, all of Woburn in said County of Middlesex, Willis S. Carter of Melrose in said County, Catherine G. Parker and Henry Baldwin, both of Billerica in said County, William H. Shedd, Harry L. Shedd, Nellie D. Shedd, Kate Butler, Clarence G. Coburn and Emily M. Skilton, all of Lowell in said County, George C. Skilton and Albert H. Skilton, both of Bedford in said County, Georgianna Higgins, Fred L. Carter, Fannie C. Jaques and Fred W. Jaques, all of Somerville in said County, Edna Alley and Augusta Alley, both of Medford in said County, Frank Marion and Hattie Marion, both of Burlington in said County, George K. Carter and Joseph M. Hill, both of Wilmington in said County, Lydia Coburn of Dracut in said County, J. Fred Parker, of Lynn and Mary J. Whiting of Beverly, both in the County of Essex, Nellie E. Wilmarth and Theodore Parker, both of Attleboro in the County of Bristol, C. Louise Jaques of Milton in the County of Norfolk, Clara I. Mower, Edwin T. Carter, Jennie L. Grush, James E. Skilton, Samuel W. Jaques, Henry Jaques, Caroline Jaques, Helen Merriam and Alida G. Sollers, all of Boston in the County of Suffolk, Sarah C. Keith of Denver in the State of Colorado, George C. Hill of Lake City and John B. Hill of Clinton, both in the State of Iowa, Mary Ann Kelley of St. Louis and Lawson C. Carter of Kansas City, both in the State of Missouri, Bowers R. Carter, George W. Carter, Flora Carter and Maria Carter, all of Tonganoxie in the State of Kansas, George F. Carter of Philadelphia in the State of Pennsylvania, Sidney Hastings, Charles Hastings, Susette M. Hastings, Harry Hastings and George M. Jaques, all of the city, county and state of New York, Anna G. Tucker of Nashua and Samuel Etherdige of Laconia, both in the State of New Hampshire, and Henry Stanley, Henry Jaques, Leslie W. Walker and Anna G. Walker whose residences are to the complainant unknown, Respondents.

BILL IN EQUITY.

The Complainant says:

Sabra Carter, late of said Wilmington, died on the thirteenth day of October A. D. 1893, leaving a will which was duly proved and allowed by the Probate Court within and for the county of Middlesex on the twenty second day of January A. D. 1895. The executor therein named declined the trust and the complainant, Chester W. Clark, was appointed administrator with the will annexed of said estate, and accepted the trust and qualified.

The complainant, as such administrator with the will annexed, in partial execution of his said trust has paid all the debts due from the estate and all the personal legacies of money contained in said will.

After the payment of the said debts and legacies, personal property remains in the hands of said administrator, subject to the payment of any future charges of administration that may arise, amounting to the sum of thirty seven hundred and fifty five dollars and thirty six cents, according to the third account of his said administration now on file in said Probate Court. The real estate, consisting of a dwelling house and lot of land, situated in said Wilmington, the former homestead of the testatrix, appraised at twenty five hundred dollars, also remains undisposed of.

The provision in the will applicable to the residue of personal and real property mentioned above is as follows:

"I also wish to leave in trust to a committee of six ladies, namely, Miss Sabra J. Jaquith, Mrs. Martha Lee, Mrs. Lillian R. Carter, Miss Maria E. Carter of Woburn, Miss Maria W. Carter of Wilmington, and Miss Rebecca Wood Richardson, my present homestead estate on Bow Street in the town of Wilmington, Mass., including all of the furnitur econtained therein, all the household goods, all the clothing contained therein, (a portion of the latter to be used for the poorer pupils) and everything connected with it as my home at the time of my decease, to be used for a Home and School for Girls, to enter from the ages of twelve to sixteen years, and to remain four years.

I would name this institution the Sabra Carter Home for Girls.

I would appoint Mrs. Emily Philbrick to be matron for this Home.

I would leave the income of all my other interests and investments to be used as a fund to draw from for the support of this Sabra Carter Home and School for poor girls in Wilmington, Mass."

The plaintiff says that all of the persons named above and described in said will as a "committee of six ladies" have declined to accept the trust imposed by said provision in said will, and have filed in the Probate Court a written declination thereof.

The testatrix, Sabra Carter, was never married and her only living relatives at the time of her decease were cousins and the issue of deceased cousins.

By the provision of the will above quoted, it was the design of the testatrix to create a charity by appropriating perpetually the use and income of all her property, real and personal, after the payment of her debts and legacies heretofore mentioned, to the care, training and education of indigent girls, and thereby the said testatrix did create a public charity.

The said testatrix supposed, when she made the aforesaid provision in her will, that her property would be much larger than in reality it was, and that additions thereto would be made by the voluntary contributions of other persons, so that her express purpose could be carried out.

No such voluntary contributions have been or are likely to be made, and the said estate has been greatly depreciated by reason of poor investments made by the testatrix in her life-time.

The income of said personal property now in the hands of the petitioner will not amount to more than three and one half per cent per annum; and the said residue of personal and real property is so small in amount as to be quite insufficient to carry out the purposes and intentions of the testatrix in the manner set forth in said will; but the complainant alleges that the said charity may be administered in some other manner so as to accomplish the said intention of the testatrix, namely, to ameliorate the condition of poor girls.

The only persons now interested in the estate of the said testatrix, other than the attorney general, are the heirs at law of the said Sabra Carter. The complainant has named as respondents all of said heirs so far as he can ascertain them; but there may be others.

The complainant prays:

1. That such notice of the pendency of this Bill as the Court may deem proper may be ordered to be given to the respondents and to all other parties interested in said estate of said testatrix; that the Court will frame a scheme for administering said charity; that it will decree a sale and conveyance of all the real estate of the said testatrix, free from all trusts, at public or private sale, and will decree the reinvestment of the proceeds of such sale and the money derived or to be derived from the personal property, in such manner, or the payment of the same for such objects as shall best effect the purposes for which said property was given by said will.

2. For such other and further orders and decrees as justice and equity may require.

CHESTER W. CLARK,
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Sabra Carter.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

July 2, A. D., 1903.

ON the petition aforesaid it is ordered by the Court that the petitioner notify the Attorney General of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and all other persons interested within the Commonwealth, to appear before our Justices of said Court, at Cambridge, in said County, on the first Monday of October next by causing an attested copy of said petition and of the order of the Court thereon, to be served upon them thirty days at least before said last mentioned day and that a like attested copy of said petition and order thereon be sent by registered letter to all other persons interested without this Commonwealth, and also by publishing a like attested copy of said petition and order thereon, once a week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper printed in Woburn the last publication to be thirty days at least before said first Monday of October that they may then and there show cause if any they have why the prayer in said petition set forth should not be granted.

Attest, THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

A true copy of said petition and of the order thereon.

Attest, THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

COURT OF LAND REGISTRATION.

To the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank and the First National Bank of Woburn, both duly existing corporations, George G. Hart, Frederick A. Hartwell and Lavinia L. Curtis, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and said Commonwealth, and all those interested in the estate of Abijah Thompson, John J. Pippy and Charles E. Chase, late of said Woburn, deceased, and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Raymond Dodge, executor under the will of George S. Dodge, late of Acton, in said County of Middlesex, deceased, to register and confirm his title in the following-described land:—A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situate in said Woburn, bounded as follows: Northwesterly by Main street forty-one and 12-100 feet; northeasterly by land of the First National Bank ninety-five and 65-100 feet; southeasterly by land of George G. Hart forty-six and 25-100 feet; southwesterly by land of Lavinia L. Curtis and Frederick A. Hartwell ninety and 66-100 feet; be said measurements more or less; estimated to contain four thousand one hundred and ten square feet according to a plan of said land by G. F. Hartshorn, dated May 8, 1903, filed with said petition.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Court of Land Registration, to be held at Boston, in said County of Suffolk, on the third day of August, A.D. 1903, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition, or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, LEONARD A. JONES, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this second day of July, in the year nineteen hundred and three.

[SEAL]

CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

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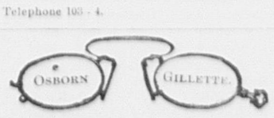

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Open Box Buggy in good order, $30.00. E. H. RICHARDS.

THE INDIAN WHO REMEMBERED

By H. A. Bruce

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Sam Augustus was of the Algonquin tribe, a typical Indian of these days of reservations, lazy, shiftless and addicted to strong drink. As an Indian he was more or less despised by the white men with whom he came in contact, but was much too easy going to be disturbed by that. The possessor of a small farm on Georgina island, he was so far true to the traditions of his ancestors as to allow Mrs. Sam Augustus to earn his living for him, which she cheerfully did, reaping harvest in the summer time by weaving baskets of sweet grass and reeds for the holiday seekers who annually visited Beaverton.

Beaverton was the most picturesque spot on the shores of Lake Simcoe, but Sam Augustus, on the occasions of his periodical visits to the mainland, never stopped to contemplate its various points of interest. There was but one attraction in the place for him, and that, it must be confessed with shame, was the barroom of the Alexandra House.

Sam's visits to Beaverton, or, to be more exact, to the Alexandra House, usually terminated in his crawling into the loft of the hotel stable, there to sleep off the effects of the potent firewater he had imbibed. But on a Saturday night in June he enjoyed a novel experience.

Paul Wilson had come to the mill that day with a load of grain and had converted the grain not into flour, but into greasy bits of paper which he deemed far more useful. Then, as he was consumed with a great thirst and, moreover, had the wherewithal to slake it, he naturally turned his team toward the Alexandra House. Matters following in logical sequence, Paul Wilson developed ere night into a drunken bully, with Sam Augustus the especial object of his hectoring. Sam, indeed, was in a fair way to get the beating of his life when Ed Daleton interfered.

Daleton interfered to such an extent that Paul was escorted to the village hospital, while Sam Augustus, ready by that time to consent to any proposal, acceded to Daleton's request to go home with him and in the morning join the haymakers on the Daleton estate.

An hour later found Sam tucked into the most comfortable bed he had ever known. Ere morning came, however, the bed was empty. The Indian had already repented his rash promise to go to work. Still, he took away nothing but himself and his dirty clothes, wherefore, Daleton argued, he must have felt at least half way grateful.

The summer days passed away, and the autumn shadows lengthened into the blackness of winter, but Sam Augustus had not once appeared at the Alexandra House since that night in June. Whatever conjectures the habitues of the place might have hazarded concerning his absence were driven out of mind, however, by a series of occurrences which gave the villagers ample reason for not only much gossip, but also much alarm.

Thieves made their presence felt in that Sleepy Hollow of Canada. One burglary followed another in rapid succession. First it was the residence of the reeve that was visited; then it was the doctor's house and next the real estate office. In every case the cracksmen went about their work in a way that proved they were no novices.

Of all this Sam Augustus was in profound ignorance. He and Mrs. Sam were now the only inhabitants of Georgina island, the half dozen other Indians who comprised the normal population being away with some wild west show. For many moons Sam had remained at home with his wife, fighting manfully against his lust for drink, but at last a day came when Sam decided that he must yield or die. So with the setting of the sun he strapped on his skates and started over the ice to Beaverton.

He had gone but a few rods in the direction of the long pier, some six miles distant, when the brisk, snappy winter air gave him an insensate desire to make a circuit of Georgina island before striking out for the mainland. Now, it was not such a difficult task that he had set himself, as Georgina is but three miles long by two wide.

He was passing a little cove on that side of the island farthest from his home when he noticed what looked uncommonly like a boat's sail flapping in the wind. This impressed Sam as being a bit out of the ordinary for midwinter, but what gave him a distinct shock was seeing a light in a log cabin that to his knowledge had been unoccupied for years.

There was enough of his ancestors' blood in his veins to make him wary, and he conjectured, not without reason, that whoever was in the old cabin had no right to be there. So he stooped down, unfastened his skates, slung them around his neck and, swift as a deer, ran to the shore of the cove. Cautiously he crept over the snow until he stood behind the cabin and looked in through a window.

Seated at a little table were two men, both keen visaged, both well dressed and both youthful. Overhead hung a dirty lantern. On the table between them was spread out a sheet of white paper, which they were examining with great interest.

"This," Sam heard one say, pointing to a mark on the paper, "is the veranda entrance I was telling you about. It leads straight into the old man's room, and they say he generally has a tidy sum around. Farther along here is a window to one of the guest chambers, and we may pick up a sparkle or two in that room, for a big house party is on at Simcoe Lodge just now, and the wealthy Mrs. Vineland is one of the guests. The young fellow sleeps in that wing over there, so we need have no fear of arousing him. Then we'll back to our iceboat and be under cover again before they know we've paid 'em a visit."

Sam opened those little eyes of his wider. He was not overgifted with an active brain, but the reference to Simcoe Lodge had sharpened his intellect. For Simcoe Lodge was the home of Ed Daleton, and had not Ed Daleton—Well, Sam Augustus drew closer to the cabin window.

The speaker's companion made no reply for some minutes. When he did speak, there was a tinge of bitterness to his words:

"I'm with ye, Rats. I agree with ye. But when's the bloomin' biz to end? They'll spot our lay soon, never fear, an' to my mind we'd better scoot down to Jackson's Point right away an' get back to Toronto from there."

"Bah!" rejoined the other. "We simply have got to turn this trick, Spud. Then I'm for home. Come, it'll be a good, dark night, and we can bag the game before midnight, for they danced until 7 this morning and are sure to be abed early."

Sam waited to hear no more. The men were thieves, and they intended robbing the home of the only white man who had ever befriended him. Oh, lazy, shiftless Sam Augustus, why do you hurry so?

For he was skating across the lake as he had never skated before. Twenty miles stretched between him and that part of the mainland where Simcoe Lodge stood, and he must be fleet indeed to arrive before the boat. He knew he was getting a good start, but he knew, too, what an iceboat could do. Ah, lucky Sam Augustus, to find the ice smooth as glass instead of being caked and crusted with snow!

On, on through the night he raced. In his face blew the first gusts of a storm, but he plunged through the crystal flakes, his sinewy legs fairly flying over the level surface. Now he could see lights twinkling in the distance, and his Indian instinct told him they were from a farmhouse not far from the Daleton estate. Not a light could be seen from Simcoe Lodge itself, for a huge row of fir trees, wind breakers, screened the house from the lake blasts.

Sam swung along buoyantly. The next moment a hissing, whistling sound came to his ears, and he saw a flash of white glide past him, to be swallowed up in the darkness.

It was the boat. They would beat him yet. He dug his skates into the ice despairingly and hurled himself forward. But in a minute or two he became hopeful again. It was yet too early for the burglars to begin work. He could easily arrive in time to warn the household.

On, on through the night he raced. Now he was floundering in snow banks that had drifted against the lake cliffs, now he was climbing up these rugged heights, now he had unstrapped his skates, and now, still tireless, he was bounding across the fields to give the alarm.

Not pausing to seek the gate into the Daleton grounds, he leaped the high fence that paralleled the fir trees only to alight upon a human body. Next moment he was grasped by no tender hands.

"Here, what's this?" he heard a voice exclaim. "Turn yer glim on, Rats. Here's a nice kind o' a party that comes tumblin' on to a man without so much as beg pardin."

Sam Augustus writhed desperately, but another pair of brawny hands seized him, and he was helpless, yet he kept up the struggle and as he fought shouted with all the strength of his red man's lungs:

"Thieves!"

"Blast it, stop that!" commanded the voice. "Ye won't, eh? Then"—

There was a click and a report. Sam gave a groan and staggered back. Spud let him slip to the ground.

"I thought I'd stop ye," he muttered. "Say, Rats, I"—

Something bright flashed through the night. The Indian had risen to his knees. Spud fell, with the toe of a skate in his brain.

"Thieves!" shouted Sam.

* * * * * * *

In a yard of the old Free kirk at Beaverton is a plain white shaft with this inscription:

SAM AUGUSTUS,
The Indian Who Remembered.

Robson's Joke on His Friend.

Of Stuart Robson it is said that in his youth he was an incorrigible practical joker. He was traveling in England with a friend, a small man called Bill, one summer, and on the Liverpool train Bill fell asleep. While he slept Robson stole his ticket from his pocket. In a little while the conductor was to be seen approaching.

"Tickets, Bill! Get out your ticket!" Robson said.

Bill, after a frantic search, said, with an oath, that his ticket was lost. Robson then advised him to escape paying by hiding under the seat. This Bill decided to do, and when the conductor appeared he lay on his back on the dusty floor quite invisible.

Robson surrendered both tickets, whereupon the conductor said:

"Here are two tickets. Where is your friend, sir?"

"Under the seat there," the actor answered. "I don't know why he wanted to avoid you."

The conductor, surprised, looked under the seat, and Bill smiled at him sheepishly and then crawled awkwardly forth.—New York Tribune.

How Indians Made Maple Sugar.

Ever since the Indians in the section of Vermont now known as Fletcher discovered "honey" in the maple trees that district has been known far and wide as the heart of the Vermont sugar country. The way the red men extracted the delicious compound was somewhat slow as compared with the present process. He used to cut a slanting gash in the bark and insert in the lower end a gauge shaped piece of wood, from which the sap ran and dropped into a poplar or basswood trough. At the end of the season these troughs would be set up against the trees and left until the following season, by which time the troughs would be thoroughly mildewed.

This materially added to the flavor of the aboriginal sugar, but can hardly be said to have improved it. The evaporator of those times consisted of an iron kettle swung from a sapling bent over a stump. By a slow and tedious process the sap was first heated and then boiled in this kettle, often taking two or three days' boiling before it could be sugared off. This was the way in which the redskins and the early Vermonters eked out a "sweetnin" of their tea and johnnycake.

The Knight Rejoiced.

We believe that kissing is an English custom. We read in ancient history of a knight who visited the Field of the Cloth of Gold and who on being invited to a local castle was addressed by the "kynde ladye" of the establishment, who remarked:

"Forasmuch as in England ye have such a custome as that a man may kysse a woman, therefore I will that ye shall kysse me, and ye shall also kysse these my maidens."

"Which thing," adds the old historian, "ye knyghte straightway did and rejoyced greatly thereat."

An Eye For Business.

"I am afraid the nobleman who is to become your son-in-law has not much talent for business."

"I don't know," answered Mr. Cumrox. "If he can manage to get as good prices for other merchandise as he does for a title I'll trust him to take his chances in business."—San Francisco Wasp.

All Planters Were Architects.

Very few of the old houses of the south, except some of the Georgian houses of Charleston, which belong to an earlier period than the white columned houses of the early nineteenth century, have elaborately decorated interiors. The reason is not far to seek. Except in the seacoast cities of the south skilled labor was rare, and architects were almost unknown. The great majority of planters therefore were compelled either to import their architectural designs or draw them themselves. Most of them preferred to do the latter (as Thomas Jefferson preferred to draw his own plans for Monticello) and to oversee personally the construction of the houses.

With this end in view almost all men of means in the south prior to the civil war were students of architecture and ready purchasers of such architectural plates as were published from time to time. To this day heavy volumes on Greek architecture—technical works that only students would care to own—are to be found as features of such old family libraries as are still preserved throughout the south.—Mrs. Thaddeus Horton in House Beautiful.

Moving In Spanish Cities.

An odd sight to be seen in Spanish cities is the manner of moving household effects. In cities like Toledo and Cordova the streets are mostly very narrow and the houses tall, sometimes six or seven stories. The streets are often so narrow that horse vehicles are not permitted in them. When the people move from place to place their household goods and chattels are transported in handcarts. Then, instead of being painfully lugged up the narrow staircases, for there are no elevators, they are hoisted in large baskets by means of block and tackle to the particular floor to which they are destined. When there, they are passed in through large doorlike windows. In most of these cities one sees ornamental iron hooks projecting from the topmost cornice of the facade, to which the tackle is adjusted. It works on precisely the same plan as that followed in American stable lofts for hoisting hay.

Animals and Pain.

Ascertained facts seem to show us that by the lower forms of animal life very little pain, as we understand the word, can be felt at all. Lobsters, for instance, will voluntarily deprive themselves of their claws if suddenly alarmed by some such sound as that caused by the firing of a heavy gun above them. A crab, seized while feeding by a greater and stronger, will continue its meal while being itself devoured. A fish, torn and mangled by the hook, will return in a moment or two to the bait, with its appetite unimpaired.

A blindworm or a sand lizard, if unexpectedly seized, will snap its body in twain and glide away, none the worse for the mutilation, to reproduce the severed substance. It is hard, indeed, in cases such as these to insist that pain, in our sense of the term, can be in any real degree endured.

A Stork Story.

A Warsaw journal relates the following story of an experiment made by a Polish nobleman to ascertain how far storks migrate during the winter: He caught a stork and attached a plate to its neck on which were inscribed the words, "Hæc ciconia ex Polonia" ("This stork comes from Poland"). In the following spring the same stork was found in the nobleman's park with a bundle around its neck containing several precious stones of great value and the metal plate, with these words on the other side, "India cum donis remittit Polonis" ("India sends him back with presents to the Poles").

Odd Laws of Borneo.

When the Dyaks of Borneo have to decide between two disputants they give to each the same sized lump of salt. These lumps are dropped into water, and he whose lump is dissolved first is decided to be in the wrong. Or they put two live shellfish on a plate, one for each litigant, and squeeze lime juice over them. The verdict is given according to which man's fish stirs first.

A Question.

"What do you think of the new boarder?" asked Mrs. Starvem.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Starboard.

"I think he's very polite."

"Either that or very sarcastic. Did you hear him ask me if I'd have the 'cream?'"—Philadelphia Press.

A Time For Blindness.

There is sometimes a greater charity in seeming not to see our neighbor's trouble than in trying to relieve it. "Let me alone!" is the prayer of many a tortured heart when the curious, the officious and the tactless force the door of its place of desolation, albeit they bring wine and oil.

All His Fault.

Eva—I thought you were never going to speak to Harold again as long as you lived?

Ciss—I know I said so, but it wasn't my fault that I broke the resolution.

Eva—How did it happen?

Ciss—He called me up over the telephone.

Describing It Exactly.

"The world isn't what it used to be," complained the cynic. "Formerly a man had some chance. Now it is just like—just like"—

"Just like a church fair," said the listener, supplying the lacking simile without an effort.—Judge.

A Few Words.

"Did you have many words with your wife last night?"

"No; only a few words, but they were repeated—very often."—Ally Sloper.

Foolish Fear of the Opal.

Many people to this day have a superstitious dread of wearing opals, because they really believe ill luck is attached to this beautiful stone. Three centuries ago the opal was an exceedingly fashionable gem, and the Italian goldsmiths particularly favored its use for their most exquisite settings.

The opal was at the height of its popularity when the plague broke out in Venice. Some especially observant individual discovered that when a plague stricken sufferer was at the point of death the opal, if he wore one, would grow brighter, and after his death it would grow dull. The reason for this appears to have been that the burning fever warmed the stone and that after death the damp and chill of the body dulled it. But many deduced from this a belief that it was the opal that had brought death and misfortune, and with the spread of this superstition the opal declined in popular favor.

Many persons would on no account whatever even accept one as a gift, much less wear what they foolishly deem the unlucky opal.—New York Press.

Happiness.

We are forever children. When we are infants we cry for the moon; when we are grown up we cry for happiness. And we always cry for the wrong thing because we never know what is good for us. It is a man's lot to mistake his wants and to be disappointed. It is his purpose in life always to grasp for the useless thing, to strive for that which has no merit, to hope for that which perishes as soon as he holds it in his hands. We have our ideal of happiness, but we endeavor to realize it in ways which are not good for us.

Happiness, as we perceive it in this terrestrial sphere, is a saddening illusion. It never lasts, because it cannot. It never satisfies, because it is not made to satisfy. The land of El Dorado forever remains east of the sun and west of the moon—that is, nowhere. It is the fatal morgana, the mirage of the desert of life. Happiness remains happiness while it is an illusion. Mortality is not made to hold and to enjoy it. It is mortality's lot to chase jack o' lanterns—to cry for the moon, which cannot be obtained because it hangs so high up in the heavens.—Valley Magazine.

The Last of the Ruffs.

In 1762 the rage for ruffs, such as are seen on many monumental effigies, began to decline. A writer in the London Chronicle of that year says of gentlemen's dress, "Their cuffs entirely cover their wrists, and only the edges of their ruffles are to be seen."

It is said that a distaste for ruffs was first created so far back as 1613, when a woman named Turner wore them on her trial for the murder by poison of Sir Thomas Overbury. The French revolution of 1789 much influenced British fashion, and the picturesque cocked hat and ruffles then gave way generally to round hats and small cuffs.

The period of their final disuse cannot be easily determined, as men of old fashioned or eccentric habits have worn ruffled shirt fronts within quite recent memory similar to those which, according to Planche's "History of British Costume," originated in the seventeenth century.

Lincoln's Fees.

As a rule, Abraham Lincoln's fees were less than those of other lawyers of his circuit. Justice Davis once remonstrated with him and insisted that he was doing a grave injustice to his associates at the bar by charging so little for his services. From 1850 to 1860 his income varied from $2,000 to $3,000, and even when he was recognized as one of the ablest lawyers of the state his fee book frequently shows charges of $3, $5 and $1 for advice, although he never went into court for less than $10. During that period he was at the height of his power and popularity, and lawyers of less standing and talent charged several times those amounts. But avarice was the least of his faults.—"The True Abraham Lincoln."

What He Is Worth.

"What a curious habit we have," remarked the street car philosopher, "of saying that a man is worth so and so many thousands of dollars. I know men who have many dollars who, judged from any reasonable standard that I know, are not worth anything at all. It is refreshing to hear occasionally of men who do happen to be worth a great deal even though they are rich and who are anxious that people should forget they have money and think of them only for their qualities. All the same, it always gives me an unpleasant turn when I see a man's worth put down in dollars." — New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Bismarck Incident.

It used to be the privilege of Austria's representative at any conference of representatives of the German states to smoke, the others refraining. This was supposed to be an acknowledgment of Austria's supremacy. At the first conference that Bismarck attended as Prussia's representative he began to puff smoke across the conference table as soon as the Austrian diplomat lit up. That set everybody present to smoking on equal terms, and Austria's supremacy got a blow.

Why He Wanted His Letters.

He—If you insist upon it I suppose it is all over between us, but I wish you would return my letters.

She—Why, you are not afraid I shall make use of them to your disadvantage?

He—No, but I've got my eye on another girl, and I could use them writing to her, you know.—Exchange.

Badly Balanced.

"I am a self made man," said the proud individual.

"Well, you are all right except as to your head," commented the other part of the conversation.

"How's that?"

"The part you talk with is out of proportion to the part you think with."—San Francisco Wasp.

A Pessimist.

Little Sister—Puttin' us out of the room just—boo, hoo—cause there's company!

Little Brother—But maybe they won't eat all the cake.

Little Sister—Oh, you can't trust—boo, hoo—company with cake!—Puck.

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Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

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FOR DIZZINESS.
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Price 25 Cents | Purely Vegetable.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON II, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 12.

Text of the Lesson, I Sam. x, 17-27. Memory Verses, 24, 25—Golden Text, Isa. xxxiii, 22—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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17. And Samuel called the people together unto the Lord to Mizpeh.

The people persisting in demanding a king that they might be like other nations, God selected the man and brought him to Samuel in a remarkable way, and Samuel, having entertained him and kept him over night, anointed him the next morning and sent him on his way. This lesson tells of the Lord's public election of him to be Israel's king. The story of how God led him to Samuel, as recorded in chapter ix, is one of the most interesting of all Bible stories. The weary, disappointed, hungry man going to the prophet to inquire about the lost asses and finding an unexpected welcome and feast and communion and rest for body and mind and then to be told that he was chosen to be a king—who ever heard of such surprises? And yet it is all a foreshadowing of the way by which every child of God is led in unexpected ways to share with Christ His glory.

18, 19. Ye have this day rejected your God, who Himself saved you out of all your adversities and your tribulations, and ye have said unto Him, Nay, but set a king over us.

They are reminded of all the Lord had done for them in the great deliverance from Egypt and in all His wondrous care of them and are told plainly that their present conduct is a deliberate rejection of Him notwithstanding all that He had done. It was only a short time before the events of our lesson that they were gathered at this same Mizpeh entreating Samuel to cease not to cry unto the Lord for them that He would deliver them from the Philistines, and, being delivered, they set up the Ebenezer stone, saying, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us" (chapter vii, 8, 12).

20-22. When they sought him, he could not be found. Therefore they inquired of the Lord further if the man should yet come thither, and the Lord answered, Behold, he hath hid himself among the stuff.

All Israel presented themselves before the Lord by their tribes, and the lot was cast for the tribe and for the family and for the man, with the result that Saul, the son of Kish, of the tribe of Benjamin, was chosen. But he could not be found. God knew the kind of man whom they would like, and He was going to give them a man after their own heart, and now He guided the lot to bring him before them, for "the lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord" (Prov. xvi, 33). Saul knew through Samuel that God had selected him (x, 1), and, knowing this, it was a becoming thing not to put himself forward, but let all see that he had no hand in the election.

23, 24. And they ran and fetched him thence, and when he stood among the people he was higher than any of the people, from his shoulders and upward, and Samuel said to all the people, See ye him whom the Lord hath chosen.

In chapter ix, 2, we read that he was a choice young man and not a goodlier person in all Israel. Flesh and blood, and plenty of it, even of good quality, is not everything, else Goliath and other giants might be envied. Neither is outward appearance everything—that which people call presence—as Samuel afterward learned when he appointed a man after God's heart instead of one to please the people (chapter xvi, 6, 7). Contrast the youth and probable slight figure of David (xvii, 33); also that which is written of another Saul of the tribe of Benjamin (II Cor. x, 10). The people are pleased with their visible king, a choice man and one of noble appearance.

25. Then Samuel told the people the manner of the kingdom and wrote it in a book and laid it up before the Lord, and Samuel sent all the people away, every man to his house.

He would doubtless write Deut. xvii, 14-20, with perhaps additions. If the king would consider himself the Lord's representative and act for the Lord toward the people, in all things consulting Him, obeying and honoring Him, all might yet be well by the mercy of God; but if he, like the people, turns away from God, lives to please himself or the people and relies on human wisdom or strength all will be lost. The Lord alone must be exalted (Isa. ii, 11, 17).

26. And Saul also went home to Gibeah, and there went with him a band of men whose hearts God had touched.

God would help him by giving him helpers and friends. He does everything to make it easy for us to do right if we are only willing to serve Him in sincerity and truth. He is the same God who saw that it was not good for Adam to be alone (Gen. ii, 18), who also sent the disciples out by twos (Luke x, 1), and He always in due time provides helpers for such as are willing to dwell with Him for His work (I Chron. iv, 23; Isa. xli, 10).

27. But the children of Belial said, How shall this man save us? And they despised him and brought him no presents, but he held his peace.

When God works, the adversary also works, and if we are on the Lord's side, while we are sure to have friends, we will also have many to despise us. When such rise up against us, it is well to do as Saul did and act as though we were deaf. See the margin and also Ps. xxxviii, 13. When later the friends of Saul cried out for the lives of these enemies, He would not allow them to be harmed (chapter xi, 12, 13). It is very interesting to note all the good points in Saul, and they are many up to this time.

Intelligence In Eating.

It is difficult to lay down a regimen for indiscriminate adoption. A diet that would prove one person's making would very likely unmake another. This much is certain, a woman does not require as much food as a man, nor does a clerk in a store require the same amount and quality of food as a day laborer. A business woman may not eat so much as a man, but her needs are as great in point of quality and regularity of food.

Brain workers should eat fish, eggs, cream, fruits and whole wheat bread. They should eat enough of such food, be they men or women, but they should never overeat of anything.

An intelligent idea of our physical make up and of the nutritive value of different foods would preclude much recourse to doctors for advice when we are overtaken with indigestion or biliousness.—American Queen.

A Souvenir.

"A souvenir," said the thoughtful man thoughtfully, "is something that we consider to be worth a whole lot more than its value."—Exchange.

Love In Lapland.

In Lapland the crime which, after murder, is punished with the greatest severity is that of marrying a girl against the wishes of her parents. When a suitor makes his appearance he says nothing to the maiden, who often does not know who he is, but her parents inform her that she is sought in marriage. Shortly afterward, on a day appointed, the girl, her parents, friends and suitor all meet together at a feast, and the young man and maiden are placed opposite, so that they can look at each other freely and can talk with comfort. After the meal is over the company repair to an open space, where "the race for a wife" is run. The usual distance is about a quarter of a mile, and the girl is placed a third of the distance from the starting point. If she be fleet of foot she can easily reach the goal before her suitor, and in that case he may never trouble her again. If, however, he has found favor in her eyes, all she has to do is to lag somewhat in her flight, so that he may overtake her. If she desires to intimate to him that his love for her is returned she may run a little way and then turn with open arms to accept him.

English For French Tongues.

Persons who have worried through a "French Manual" may get some satisfaction from the thought that with their own language they are revenged upon the Parisian. "Methods Avec Prononciation" is a little book which makes straight the way of the English language for French tongues. Does one wish to say, "How is it, miss; one so charming and pretty walking alone?" (which, of course, would be one of the first remarks a French traveler would have occasion to make) it is only necessary to consult the "Nouvelles Methods:" "Aou isite, miss; ouenne so tcharminngue annde pretti ouakinngue alaune?" If the traveler goes to the theater the man at the box office may say, "Oui have onli orchestre stalls laifte, beute allow me tou rimarque sat se are se best sitee for sinngeule dgeentlemene." Evidently "th" is given up as a bad job, and "j" is as difficult for the Frenchman as for the German, though a German manual gives John Bull as "Dschonn Bool."

Great Mushroom Garden In France.

The strangest of the underground worlds in France which I visited was one devoted to the raising of mushrooms. Its limits seemed unbounded, as indeed they were, for it pierced the hillsides in every direction. We entered through an opening under an orchard of cherry trees. During "harvest time" a crop is gathered every twenty-four hours. Three men, with their great baskets, make the rounds of this underground farm every morning, and every day in the year can count on an immense crop, which they ship to the large cities near by and even several miles away. The discolored and inferior mushrooms are sent to the canneries, but for his best growth the producer receives only 20 cents a pound.—Scribner's Magazine.

Flamingoes' Tongues.

The beastly Vitellius, as Gibbon calls him, spent at least six millions of money on table in as many months. He invented, or his cook invented for him, a dish which he designated "the Shield of Minerva." One of its principal ingredients was flamingoes' tongues, of which both Pliny and Martial speak in encomiastic terms. Dampier says that the flamingoes have "large tongues, and near the root is a piece of fat which is accounted a great dainty." When Captain Owen was surveying the east coast of Africa his sailors shot down hundreds of these beautiful birds in order, with an extravagance worthy of Vitellius, to make a dish of the tongues alone.

Historic Albania.

Albania lies 180 miles on the Adriatic sea and is fifty to a hundred miles wide. It was formed originally, says William Jackson Armstrong in his "Heroes of Defeat," from part of Ilyris, all of Epirus and part of Macedonia in the eleventh century. From this territory sprung Pyrrhus, who defeated the Roman invader; Philip and Alexander of Macedon, the conquerors; Perseus, whose fame as a soldier covered the world sixty years after Christ, and Skanderbeg, who for forty years defeated armies sent against him by the Turk. Ancient Albania lay in Asia, just east of the Caucasus.

The Whole Thing.

"Then you've been to Niagara?"

"Yes. I was quietly married last Tuesday week, and the next day we reached Niagara. Soon as we got there I started out to see the falls with my wife."

"Magnificent, eh?"

"You bet! You should have seen all the other men turning around to look at her as she passed."—Philadelphia Press.

Club Benefits.

"It's a shame the way those Squallop children are growing up without any parental restraint whatever."

"Yes; when their mother joined the Woman's Literary society and began attending all the meetings Mr. Squallop got sort of reckless and joined a Don't Worry club."—Exchange.

His Busy Day.

Customer (to printer)—You promised to have my work done yesterday, and you haven't touched it yet.

Printer—My dear sir, we've been so busy in this office that you ought to be very thankful that we took the time to make you a promise.

Fully Explained.

"Say, pa."

"Well?"

"What's a favorite son?"

"He's generally a dead one after the first ballot."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Behind Bars.

Bus Driver (to car man of van in front, which is blocking the way)—J'yer, get on, get on! You've bin keepin' us waitin' five minutes.

Van Driver (turning round)—Five minutes? Well, that ain't so long. You 'ad to wait five years once, 'adn't yer?—London Tit-Bits.

White and Black.

Mrs. Suburbs—I suppose, now that Uncle Mose is better, he is out doing a little whitewashing?

Aunt Chloe—No; he's at home doin' a little black washin'. He's gibin' lil Ephrum a bath in de wash boiler in de kitching.—Brooklyn Life.

Sure of Him.

Kitty—They tell me Fred has proposed to you?

Bertha—Well, no; not exactly, but it amounts to that. He asked me night before last if my father was worth as much as they say he is.—Boston Transcript.

A docile disposition will, with application, surmount every difficulty.

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I am more than surprised at the good results from the use of the H-O Co.'s Horse Feed, and I know after the trial I have given it I have at last found a feed that will do what is claimed for it. My horses are always working hard, going early and late. The H-O Co.'s Feed is the only feed that has kept them fat and in working order, and I shall always keep it on hand and recommend it to use.
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The King Lacked Nerve.

Baroness Bonde wrote in her diary the following account of the abdication of Louis Philippe of France on the day of that remarkable occurrence: "An aid-de-camp of the minister of war, who was in the king's cabinet when he abdicated, gave me a detailed account of this most signal piece of cowardice. He had reviewed the troops in the carrousel on horseback, highly rouged, when a cry was raised, 'Voici les Faubourgs!' No one had any orders; no one gave any. The mob rushed forward, shouting, 'Vive la garde nationale! Vivent les troupes!' and shook hands with the outposts. The king retreated precipitately with his sons, and a sublieutenant of the national guard rushed into the palace asking to see him. He was admitted and in the greatest agitation said, 'Your majesty must abdicate.' 'Very well,' says the king. 'In favor of my grandson.' 'No, unconditionally,' says the young and self elected mouthpiece of public opinion. Would you believe it? Of all who were congregated round the royal person Piscatory alone said, 'Go down and head your troops. Fight for your crown and your dynasty.' He was overruled, and they all marched out of the palace except the Duchesse d'Orleans, her children and the Duc de Nemours."

The Frog's Breathing.

The frog's skin is so important as a breathing apparatus that the creature would die at once of suffocation if the pores were closed by a coat of sticky varnish, by dust or in any other way. While we are speaking of his breathing you will notice that his sides do not heave as ours do at each breath we take. A frog has no ribs and cannot inhale and exhale as we do, but is obliged to swallow his air in gulps, and if you will watch this little fellow's throat you will see it continually moving in and out as one gulp follows another. In order to swallow, his mouth must be closed. Just try to swallow with your mouth wide open and you will see what I mean. A frog, then, always breathes through his nose, and if you held his mouth open he would suffocate as surely as though you gave his skin a coat of varnish.—Woman's Home Companion.

Wonders In Nature.

A thousand wonders in nature are lost to the human eye and only revealed to us through the microscope. Think of dividing a spider's web into a thousand strands or counting the arteries and nerves in the wing of a gossamer moth! Yet by the powerful lens of a microscope it is found there are more than 4,000 muscles in a caterpillar. The eye of a drone contains 14,000 mirrors, and the body of every spider is furnished with four little lumps pierced with tiny holes, from each of which issues a single thread, and when a thousand of these from each lump are joined together they form the single line of which the spider spins its web and which we call a spider's thread. Spiders have been seen as small as a grain of sand, and these spin a thread so fine that it takes 4,000 of them put together to equal in size a single human hair.

He Burned Lots of Wood.

A veracious chronicler of the times of Jonathan Edwards gives figures which prove a liberal consumption of fuel in the household of the great theologian. In the winter of 1740-41 the town of Northampton supplied the Edwards parsonage with seventy-five loads of wood. In the next season eighty-two loads were delivered. For the succeeding winter the total was seventy-eight, and a year afterward the astonishing quantity of ninety-five loads was supplied. There was no lack of fire at the Edwards hearth. Is it wonderful, then, that he preached burning sermons?

Suspicious of Her Aunt.

"Mamma," said little Marguerite when the family and the visitors from the country had sat down to breakfast, "is it true that people who snore have bad consciences? I read in one of my books that they do."

"I don't know, dear. Perhaps they have. What makes you ask such a funny question?"

"I was just thinking, if it's true, Aunt Susan must at least have killed somebody once."—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Measure.

"Naw," said the head waiter, "that man that jest went out ain't worth much."

"How do you know?" inquired the favorite customer.

"Oh, it's easy for us waiters to take a man's measure."

"I suppose you measure him from tip to tip, eh?"—Exchange.

Forestalling Fate.

In some parts of England the tapping of a bird round the house is looked upon by the superstitious as a warning.

A doctor was recently summoned in hot haste to a little Warwickshire farmhouse not many miles from Birmingham.

He found an old man in bed, but in perfect health, and asked why he had been sent for.

"Why, sir," replied the daughter-in-law, "there coom a little robin about the door. We knowed it was a 'call,' and we thought it must be granfer; so we put 'im in bed and sent for you."

Business Cards.

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Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASS WARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.

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Valuable Special Knowledge.

The unique botanical knowledge of Sir George Birdwood, one of the most erudite men in the India service, once enabled him to perform almost unconsciously a neat bit of detective work.

He was in Bombay when he was asked to investigate the case of a young nobleman who in applying to the governor for an appointment represented that he was just out from England and that his letters of introduction had been lost on the voyage.

A few days after Dr. Birdwood, as he then was, had undertaken the investigation he met the young nobleman at dinner at the governor's house. The table decorations of orchids suggested a conversational opening, and Dr. Birdwood's praise drew from the young nobleman standing opposite:

"You should see the Amherstia nobilis in its native woods, sir."

It was a fatal remark.

"You come from Rangoon, then!" instantly exclaimed Dr. Birdwood.

The pale face, the silence that could be felt, the request of the young man that he might leave the table, all prepared the governor and the company for the subsequent discovery that he had absconded from Rangoon with some public funds.

How Roses Came to Be Red.

More than with any other flower does the color of the rose have special significance. Red is love, white is silence, yellow speaks jealousy, says N. Hudson Moore in the Delineator. One of the legends connected with the rose tells that it became white through being bathed with the tears of mourners who sought the sweetest flower to lay in the hands of their dead. A prettier conceit declares that all roses were white until one day young Cupid, dancing among them, upset in his merry sport a glass of wine, which dyed the roses upon which it fell red, its own color. Another legend tells the story of a holy little maid of Bethlehem who was doomed to death. When the stakes were heaped around her the fire would not burn, but the brands which had been flaming turned to red roses and those which had not caught to white. From this time forth roses, red and white, were martyrs' flowers. The Turks say that red roses sprang from the blood of Mohammed.

Largest Hanging Bell.

What is perhaps the largest hanging bell in the world is to be seen in Mandalay. This is the Mingun bell, on the right bank of the Irawadi, almost opposite the city of Mandalay. This immense bell measures as follows: Height to crown, 12 feet; diameter at the lip, 16 feet 3 inches; thickness of metal, from 6 to 12 inches. It weighs about eighty tons and is suspended on three massive round beams of teak placed horizontally the one over the other, their ends resting on two pillars of enormous size, composed of masonry and large upright teak posts. This bell was cast at the end of the eighteenth century under the superintendence of the reigning king.

A Lake of Many Wonders.

Lake Chad, in Africa, is 185 miles long and 80 miles wide, or somewhat larger in area than Lake Erie, yet it is only twenty-five feet deep in its deepest part and only five feet in its eastern side.

It has eighty islands, some barren, others only pasture land and some covered with forests and millet plantations and having a total population of about 50,000.

Storms arise with surprising quickness on the lake, and the shallowness of the water forces up big waves at short notice, while treacherous gusts and puffs of wind about the islands make navigation dangerous.

Some men's respect for themselves seems to be based largely on a lack of unbiased information.—Puck.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 22, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 6.55, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 7.55, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.
FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, 8.42 P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.
FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P. M
For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M.
Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23, 7.50, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m. then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05. p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.00 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

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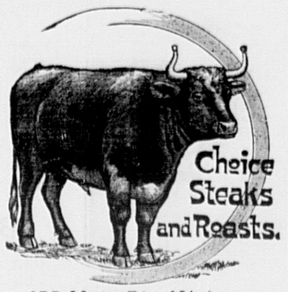

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415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 26, 1903, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M, then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6.37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2.37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M.; every half hour to 12.07; then 12.30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

WAY of A GUARDIAN

By Albert Foster

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My friend Thatcher was very inconsiderate of my feelings in the time that he chose for his departure for the next world. If he could only have waited until his daughter Ellen was a little better able to take care of herself, I should have been saved a lot of worry and bother. As it was I had to postpone my trip to Egypt for a whole month until I could get her settled with Thatcher's two maiden aunts, for of course he had made me her guardian. The fact that I was only thirty while she was fourteen was of no importance in his eyes.

When once appetite for wandering has laid hold on a man, he knows no time nor place to rest, so my year of travel dragged itself out to six. Letters came at intervals from one or the other of the aunts telling me that Ellen was well and happy. Once or twice in the earlier years I had a brief and very conventional note from the young lady herself thanking me for all that I had done for her. I suspected Ellen of symptoms of irony in those expressions of thankfulness, for the only thing that I had done was to take myself off to the ends of the earth and leave her to the care of Providence and her aunts, not always synonymous terms.

In the course of time I drifted back again to the land of the stars and stripes. My first days passed drearily enough. I visited my old club, but the best chairs were occupied by men who had been striplings when I was last in the land of civilization. My old chums had drifted away or into matrimony and only dropped into the club now and then to shed a few drops of pity on their single brethren.

Finally I bethought me of my long neglected ward and determined for the lack of something better to do to pay the child a visit, so sent a note to the aunts to apprise them of my coming.

I have received many severe shocks in my life and have, I trust, borne them with Christian fortitude, or at least with pagan stoicism. I have been turned out of my berth in an ocean liner in the middle of the night to shiver and scorch by turns in an open boat in the middle of a sailless ocean, I have been held up and courteously relieved of all my valuables by Greek brigands, I have even withstood with equanimity the charge of a brigade of Swiss hotel keepers, but all these were as a fall of dew compared with the surprise which I experienced when Ellen, my little ward, came into the parlor of the cottage to give me dutiful greeting. I had left behind me a scraggly little girl, awkward and frightened. I found myself shaking hands with a beautiful young lady, slender, erect, with a calmness and self possession infinitely greater than my own.

In the days that followed my wonderment only deepened. A French count marked genuine, the son and sole heir of a railway magnate, a mining baron from Denver of slightly advanced years, but undiminished ardor, and a newly risen but still rising politician with his eyes on the United States senate and his feet planted firmly on more valuable real estate than the finite mind could well comprehend were the major planets which constantly revolved around Ellen. Then there was a countless number of satellites, young college fellows, bankers, lawyers and merchants. I was regarded as a fatherly old chap whose favor was worth having only by virtue of the relation in which I stood to the young lady in question. This was galling to me, as I was ready to take my oath that at least half of the idiots would never see my age again. I think Miss Ellen divined my resentment or else the quizzical twinkle playing about the corners of her eyes belied her thoughts.

I went prepared to stay three days. The end of a month found me still there. I had fallen head over heels in love with my own ward. When I had succeeded in diagnosing the case to my own satisfaction—and despair—I concluded that I must take myself out of the way of danger. Accordingly I announced my intention at luncheon one day. The aunts were politely sorry, and I could almost have sworn that Ellen looked sad for at least thirty seconds.

After luncheon the aunts cornered me in the library and asked me flatly what I thought about Ellen's matrimonial future. I protested that I hadn't thought about it, didn't know that she had to have one and didn't know that it was any concern of a guardian's anyway.

"Of course it's some concern of yours," said Miss Henrietta, the elder, taking up the last point that I had made and going through my argument backward, woman fashion. "She must marry, naturally, and she must marry well," meaning, as I guessed, that she must induce Dan Cupid to lead her in the direction of a well grown bank account.

"Well, what do you think of the count?" asked Miss Angela, the younger. I replied that I would rather not think of him if she didn't mind. I didn't object to counts for people who liked to spend their money that way, but I preferred men for myself. Miss Angela sniffed and then asked my opinion of the offspring of the railway magnate. I replied that I considered his whole claim to the respect and gratitude of mankind to lie in the fact that he was not twins. Two of a kind, of that kind at least, would have been altogether too much for a long suffering world to bear. The mining baron, as I informed the good ladies, might much better be preparing for the next world. The aunts sniffed in chorus.

"Then what do you say to Mr. Cawcus?" inquired Miss Henrietta.

"Politics isn't bad for a man if he is well shod and doesn't mind muddy roads, but the woman who travels with him is apt to get splashed a bit." Another sniff from the aunts.

The other candidates were trotted out in turn, and all seemed to me equally undesirable. Apparently the aunts were surprised, for after they had gone over the most likely of the applicants only to find that my opinion of them grew steadily more unfriendly Miss Henrietta turned upon me with as near a glare as her regard for the observances of polite society would permit and remarked in an icy tone: "Well, Mr. Crossley, it would appear that your regard for the other members of your sex in the capacity of husband for your ward and our niece is very low. Perhaps you are thinking of applying for the vacancy yourself."

This was a bombshell with a vengeance. I eyed her sternly for at least ten seconds. Then I said, with polite emphasis, "Madam, it is little short of an insult to accuse me of so far presuming upon my relations with your niece as to fall in love with her." After which I bowed in my very best manner and went out.

In the hall I came face to face with Miss Ellen herself, apparently in a great hurry to get away from somewhere. I stopped and stared at her. She stared back and tossed her head.

"I wouldn't stop here if I were you," she said. "Some one might insult you by thinking that you were talking to me."

"Ellen, you heard," I gasped. She nodded. "Then you—you—listened"—

"At the keyhole? Yes," she replied calmly. "Since it was my future that was being discussed it seemed to me that I had a slight interest in the matter. But I never expected"—here she began to bristle up again—"I never expected to hear a man say that it was an insult to be told—to have it thought—that he—that I"— Actually there were tears in her eyes. This would never do.

"But, my dear girl, don't you understand that I was only trying to conceal the fact that—well, that I am already your slave." The last words came with a rush. "There it is. Now it's your turn to be insulted."

She looked down and then up at me. "If your love is an insult," she said very slowly, "I think that the best that I can do is to accept the insult, don't you?" And I agreed with her.

Decay of Confucianism.

Careful observers in China are noticing the gradual decay of Confucianism. Its sway over the minds of the Chinese literati is by no means what it was even as recently as thirty years ago. It is true that there is apparently no marked diminution in the number of ancestral halls, the existence of which all over the land serves as an indication of the vitality of the state religion. Yet nevertheless the more the country is permeated with western knowledge the more are the minds of the educated class becoming alienated from the teachings to which before unquestioning obedience was accorded.

The reason for this state of things it is not difficult to comprehend. It is gradually dawning upon the educated young men of China that a knowledge of the Confucian classics is no longer what it was from a commercial point of view. And the comprehension of this fact is sufficient to account for the diminishing interest that is being taken in the acquisition of Confucian learning. It must also be admitted that, as the broader and deeper knowledge introduced and inculcated by western scholars is becoming assimilated, there is an ever increasing realization of how inadequate Confucianism is, notwithstanding its merits, to meet the requirements of the present day. — North China Herald.

ALWAYS INSIST UPON HAVING THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

No Insinuation Meant.

The gray haired stranger bent over the desk.

"Are you the society editor?" he questioned.

"I am the identical," said the flippant young man.

"Are you the person who wrote up the account of the Munn reception?"

"Yes. Anything wrong about it?"

"That's what I want to find out. Look here. You notice that in speaking of my daughter you use this paragraph: 'She swept about the room with an inherited grace that caught every one.' Now, what was your purpose in writing that?"

"Why, it struck me as a first class chance for a neat compliment to her esteemed parents; that's all."

"Sure you didn't mean to insinuate that her father laid the foundation of his fortune by selling brooms?"

"Certainly not."

"Because I did, you know."

"I didn't know it."

"Then that's all right. Good day."

Greek Meets Greek.

In Sherman's memorable march to the sea his forces encountered a foe which might have turned the tide of events had it not been for the timely interference of petticoat protection. As the serried columns of soldiers advanced with great and imposing pomp and power down the main street of Savannah, Ga., a gate suddenly sprang open and emitted a rusty, ragged negro urchin and a grisly, bench legged cur, both thoroughly electrified with curiosity and excitement. With true canine aggressiveness the small dog barked and bounded with audacious ferocity, while the terror stricken boy, paralyzed by the pomp of the panorama passing before him, without moving his eyes or changing his attitude, screamed the alarm: "Oh, mammy, mammy, don't let Tige bite the army!" —Lippincott's.

A Wedding In Holland.

A Dutch wedding is a curious contrast to an English one. In Holland the wedding party enters the church two and two, the procession being headed by the bride and bridegroom. Forms are arranged in a semicircle round the pulpit, and there the young people with their friends and relatives seat themselves. The ceremony consists of the reading of a portion of Scripture and a long admonition to the bride and bridegroom, delivered extempore by the black gowned minister. The prayers are sat through like the rest of the service, for it is against Calvinistic custom to kneel to pray. At the close of the service Bibles are presented to the young couple and to certain of their relatives. Then the marriage is registered. This free distribution of Bibles, which is made by the state, accounts for the very small sale there is for the Holy Scriptures in Holland.

Nuremberg.

Nuremberg, whose walls are reported to be showing signs of rapid decay, was once almost the richest and most famous town in Europe. The well known saying of Pope Pius II.—that a Nuremberg citizen was better off than a Scottish king—was justified by the accounts that have been preserved of the town and its burghers. In the fifteenth century there came from Nuremberg the first watches known as "Nuremberg eggs;" the first cannon, the first gun lock, the first wire drawing machine, the clarinet, certain descriptions of pottery and the art of painting on glass. For 800 years its now decaying walls defended the valley of the Pegnitz against all enemies. Four hundred towers once topped the walls, but only about a third of them now remain.

The Millionaire Malady.

Men who have sacrificed health and youth, scrimped their families and injured their digestion in the acquirement of a "pile" often think they are public benefactors and that humanity in general owes them a debt of gratitude for being so rich. In consequence they resent as cruel injustice the fatigue, chagrin and newspaper notoriety that money invariably brings in its trail. It would be about as consistent for a little boy who had gorged himself on purloined apples to feel injured when an avenging stomach ache followed gluttony.—Eliot Gregory in Century.

Our Eccentric Phrases.

Why do we always talk of putting on a coat and vest? Who puts on a coat before a vest? We also say putting on shoes and stockings? Who puts on shoes before the stockings? We also put up signs telling people to wipe their feet when we mean their boots or shoes. And a father tells a boy he will warm his jacket when he means to warm his pantaloons. We are a little eccentric in our phrases at times.

The Quail In France.

In France the quail is called the bird of prophecy, this from an idea that the number of his calls foretells the price of wheat. If he calls twice without resting the farmer expects but 2 francs per bushel for his grain; if the bird calls four times he expects to realize twice the price which two calls insure.

Bound to Do as He Pleases.

Rebecca—Father is going to marry for the third time.

Rachel—He must be sentimental.

Rebecca—Oh, no; he's just obstinate. —Detroit Free Press.

ANCIENT COFFEE.

The Way the Beverage Was Brewed In the Seventeenth Century.

There are in existence in Great Britain a few copies of an ancient cookbook, published in 1662, that gives what is perhaps the first English recipe for coffee. The recipe reads:

"To make the drink that is now much used, called coffee.

"The coffee berries are to be bought at any Druggist, about seven shillings the pound. Take what quantity you please, and over a charcoal fire, in an old frying pan, keep them always stirring until they be quite black, and when you crack one with your teeth that it is black within as it is without, yet if you exceed, then do you waste the Oyl, and if less, then will it not deliver its Oyl; and if you should continue fire till it be white, it will then make no coffee, but only give you its salt. Beat and force through a lawn sieve.

"Take clear water, and boil one-third of it away, and it is fit for use. Take one quart of this prepared water, put in it one ounce of your prepared coffee, and boil it gently one hour, and it is fit for your use; drink one-quarter of a pint as hot as you can sip it. It doth abate the fury and sharpness of the Acrimony, which is the gender of the Diseases called Cronical."

A Coming Lawyer.

A young lady teacher in a West Philadelphia kindergarten thinks that she has discovered a "Philadelphia lawyer" in embryo. She made the discovery in one of the exercises incident to teaching the young idea how to count. After drawing five ones on the blackboard and writing beneath the five successive numerals, one, two, three, four, five, together with a painstaking verbal explanation, she attempted to test the understanding of the little ones by turning to one bright eyed little fellow and putting the question:

"Now, Donald, which would you rather have, five pennies or a five cent piece?"

"Five pennies!" Donald promptly replied.

"Why, Donald?" asked the teacher patiently.

"Because," said Donald, "you see, if you lost one of the pennies you'd have four left, and even if you lost four you'd have one left; but if you lost the five cent piece, why, it would all be gone—every penny!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Charm of the Mississippi.

To novice eyes a trip down the Mississippi is full of wonder. Not the beauties of the Hudson does one find, nor the castled turrets of the Rhine, nor the gay pageants of the storied Thames, nor the gentle loveliness of that small stream that graces the mountain region of North Carolina—O thrice fair Swananoa!—but a beauty all its own has this wonderful Mississippi, which on its serpentine way from pearly Lake Itasca to the blue waters of the Mexican gulf traverses 2,616 miles of territory. Its legends and traditions, its great flush times before the war, its spectacular history, may all be learned from some quaint old river man who will gladly give full measure of his lore. There is a charm in the vast stretches of forest, in the loneliness of the great stream—Father of Waters—in its mightiness and supreme length, its sunsets and its sunrises.—Sports Afield.

Ganjah Smoking.

In Jamaica ganjah, a variety of Indian hemp, is smoked by all classes, with terrible results. It is stated that it was this weed that was used by the leaders of the Indian mutiny to drive the sepoys into the passions of raging mania which they exhibited during that campaign. Ganjah smoking affects the beginner in a peculiar way. While under its influence his senses of time, sound and distance are obliterated. A single minute may seem a month, a child's voice sounds like the rattle of a machine gun and a little finger may seem a mile long. "Continued use," says the Spatula, "causes cataleptic fits and eventually idiocy or raving homicidal madness."

Small Horses.

The geologists tell us that the orohippus, the ancestor of the noble horse of today, was but little larger than the common rabbit of today and that each had sixteen toes, four on each foot, the same as the cattle of today. After the lapse of ages this sixteen hoofed equus shed a toe or hoof from each foot and thus became a twelve toed animal. The sixteen hoofed variety are first found in the eocene period of geological epochs.

To Win Notice.

Mrs. Greene—One does not like to be ignored. I wore a brand new gown at the reception last night, and I don't believe a soul noticed me.

Mrs. Gray—There's where you made a mistake. Now, I wore my old black silk that has been turned twice, and everybody saw me fast enough.—Boston Transcript.

Carried Its Own Punishment.

Jack—Tom, I'm in a terrible fix. I'm engaged to three girls.

Tom—Well, that's not exactly a crime.

Jack—No. That's the worst of it. If it were, I could go to prison and have some peace.—Stray Stories.

Only Room For One.

Lady—How could you be so foolish as to put anything on that newly painted table?

Maid—But I saw Mr. Jones lay several articles there.

Lady—What of that? If my husband makes a jackass of himself he has a right to, but you haven't, you stupid creature.

Discretion.

Miss Bizzy—I am glad to hear that you are married, O'Brien, and hope that you and Bridget don't have many differences of opinion.

O'Brien—Faith, ma'am, we have a good many, but Oi don't let her know about them.—Town and Country.

If a girl had to decide between having a pearl necklace or nice curly hair she would go crazy.—New York Press.

Ayer's
Bald? Scalp shiny and thin? Then it's probably too late. You neglected dandruff. If you had only taken our advice, you would have cured
Hair Vigor
the dandruff, saved your hair, and added much to it. If not entirely bald, now is your opportunity. Improve it.
"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for over 40 years. I am now 91 years old and have a heavy growth of rich brown hair, due, I think, entirely to Ayer's Hair Vigor."
MRS. M. A. KEITH, Belleville, Ill.
$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
Good Hair

THE INSTINCT FOR DOLLS.

Rag Babies More Loved Than Their Gaudy Wax Sisters.

Few things are more psychologically interesting than the instinct which makes little girls (sometimes before they are able to articulate) seize upon any absurd object to satisfy the maternal instinct; even a bottle wrapped in a towel has served the purpose, for, like savages, when they worship they are content with the rudest imitation of the human figure. On that wretched caricature, the daubed and lumpy rag doll, boundless affection is bestowed, and with it how many Socratic dialogues are held!

As time goes on this rudimentary effigy is exchanged for others which better satisfy newly developed tastes and feelings. A girl of six is not content unless her doll baby bears some resemblance to her mother's baby. Aided by this mirage of reality, the imagination leaps all bounds. But it is checked by too studied an imitation of life. The splendid, richly dressed creature of wax is never really loved. Its tameness chills the fancy. It is imposed upon the affections, not created by them. And too large a doll is seldom much liked. A small doll, not too handsome, is usually the favorite.

As girls grow older there may often be seen a touching suggestion of a fact familiar in real life, a partiality for the weakest and least favored of the doll family.—Good Housekeeping.

The Hindoo Saree.

The saree is the national costume of almost all Hindoo women and occasionally of Mohammedan women in India. It is an entire cloth, in many cases eighteen yards long and about a yard broad. In texture the cloth varies to suit the poorest as well as the richest inhabitants of the country. In the matter of tying and wearing the garment there is little difference anywhere. The cloth, which has one plain end, is passed around the loins and the upper border tied in a strong knot. The cloth is then passed two, three or even four times around the waist to form a petticoat, which, if the saree be a proper width, reaches to the ground. A portion is then plaited neatly into folds and tucked in before so as to hang down in front to the instep, or even lower. The remainder of the cloth is passed across the bosom over the left shoulder and head, on which it rests, the ornamental ends falling partly over the right arm below the waist. In the south of India, however, the end does not pass over the head. It is drawn tightly over the left shoulder and bosom and tucked into the waist behind or on the right hip.

The Snake's Whistle.

I found myself somewhat muddy and breathing a little hard, but I was not wholly chagrined. I had heard and seen a black snake whistle. I had never even known of the habit before. Since then I have seen one other snake do it, and I think I have heard the sound three or four times. It is almost indescribable. The jaws were closed as it was made, not even the throat moving, that I could see. The air seemed to be blown violently through the nostrils, though sounding as if driven through the teeth—a shrilling hiss, fine and piercing, which one not so much hears as feels—feels it crisping cold along his nerves. It may seem strange, but I believe this whistle is a mating call. Even the forked tongue (or maybe the nose) of a snake grows vocal with love.—Dallas Lore Sharp in National Magazine.

All Wear Costly Raiment.

No man who eats in a restaurant ever pays less than $75 for a suit or an overcoat, and no woman who eats in a public place ever wears a waist costing less than $25, and frequently the cost is much more, at least so says the proprietor of a fashionable New York restaurant. He, like all restaurant owners, occasionally receives complaints from people who have lost an overcoat—or mislaid one—and who have had garments positively ruined by a careless waiter spilling soup or something else on a portion of it, usually a sleeve, and he says that the above figures are the lowest quotations he ever heard.

Exit the Editor.

"You have no use for the papers, you say?" remarked the tourist.

"No," replied the wild westerner. "They get too personal sometimes. I did subscribe to a paper onct, but I stopped it."

"What paper is it you refer"—

"You mean what paper 'was' it. Ain't I just told you I stopped it? Done it in one shot too."—Philadelphia Press.

An Important Distinction.

She—I suppose that it would take a great deal of observation and experience to enable a man to pick the fastest horse entered for a race.

He (mournfully)—Yes, but that isn't what you are trying to do. What you want is to pick the horse that is going to win.—New York Times.

A PART OF THE PLAY.

Hissing That Brought Some Russian Actors to a Prison Cell.

The course of true art does not always run smooth in Russia, as, for example, in the theater of Yelizavetgrad. In the fourth act of a certain play there is a theater within a theater, as in Shakespeare's "Hamlet," only that some of the dramatis personae have to mix with the public in the galleries and to hiss the chief actress, who duly faints. As soon as the gentlemen had taken their places among the gods and begun to hiss and whistle the policeman on duty came down upon them like a wolf on the fold, and before they could utter a word of explanation he and his colleagues "nabbed" two, removed them by force and took them to the next police station, where they were charged with disorderly conduct at a public place. They protested that they had only done their duty, but the police laughed their explanations to scorn. The public left the theater en masse to see what was happening to the actors, but the latter had already been consigned to the cells. The crowd in the street before the station house grew rapidly in numbers, and its noisy protests threatened to culminate in serious disorders. Fortunately, the manager of the theater appeared before the superintendent and by the light of a lamp declaimed, with manuscript in hand, the whole fourth act, in order to show that hissing was an essential part of the performance. Only then did the representatives of the law release the innocent actors.

Nativity of the Potato.

There is as much mystery as history connected with the common tuber called the potato. Its nativity, original place in the kingdom of nature and several other things regarding it are still open questions. As to its nativity, the weight of argument seems to favor the tropical or subtropical regions of America. There is a tradition that the vines once grew to monstrous size and that the "balls" were of the "bigness of melons," and at that time the roots were not tubers, the edible parts growing among the branches. It seems that they were first introduced into Europe in the year 1565.

Haskell's "Roots and Wild Plants" says, "Wamkins first fetched a queer, bulbous root out of America which some called a 'bodado,' while others, who had heard the Peruvians mention it, spoke of it as a potato." Periam's Cyclopedia of Agriculture says that Sir John Wamkins found it growing wild near Santa Fe de Bogota at an altitude of 8,000 to 13,000 feet. He also says that it was "fetched out of America" at about the time settled upon by Haskell—viz, in the year 1565.

A Royal Romance.

Carmen Sylva, the royal authoress, met her husband, the king of Roumania, in quite a romantic way. As a girl of seventeen she was running down the staircase of the palace at Berlin when her foot slipped on the marble, and she would have fallen to the floor below, but at the moment Prince Charles of Hohenzollern stepped from an anteroom and caught her in his arms. She did not accept him, although he made her the offer at once. In joke—for it was then most unlikely—she said she preferred to remain queen of herself, but if she became queen of any country at all she would prefer Roumania. Eight years afterward the beautiful Carmen was married to Prince Charles, who had been proclaimed king of Roumania, and thus she realized her ambition.

When Water Was Avoided.

Until comparatively recent times there was a medical prejudice against drinking water. Sir William Vaughan in his "Natural and Artificial Directions For Health" declared that water "ought seldom to be drunk." Another doctor admitted that it might be healthful for children, but not for men—"except some odd, abstemious one among a thousand perchance, degenerate and of a doggish nature, for dogs of nature do abhor wine." Indeed, the recommendation of water as a beverage was supposed to be the sign of the quack. Even Wesley in his "Primitive Physic" wrote of it with caution: "Drink only water if it agrees with your stomach; if not, good, clear small beer."

A Queer Dog.

Dagonet in the Referee tells a story of two little girls who were trying to explain what sort of a dog it was they had seen. Said one little girl, "It was one of those funny ones; you know, the ones that are a dog and a half long and half a dog high." Said the other: "You must know the sort. It's a dog that only has four legs, but looks as if it ought to have six." It may interest Dagonet to hear of a fairly apt definition that a Public Opinion man once heard applied to the dachshund—"the dog with the Louis XIV. legs."

The Appetite of Kitty.

The number of wild animals sold as pets to private families in this country is said to be beyond belief, but the families generally return the beasts before long to the dealer. A writer on this wild beast traffic in Leslie's Monthly says that one animal dealer who recently sold a lion cub to a lady received only two months afterward a letter from her saying: "Please come and take Kitty away. She has eaten our Newfoundland dog."

Relief at Last.

Man With Petition—I'd like to have your name on this, Ruggles. It is a mere formality, you know, but—

Business Man—I'd like to oblige you, Rackstraw, but a fellow came around last week with a pledge binding the signer not to put his name on a petition of any kind for a year—and I signed it. —Chicago Tribune.

For Her Own Relief.

Mrs. Sububs—I'm going to let the maid off for a couple of weeks.

Mr. Sububs—What! Why, she's not entitled to a vacation.

Mrs. Sububs—No, but I am.—Exchange.

The blockhead and the genius are akin in at least one respect—both were born that way.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JULY 17, 1903.

THE DOW FARM CHOSEN.

At a special meeting of the City Council held last Monday evening the new schoolhouse site question was finally disposed of so far as that Board is concerned by a vote to purchase the Dow farm on Montvale avenue. The vote stood, aye 9, no 3, and 3 absent The second reading was ordered with little, or no, debate.

The question now goes to the School Board whose privilege it is to accept or reject the action of the City Council. Hardly a shade of doubt exists but that the School Board will endorse the vote of the Council and accept their decision, for with them it has not been so much a matter of site as to secure a new High School building.

The location is a good one, and the land well adapted to the purpose, the only objection brought against it being its remoteness from the Common; but that it will accommodate the different sections of the city as well as any other lot cannot be denied, so that objection fails to carry weight with it. When the hundred thousand dollar schoolhouse is built people will be surprised that there was ever any objection to its location or site.

☞ Next in order, and a large item in the season's gaieties, comes Old Home Week, in anticipation of which all New England are putting their houses in trim. It begins on July 26 and ends on August 1, a period best adapted to carrying out the intents and purposes of the Week. It is the time when the northern Atlantic Coast and mountains are thronged with natives of New England and their progeny living in the West and South; when country doughnuts and punkin pies are ripe and in their glory; when the music of the cider-mill is heard in the land; and the hearts and houses of Yankeedom are wide open to welcome the wanderers back to the scenes of their child, early man, and womanhood. In Massachusetts word comes from every quarter that great preparations are being made for Old Home Week. In many towns and cities public celebrations are to be held, and the number of family and neighborhood reunions will defy computation. Let us all get ready for Old Home Week!

☞ If the Dow farm is finally selected for the new schoolhouse site, which now seems probable, Ald. W Frank Maguire will be entitled to a large share of the credit for bringing it about. He has engineered that scheme with ability from the start, and has finally won his case; at least it looks that way. He has stuck to his original idea and manfully stood by his guns through thick and thin, and fought for the Dow lot in the Council when there seemed but slight hope for it, and has come out on top. In the remarkable change of front by the Council on the question last week the hand and work of Ald. Maguire was plainly to be seen.

P. S. The Council have chosen the Dow farm.

☞ Governor Bates has appointed Joshua B. Holden, Esq, of Boston, a member of the new Charles River Dam Commission, and a most excellent appointment it is. The Charles River Dam scheme at Cambridge is going to be a large matter, requiring sound business heads to manage it. Mr. Holden just fits the case.

☞ Representative Henry M. Aldrich has increased the JOURNAL's obligation to him for a copy of the Report of the Metropolitan Commission ending Jan. 1, 1903. It is a valuable Pub Doc, for which Rep. Aldrich will please accept our thanks.

☞ Mayor John P. Feeney, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Irving Murray of Winchester, sailed from Boston on the steamer Ivernia of the Cunard line early last Tuesday afternoon for Europe.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

City—Board of Health.
F. C. S. Bank—Notices.
J. G. Maguire—Tax Sales.
Com. of Mass.—C't of Reg.
Bernard McLaughlin—Citation.

— Baseball has about petered out hereaway.

— 8 a. m. July 17. Fair; wind N. W.; warm.

— Edna Johnson and Marion Shaw are in New York.

— Mrs. M. E. Flagg is taking her vacation at Marblehead.

— The City Council have hung up their fiddle until Sept. 8.

— Judge Geo. S. Littlefield presided in the District Court last Tuesday.

— Harry Blye is on deck again at L. W. Thompson's hardware store

— M. Bancroft, Sewing Machines and finding, 410 Main street.—6m

— Please read the new card of Hanson & Co. in this issue of the JOURNAL

— Dr. Chalmers reports a decrease in the number of his scarlet fever cases.

— William Sawyer and John H. Bates, Jr., are fishing in New Hampshire.

— Houses let and rents collected by E. Prior Real Estate agent, 349 Main street.

— Mr. Edward C. Collamore and family have moved to 7 Bennett street, Medford.

— John F. Scally, the grocer, and family are keeping house for a month at Nahant.

— No finer ice cream is concocted than that furnished to customers at Crawford's.

— Closed stores give the city a Sabbath day appearance on Wednesday afternoons.

— Dr. Callahan, City Physician, has recovered, and his sister Grace is rapidly mending.

— The Geo. E. Brown Building Co. are doing the carpenter work on the Unitarian church.

— Tax Collector Maguire's contributions to the columns of the JOURNAL are furnished on the instalment plan. One of them appears in this issue.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— The Woburn Woman's Club are negotiating for Club quarters in the Towanda Clubhouse.

— Policeman Austin G. French and wife expect to go to Vermont next week for a vacation visit.

— Charles Bowers Winn Camp of S. of V. and Club took a trolley trip to Revere Beach yesterday.

— Acceptance of the Dow farm for the new schoolhouse site need not fear a veto by Mayor Johnson.

— Linnell's provision market was the only one on the street that closed up last Wednesday afternoon.

— Angelo Crovo keeps on hand the finest variety of the best fruits that can be scared up in the seven States.

— Towanda Club are to give a pop concert at their house next Monday evening. There is to be dancing.

— The Stoneham electrics carried a jolly crowd, with a brass band, through here Wednesday morning.

— Mr. John Lynch, Clerk of the Board of Health, is fumigating houses in which there has been scarlet fever.

— Individual, family and neighborhood parties are seen at all hours, pretty much, headed for the Beaches.

— City Almoner Thomas D. Hevey is sick with erysipelas. The report that he had scarlet fever was erroneous.

— Mrs. Susan E. Harvie, teacher in the Goodyear school, is taking her well earned vacation at North Conway, N. H.

— Capt. J. M. Ellis and family are well settled in their cottage at Nahant. They have a pleasant summer home there.

— After an uncommonly hot day the gentle shower last Sunday evening was gratefully received by a suffering people.

— Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Doherty's daughter Aileen is very ill at the Central House, of which Mr. Doherty is landlord.

— The Woburn Brass Band gave another fine concert to a large outdoor audience last Wednesday evening. It was highly enjoyed.

— A great company of personal and political friends accompanied Mayor Feeney as far as Boston on his European trip last Tuesday.

— Miss Beatrice A. Grant, a High School teacher, visited with her brother, Lieut. Homer B. Grant, at Ft. Washington, Maryland, last week.

— President Joseph F. De Loriea of the Boston Fruit and Produce Exchange attended the annual meeting of that organization at Canobie Lake last Tuesday.

— Mrs. Daniel H. Lane of Boston is entertaining her friend, Mrs. Emma H. Wright of Arlington Road, this city, at her pleasant seaside cottage at Swampscott.

— Treasurer William H. Russell of the Russell Counter Company is doing a good deal of traveling over the country this season for the Company. He gets business.

— The selection of the Dow farm for the schoolhouse lot will disappoint several owners of real estate; and then, again, it will please many others, and there it is.

— Mr. William W. Crosby, an all round musician of learning and ability, is filling Organist Hood's place in the Orthodox church during that gentleman's absence in Europe.

— Mrs. Charles H. Taylor, Jr., is entertaining her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Munn of Arlington Road, this city, at the Taylor summer home on Buzzard's Bay this week.

— Master Will D. Hagerty, son of Mr. Timothy F. Hagerty of 66 Arlington Road who is connected with the Boston postoffice, is visiting his aunt, Mrs. John F. Towle, at Wareland.

— Mr. Edward E. Parker earnestly recommends the top of Rag Rock for a site for the new schoolhouse. The JOURNAL suggests the top of Horn Pond Mountain as a substitute order.

— As was the case on July 8, a large share of the stores in this city were closed last Wednesday afternoon and evening. Most of the grocers and marketmen kept open during the afternoon.

— Mr. Leon L. Dorr left here last Wednesday for Detroit, Michigan, to attend the Epworth League International convention there. He will visit Niagara Falls and Montreal on the return trip.

— Dr. J. P. Bixby treated Conductor E. Harkins who was injured on the north bound car on the N. W. line last Saturday evening by being hit and thrown to the ground while on the running board.

— Last Tuesday Miss Methilde Gordon and Miss Emma Meals of Allegheny City, Pa., and on Wednesday, Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Ridley of Indianapolis, Ind., visited Miss M. T. Hosmer in this city.

— Two of the oldest residents of this city are Mr. Sherman M. Burton, father of Mrs. Daniel N. Hood, 23 Pleasant street, 91; and Mrs. Susan Theobald, 94, No. 1 Prospect street. Both are well and active.

— Judge E. F. Johnson and family are to pass the vacation season at Rockport on Cape Ann, the coolest and most comfortable spot on the Atlantic Coast. The Judge will vibrate between Woburn and Rockport all summer.

— The address of Mrs. John F. Towle of Peter Parley Road, Roxbury, whose parents reside in this city where she used to be an esteemed postoffice clerk, is Allerton, Mass., and much happiness may she enjoy there.

— The Mayor has appointed Mr. Edward S. Lyons to fill the vacancy on the Board of License Commissioners caused by the death of Mr. William C. Kenney, and designated Mr. Richard Garrity as Chairman and Secretary.

— Mr. Fort Staples is engaged in his former business of selling meat and vegatables to the public at Linnell's market while Manager James Linnell is taking his ease at Southport Maine. Mr. Staples is an expert at that sort of thing.

STRAW MATTINGS
FOR SUMMER HOUSES

Our new importation includes all grades from China and Japan, many patterns of which are exclusive. Always cool, clean, and sanitary.

RUGS

Royal Wilton, Saxony Axminster, Seamless, and other Axminster and Brussels rugs, in sizes 9 x 12, 8.3 x 10.6, and 6 x 9. Hundreds of small rugs—Smyrnas, Wiltons, Axminsters, Japanese, etc., etc., at exceptionally low prices.

RUGS

Heavy Brussels Art Squares, many of them in Oriental designs and all reversible, sizes 7.6 x 9, 9 x 9, 9 x 10.6, and 9 x 12; price about $1.00 per square yard.

JOHN H. PRAY & SONS COMPANY
Pray Building 658 Washington St. Opp. Boylston St.
BOSTON

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

NEW SPRING GOODS!

Latest Styles in Pattern and Cloth,
— AT —
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

SPONGES,

We have them, all sizes, all prices. A good one for 25c.

BRUSHES.

Hair, Tooth, Nail, Shaving, Bath, and Bailey's Complexion Brushes, a large and complete line of each.

TOILET ARTICLES.

Mernen's Talcum Comfort Powder, Johnson and Meares Baby Powder, Ices, Cold Creams, and a large assortment of Violet Waters. A few bottles of distilled St. Thomas Bay Rum at 23c. bottle. Violet Ammonia makes a a cooling refreshing bath. 23c.

☞ ALL THE ABOVE AT CUT PRICES.

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
GREEN SIGNS. GREEN STAMPS.

— E. Prior, 349 Main street is agent for the New York Life Insurance Co. Call and see him before placing any life insurance.

— Business in this town is beginning to feel the effects of the vacation season. It is dull enough to suit almost anybody. Soda fountains, however, have their hands full of trade, and are about all the activity one sees along the streets.

— Trolley parties to Revere Beach are a popular and sensible mode of extracting comfort and pleasure from the leisure days and evenings of the vacation season, a statement the truth of which many of our people are testing every day.

— Assistant Pastor, Rev. Norman E. Richardson, of the Methodist Episcopal church, has taken up his abode in this city. Pastor Collyer has not sufficiently recovered from a severe illness to resume his ministerial work at that church.

— Engineer Cyrus Chase of the Southern Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad System, the first one to leave Woburn station with his train, at 5.55 o'clock every morning, Sundays excepted, took last week off for rest and pleasure.

— "The corner of Main and Charles streets will no doubt be selected as a site when the Council gets settled down to business."—*Haggerty's Time.* How you talk! The Council, it seems, got "settled down to business" last Monday evening, July 13. Eh?

— In view of the frequent and terribly severe attacks made on them by a certain alleged newspaper in this city, our Police Department must pass many sleepless and distressing nights these times. It is a wonder that the whole force do not resign at once.

— North Woburn people are talking of organizing an Independent Club with a view of making their political influence more sensibly felt in municipal affairs They are not satisfied with a single representative, however able and efficient, in the City Council.

— Scarlet fever, or what the Doctors said was scarlet fever, has about got to the end of its rope in this city. Nobody has died, or been much sick, with it. There was a bare possibility that it was another case of Satan shearing the hog — "great cry and little wool."

— Assistant Emigration Commissioner McSweeney, against whom charges were preferred for suspected official irregularities, but withdrawn because there was no proof to sustain them, is a nephew of Mr. Bryan McSweeney, the Insurance Agent of this city.

— Having enjoyed an unusually prosperous week, the Woburn Federation of Depot Hackmen's Unions concluded to go to Revere Beach yesterday and "blow in" some of their surplus earnings. They are somewhat given to festivity, and there is no place like Revere Beach for "blowing off steam."

— The appearance of a watering cart on the streets — not a common sight, by any means — is a sure sign of an immediate tremendous rainfall. A good illustration of this happened last Wednesday. Clouds of dust had filled the air and aroused the ire of the traders on the street all day until 3 o'clock in the afternoon when a watering cart put in a leisurely appearance and forthwith the rain began to come down in torrents. The same phenomenon is of frequent occurance. How do the drivers learn of the near approach of the rain?

— Arthur Whitcher's enlarged picture of Rev. Dr. March is as perfect a piece of work as any production of the kind could possibly be. The Doctor is seated at a table in his study, with books and papers lying around, and family portraits on the walls, and the likeness is an exact counterpart of his face. Mr. Whitcher is having the picture appropriately framed and lettered.

— Mr. Phil M. Brown and his brother Herrick Brown, both graduates of Williams College, sons of Mr. and Mrs. D. Wilbur Brown of Lexington street in this city, are enjoying a fishing visit at the famous Rangeley Lakes in northern Maine, where they will remain a week or two longer. The former gentleman expects to go to his post of duty as Secretary of U. S. Legation at Gautemala soon.

— A recent issue of the Lynn *News* contained an elaborate illustrated description of Revere Beach which included a fine and well merited notice of one of Woburn's former residents, Mr Amos Pettingill, who is the popular manager of the Revere Beach Steeple chase, which is daily patronized by thousands of people. Mr. Pettingill has many friends in Woburn, among whom is Lawrence Reade, Esq, who was handsomely entertained by him at the Beach a few days ago.

— There were about a half dozen pear trees in the yard. At the proper time this season, that is, when they had leaved out and were in blossom, they were stripped of their foliage and badly used up by the great army of browntail moths with which they were infested. Bye and bye the ravages of the moths ceased; the trees were soon covered with a new and heavy growth of healthy leaves; and today they are laden with fruit. So much for the great cry against the browntail moth. Further comment is unnecessary; the facts above stated tell the whole truth, and utterly disprove the damaging stories circulated about the moth.

— On account of their larger size, superior quality, and rare freshness, "Woburn Eggs" are the favorite hen fruit of thrifty housewives in this city, and bring a higher price. Some people are so firmly wedded to them that they refuse all other brands and take unlimited pains to obtain them. And it is a fact too that a few of those people go to extremes. Here is a case in point: A prominent resident of Mishawum Road has informed a reporter of the JOURNAL that a prominent resident of Montvale avenue, when he and his family went to New Hampshire early in July for their vacation took along with him his fine large flock of Plymouth Rocks, the best layers extant, solely in view of making sure of having "Woburn Eggs" to eat this summer. To an outsider that would seem like running the thing into the ground.

— On Saturday, July 11, Miss Jennie E. McArthur, 640 Main street, grandneice of Mrs W. H. Slater of this city, took an examination for the Channing scholarship at Forest Hall Academy in Boston, and on Tuesday last was notified that her examination was successful and that she had been awarded a scholarship in that institution of learning. She is at present a pupil in the Wyman School, and her teacher is highly pleased with Miss McArthur's success, as, indeed, are her many friends, and with good reason, for to win the Channing scholarship in Forest Hall Academy is an honor one has a right to be proud of. Miss McArthur responded to a summons to appear at the Academy yesterday afternoon and register. She is a smart young woman, who is to be congratulated on her well earned good fortune.

— The City Council having adjourned to Sept. 8, the next evening after Labor Day, a large factor in the excitement of the town has been, for the time being, removed, and a feeling of safety prevails among the people. The only class that regret the long adjournment are the newspaper men who find the Council an abundant and never failing source of comfort when local news is hard to discover, not to mention an occasional humorous incident at the meetings of the Board which gives them pleasure and profit to make a note of. Furthermore, newspaper men love to attend the Board's sessions and listen to the fine speeches which some of the members are in the habit of making, and improve their minds in parliamentary law and the science of legislation. Two months will soon pass, though, and the Council will come back.

— Mr. Gilman F. Jones hails a visit from his old and tried friend, Mr. William Dicker, who is Superintendent of Teams at the great Squire Porkery at East Cambridge, with supreme delight, a state of feeling fully shared by that worthy gentleman every time he drives up to the Central stables in this city, which occurs about once in three weeks, and discovers Mr. Jones resting himself and meditating in that old armchair which stands facing the desk near the door, where it has stood many years. If the walls of that snuggery could speak, and should happen to be blessed with good memories, and were favorably disposed, they might be depended on to repeat many startling stories and yarns that have, in years past, been told by those excellent and veracious gentlemen in that identical little room, but perhaps it is better that they cannot. Mr. Dicker came up last Tuesday, and it is fair to presume that he and Mr. Jones indulged in a heart to heart talk which was wonderfully refreshing and delightful to both of them.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— Mr. George A. Simonds and family left here yesterday for New Hampshire, in which fine old State they will spend their summer vacation

— A party of Pennsylvania teachers, while at the N. E. A. convention, visited Woburn and admired our Public Library and statue of Count Rumford

City Council.

The Board of Aldermen held a special meeting last Monday evening, July 13.

The order for the purchase of the Dow farm as a site for the new school house passed its final reading and was adopted yeas 9, nays 3, absent 3.

A communication was received from Secretary of State Olin in respect to licensing dealers in coal and wood. Every such dealer must have a license from the Secretary of State.

An order was introduced by Ald. Crane for the establishment of public scales.

J. P. Williams sent in a claim for pay for personal injuries received through neglect of the city's servants.

The Board of Public Works asked for an appointment of $5000 for highway work, and $200 to raise grade and curbing around the Common.

The order for $1000 to finish the contageous disease hospital had a first reading.

Very Remarkable Cure of Diarrhoea.

"About six years ago for the first time in my life I had a sudden and severe attack of diarrhoea," says Mrs. Alice Miller, of Morgan, Texas. "I got temporary relief, but it came back again and again, and for six long years I have suffered more misery and agony than I can tell. It was worse than death. My husband spent hundreds of dollars for physicians' prescriptions and treatment without avail. Finally we moved to Bosque county, our present home, and one day I happened to see an advertisement of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with a testimonial of a man who had been cured by it. The case was so similar to my own that I concluded to try the remedy. The result was wonderful. I could hardly realize that I was well again, or believe it could be so after having suffered so long, but that one bottle of medicine, costing but a few cents, cured me." For sale by all druggists.

Mrs. Eager.

At one o'clock Friday afternoon, July 10, 1903, Mrs. MARY C. EAGER, relict of the late Dwight F. Eager, peacefully passed away at the residence of Miss Bancroft, 83 Mishawum Road, where she had boarded for some time previous to her death.

Before marrying Mr. Dwight F. Eager on Oct. 7, 1841, her name was Mary C. Mead, the daughter of a Congregational clergyman, whose widow, soon after his death, came to Woburn to educate her children at Warren Academy, and thereafter made her home here. Mary C. was born on April 16, 1809, making her age on the day she passed to her reward, 94 years, 2 months, and 24 days, probably the oldest person in this city. She joined the First Congregational church of Woburn in 1827, no other present member having joined it at a date so early. She lived a life consistent with her Christian profession.

The only relatives left by her is Mr. Justin E. Thompson of this city, the son of Col. Leonard Thompson, who married, for his second wife, a sister of the deceased Mrs. Eager; all the rest of her family connections having preceded her to the grave.

The funeral was held on Monday afternoon, July 13, in the parlor of the Congregational church. Rev. Dr. March and Rev. Dr. Norton conducted the religious exercises, and the funeral was superintended by Undertakers Tripp. Quite a large number of old friends and neighbors attended it, by some of whom floral tributes to her memory were contributed. The interment was in Woodbrook cemetery.

Expressions of Sympathy on the Death of Arthur W. Walls.

WHEREAS, his fellow members of the Towanda Club have learned with deepest sorrow of the death of ARTHUR W. WALLS after a long and painful illness: Now, therefore, the Board of Directors of the Towanda Club, recognizing in their departed friend a young man of ability and high character, and one who contributed not a little by his enthusiasm and activity to the success of this organization, desire to give this expression of our grief at the departure of this young life from among us.

To all who were near and dear to him, and especially to the young wife and mother thus early deprived of the love and support of her husband, do we extend our heartfelt sympathy in this time of great bereavement.

We have instructed our Secretary to spread these expressions of sympathy upon the records of the Club, and to forward copies to the widow and the local press.

The Board of Directors Towanda Club.
SAMUEL W. MENDUM,
President, Secretary.

THE MOTHERS KNOW

A growing, active boy puts clothing to its supreme test. It is the mother of such a boy who understands, as nobody else does, whether materials hold their color, are properly put together, and stand wear as they should.

Hundreds of mothers have told us how absolute is the satisfaction which

Our Clothing

gives to them, in all respects, as worn by their sons.

We cannot conceive of a higher endorsement — can you?

Macullar Parker Company
400 Washington Street
BOSTON

HOFF'S MALT AND IRON

The Doctors order for convalescent

Scarlet Fever Patients

THE LOWEST CUT PRICE IN TOWN 30c.—IS AT Whitcher's

THE CUPIDS: A scene in Peggy from Paris at the Tremont Theatre, Boston.

Cholera Infantum.

This has long been regarded as one of the most dangerous and fatal diseases to which infants are subject. It can be cured, however, when properly treated. All that is necessary is to give Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and castor oil, as directed with each bottle, and a cure is certain. For sale by all druggists

Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

"Peggy From Paris," the George Ade musical comedy, is nearing the end of the third month of its phenomenally successful run at the Tremont. Two changes have recently been made in the cast, and both of the new actors have scored individual successes with the big audiences that have filled the theatre at every performance. George Richards, who joined the company to play the part of Captain Alonzo Plummer, the village dignitary of Hickory Crick, Illinois, is a finished actor, and in his new role he has a part which is well suited to him. It is the longest part in "Peggy From Paris," and George Ade, the author of the piece, spent much time in the rural districts of Illinois securing material for the part. The other new member of the cast is Paul Nicholson, who plays the part of Mr. Grampis "the Napoleon of the drama." A big chorus of pretty girls assist Mr. Nicholson. "The Girl From the West" is a charming duet, and Georgia Caine's "Gay Fleurette" never fails to receive many encores. The Tremont makes good the claim of the management that it is the coolest Theatre in the country. During the recent torrid spell of weather the thermometer never indicated more than 76 degrees in the auditorium, and usually much less than those figures. Seats are selling four weeks in advance.

NOTICE.

In compliance with the requirements of Section 16 of Chapter 113 of the Revised Laws of the Commonwealth, as amended by Section 1, chapter 169 of the Acts of 1902, I hereby certify that the following is a true list of the members of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank Corporation, date as of July 3rd, 1903:

John Hill Jr., William T. Grammer, Samuel Cook, John R. Carter, Benjamin Hinckley, Charlie A. Jones, Edward D. Hayden, John Winn, John W. Johnson, Joseph Buck, Fred J. Brown, George E. Fowle, Gilman F. Jones, Edward J. Gregory, William Beggs, Lewis W. Thompson, Edward E. Thompson, Squire B. Goddard, Everett P. Fox, Luke W. Fowle, Julius F. Ramsdell, Elwyn G. Preston, Herbert B. Dow, Henry M. Aldrich, Daniel W. Bond, Joseph F. DeLoriea, Winthrop Hammond, John Maloney, S. Frankstord Trull.

Attest,
CHARLIE A. JONES, Clerk.
Woburn, Mass., July 14th, 1903.

NOTICE.

In compliance with the requirements of Section 16 Chapter 113 of the Revised Laws of the Commonwealth, I hereby certify that at the annual meeting of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank Corporation held July 3rd, 1903, the following named persons were elected to the office specified and have duly qualified as such officials, i.e.,—

President, Benjamin Hinckley; Vice-Presidents, John Winn, John R. Carter, William Beggs; Clerk, Charlie A. Jones; Auditors, Fred J. Brown, Elwyn G. Preston; Trustees, Benjamin Hinckley, John Winn, William Beggs, Edward E. Thompson, George E. Fowle, Squire B. Goddard, Herbert B. Dow, Henry M. Aldrich, Charlie A. Jones, John R. Carter, John W. Johnson, Lewis W. Thompson, Gilman F. Jones, Fred J. Brown, Luke W. Fowle, Winthrop Hammond, Elwyn G. Preston.

The Board of Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, at a meeting held July 3rd, 1903, elected the following officers who have duly qualified according to law, i.e.,—

Board of Investment, Benjamin Hinckley, John Winn, John R. Carter, William Beggs, Lewis W. Thompson, Squire B. Goddard, Herbert B. Dow, Luke W. Fowle, Winthrop Hammond; Treasurer, Charlie A. Jones; Teller, A. Herbert Holland; Assistant Teller, Annie E. Cook.

Attest,
CHARLIE A. JONES, Clerk.
Woburn, Mass., July 14th, 1903.

No man or woman in the state will hesitate to speak well of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets after once trying them. They always produce a pleasant movement of the bowels, improve the appetite and strengthen the digestion. For sale by all druggists.

For a lazy liver try Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They invigorate the liver, aid the digestion, regulate the bowels and prevent bilious attacks. For sale by all druggists.

Literary Notices.

R. Barry O'Brien, the biographer of Charles Stewart Parnell and Lord Russell of Killowen, contributes to the July issue of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE a deeply interesting paper on Parliamentary Agitation in Ireland. The statement is sometimes made, says Mr. O'Brien, that justice can be obtained for Ireland only by parliamentary agitation. The statement is also made that parliamentary agitation is worthless. Let us look into the facts and see what is the truth. Passing in review the various movements for political and religious freedom from 1691 to 1793 the writer takes up the passing of the Penal Laws; the forming of the first Catholic organization to obtain a relaxation of the Penal code; the revival of the Catholic Association; England's troubles with her American colonies in their bearing on Irish affairs; the resulting concessions; the movements instituted by John Keogh and Wolfe Tone; the rise of the Irish Volunteers; and the formation of the United Irish Society; and many other memorable events in the history of the Irish struggle for independence. In the August issue, Mr. O'Brien will tell the story of Parliamentary and Extra Parliamentary Agitation in Ireland between 1793 and 1903. There are some excellent short stories: The Goddess of the Garden, by John Austin Schetty; The Harp of Dagda Mor, by Alice Furlong; On the Rural Route, by Wm. M. Egginton.

Will Buy It Back.

You assume no risk when you buy Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. All druggists will refund your money if you are not satisfied after using it. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful remedy in use for bowel complaints and the only one that never fails. It is pleasant, safe and reliable.

The Boy with a BROWNIE

has the jolliest vacation.

Ever tried making pictures from start to finish yourself? It's fun with the right material.

Let us show you!
Brownie Cameras, $1 and $2.
Brownie Developing Machine, $2.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.

Administratrix's Notice to Creditors of Insolvent Estate.

Estate of Hugh P. Maguire late of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, represented insolvent.

THE Probate Court for said County will receive and examine all claims of creditors against the estate of said Hugh P. Maguire and notice is hereby given that six months from the twenty-third day of June, A. D., 1903, are allowed to creditors to present and prove their claims against said estate, and that the Court will receive and examine the claims of creditors at Cambridge, on the eighth day of September, A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and at Cambridge on the thirteenth day of October, A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon.

CATHERINE T. MAGUIRE, Administratrix.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 318 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Truth." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—6th Sunday after Trinity. Morning Prayer at 10.30. Evening Prayer at 7. No Sunday School during July and August. Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev. Norman E. Richardson, Asst. Pastor. Subject: "A Discourse on the Functions of the Holy Spirit." 12 M. Sunday School. Adults only. 6.30 P. M., Public Service. Subject: "Zephariah's Message."

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by Rev. Cephus B. Crane, D. D. Subject: "Scaffold Builders." At 5.45 P. M., Christian Endeavor Meeting. 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "Moving the Tent." 7.45 P. M., Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In this city, July 15, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Onsville Warren Rose and Frances Elizabeth McCarthy, both of Woburn.

In Winchester, July 12, by Rev. H. J. Madden, Michael Keelty and Kate (Gaffney) Connor, both of Woburn.

In Tewksbury, July 15, by Rev. Charles T. Pierce, George William Neville of Woburn and Louise Maude Blaisdell of Tewksbury.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, July 10, Mary Eager, aged 94 years 2 months, 24 days.

In this city, July 11, Margaret Doherty, aged 25 years.

In this city, July 15, Hannah M. Sanborn, aged 69 years, 26 days.

Seasonable Goods
— AT —
Reasonable Prices!

Standard Tomatoes	8c can
Standard Corn	8c "
String Beans	9c "
Wax Beans	10c "
Shelled Beans	12c "
Red Gage Plums	12c "
Peaches	10c "
Bartlett Pears 3lb cans	13c "
2 cans 25c	
3 lb cans Apple	10c "
Gallon cans Apple	25c "
Red Alaska Salmon	9c "
Sockeye Salmon flat cans	15c "
Best New Creamery Butter	25c "

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Public Notice.

The following was adopted by the Board of Health at a meeting held Monday, July 6, 1903:—

No person shall, after recovery from Scarlet Fever, leave premises until house has been fumigated by an officer of the Board of Health, after being notified by the attending physician that the house is ready for fumigation.

A true copy. Attest:
JOHN LYNCH, Clerk.

RICHARD A. WHITE
Successor to E. A. Brooks,
Undertaker
— AND —
Funeral Supplies
Boarding and Livery Stable.
12 Park St., Woburn.
Telephone 54 - 3.

Administratrix's Notice of Sale of Real Estate in Woburn, Mass.

By virtue of a license granted to me by the Probate Court for the County of Middlesex, dated June 23rd, A. D., 1903, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described, on

Wednesday, July 22d, 1903,

at two o'clock in the afternoon the following described real estate, viz:—A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn in said County of Middlesex and bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by land now or late of Kenney; southeasterly by Bedford street; northwesterly by land now, or late, of Thomas Caulfield; and southwesterly by land now, or late, of Martin Doyle, and being the same premises conveyed to Denis Glancy by Bridget Cordeil, Administratrix, by deed dated August 27th, 1880, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist Deeds, Book 1549, Page 336.

Terms made known at sale.

MARY CLANCY, Administratrix of estate of Dennis Clancy, otherwise known as Denis Glancy.

Woburn, Mass., July 1, 1903.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Patrick Kelley, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Bernard McLaughlin of Woburn, in said County, or to some other suitable person:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of September, A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirteenth day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

TO LET.

No. 635 Main street, next to Mr. S. F. Trull's residence, near Mishawum Road, contains 10 rooms, bath, furnace, and 2 acres of land. Rent reasonable. Enquire of C. E. COOPER & CO., Mechanics Building.

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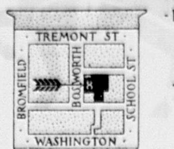

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8 · BOSWORTH · ST · BOSTON · MASS

Mens' Department.

Fancy Hosiery, a 25c. quality for 13c. pair.

Mens' Gauze, Jersey and Balbriggan Underwear at 25 and 50c.

Suspenders, Collars and Neckwear.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Ice Cream. Sherbets.

Ice Cream.	Sherbets.
STRAWBERRY (from fruit)	STRAWBERRY (with fruit)
VANILLA	PINEAPPLE
COFFEE	ORANGE
CHOCOLATE	LEMON
PINEAPPLE (with fruit)	

MADE TO ORDER.

FRUIT PUNCH	SULTANA ROLL
FRAPPE	FROZEN PUDDING
ORANGE	MACCAROON
STRAWBERRY	COFFEE PARFAIT
PINEAPPLE	BOM GLACE

Our Ice Cream is made from deep set Jersey Cream and Fresh Fruit Juices.

CRAWFORD'S,
412 Main St., Woburn.
TELEPHONE: 48-3.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

COURT OF LAND REGISTRATION.

To Martha A. Vining, Albert H. Munroe, Charles M. Munroe, John Maloney and Ada T. Munroe, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and said Commonwealth, and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Anne Connolly, of said Woburn, to register and confirm her title in the following-described land: A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situate in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises on Main street at land of Ada T. Munroe; from thence the line runs northerly on and by said Main street forty feet to Broad street; thence turning the line runs easterly on and by said Broad street one hundred and sixty five feet to land of John Maloney, formerly of Alonzo T. Young; thence southerly by land of last named sixty feet to land of said Ada T. Munroe; thence westerly by land of said Ada T. Munroe one hundred and sixty-five feet to the point of beginning:

You are hereby cited to appear at the Court of Land Registration, to be held at Boston, in said County of Suffolk, on the tenth day of August, A. D., 1903, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, LEONARD A. JONES, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of July in the year nineteen hundred and three.

Attest with Seal of said Court.

[SEAL]

CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

COURT OF LAND REGISTRATION.

To the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank and the First National Bank of Woburn, both duly existing corporations, George G. Hart, Frederick A. Hartwell and Lavinia L. Curtis, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and said Commonwealth, and all those interested in the estate of Abijah Thompson, John J. Pippy and Charles E. Chase, late of said Woburn, deceased, and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Raymond Dodge, executor under the will of George S. Dodge, late of Acton, in said County of Middlesex, deceased, to register and confirm his title in the following-described land:—A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situate in said Woburn, bounded as follows: Northwesterly by Main street forty-one and 12-100 feet; northeasterly by land of the First National Bank ninety-five and 65-100 feet; southeasterly by land of George G. Hart forty-six and 25-100 feet; southwesterly by land of Lavinia L. Curtis and Frederick A. Hartwell ninety and 68-100 feet; be said measurements more or less; estimated to contain four thousand one hundred and ten square feet according to a plan of said land by G. F. Hartshorn, dated May 8, 1903, filed with said petition.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Court of Land Registration, to be held at Boston, in said County of Suffolk, on the third day of August, A.D. 1903, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition, or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, LEONARD A. JONES, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this [illegible] day of July, in the year nineteen hundred and three.

[SEAL]

CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

..Are..
You Particular

About your laundry? Let us try it. We please particular people.

Woburn Laundry
26 Montvale Ave.
Telephone 29 4.

Mortgagee's Sale — OF — REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by John Ahearn of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Reuben B. Richardson and Hannah M. Parker, dated January 1, 1883, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1619, Page 503, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction at the office of John W. Johnson, 349 Main street Woburn, on

MONDAY, the third day of August, A. D., 1903.

at four o'clock in the afternoon all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows, namely:—A certain parcel of land situated in said Woburn, containing seven thousand two hundred and ninety (7290) square feet, and being Lot No. 1 on a Plan of house lots owned by Reuben B. Richardson and Hannah M. Parker, surveyed by J. R. Carter, dated April, 1877, bounded and described as follows, viz: —Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises at the junction of Conn street, so called, and Main street; thence the line runs northerly by said Main street sixty-five (65) feet to Lot No. 2, on said Plan; thence easterly by said Lot No. 2, one hundred and ten (110) feet to Lot No. 7 on said Plan; thence southerly by said Lot No. 7 sixty-three and four-tenths (63.4) feet to said Conn street as laid out on said Plan; thence westerly by said Conn street, one hundred fifteen and two-tenths (115.2) feet to the point of beginning.

Also, one other lot of land situated in said Woburn, adjoining the lot above described, containing five thousand four hundred and fifty (5,450) square feet, being Lot No. 2 on said Plan, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises at said Main street, and the northwesterly corner of lot No. 1 above described; thence the line runs northerly by said Main street fifty and two-tenths (50.2) feet to Lot No. 3 on said plan; thence easterly by Lot No. 3 on said Plan, one hundred and eight (108) feet to said lot No. 7; thence southerly by said Lot No. 7 fifty (50) feet to said Lot No. 1; thence westerly by said Lot No. 1 one hundred and ten (110) feet to the point of beginning.

$100 will be required of the purchaser at the sale.

JOHN W. JOHNSON, Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.

Woburn, July 10, 1903.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co.

On and after June 1, 1903, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Burlington and Billerica at 5 45 a. m.

Leave Woburn for Burlington, Billerica and Lowell, at 6 45 a. m., hourly till 11.45 a. m., half hourly till 9 45 p. m., 10 15 and 10 45 p. m. to Billerica only.

Leave Lowell at 5 45 a. m., hourly till 11.45 a. m. half hourly till 9 45 p. m.

Leave Billerica for Woburn or Lowell, at 6 30 a. m., and hourly till 12 30 a. m., half hourly till 10 30 p. m. Also 11 and 11 30 p. m. for Woburn.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6 55 a. m., hourly till 12 55 p. m., half hourly till 11 55 p. m.

Cars arrive at Woburn 7 15 a. m., hourly till 1.15 p. m., half hourly till 12.15 midnight, connecting at Woburn with B. & M. trains for Boston at 7.12, 8 14, 9 06 a. m. and 4.11 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

First car leaves Woburn at 6 45 a. m., hourly till 9 45 a. m., half hourly till 10 45 p. m.

Leaves Billerica at 7.30 a. m., Lowell at 6.45 a. m.

For special cars or other information address C. W. E. HARRISON, Supt., Woburn, Mass.

Tel. 112-4.

IF YOU WANT

To insure in good reliable companies, for FIRE or Life, consult

BRYAN McSWEENEY,
7 Munroe Street, - - Woburn.

P. S.—A postal card will bring him to you.

Wanted for Cash

A SMALL HOUSE, from 5 to 7 rooms: modern conveniences: land suitable for garden: must be near electric or steam cars. Address P. O. Box 237, Arlington, Mass.

DO YOU WALK STRAIGHT?

Few People Do, Says a Fault Finder Who Notices Things.

"Have you ever noticed how few people walk straight?" said the man who finds fault. "I am not speaking in a spiritual sense, neither do I refer to their gait, which is certainly bad enough, but to the crookedness of their path. A straight road is not at all times possible, I admit, and when the streets are most crowded a fellow is excusable for darting around any old way, but when given a clear sidewalk I can't for the life of me see why he cannot walk straight.

"Watch any man—and women are just as bad—who starts out from home at an hour when other people in the neighborhood are busy on their own doorsteps and give him a clean sweep. Since there are no obstructions in the way, there is no reason on earth why he should not proceed in a straight line to the nearest corner, but instead of pursuing that undeviating course he zigzags most suspiciously. Now he is perilously near the curb, now brushing against the area railing, while occasionally he evens things up by taking a few steps in the middle of the pavement. The people who thus waver in their gait are perfectly sober and would be surprised if anybody should show them a diagram of their tracks. Naturally all that veering and tacking appreciably increases the distance traveled, which is another reason why people in a hurry should learn to walk straight."—New York Times.

Narrow Escape of Gold Seekers.

A small company of Alaskan gold seekers were walking across one of the great ice fields in that winter bound country when one of them noticed a difference in the color of the ice a few yards before them. Almost as he spoke, however, the treacherous coating of thin ice across a jagged crevasse gave way, and with an awful cry the two foremost men went down with the crumbling glittering surface. A third man would have followed, but his gun lodged crosswise in the crevice and saved him. The other two had sunk out of sight, only their voices guiding their rescuers. Blankets were torn into strips and all the available rope used as well to reach the unfortunate prisoners, to whom hatchets also had to be lowered to hack their way out, so tightly had they been jammed in between the ice bowlders by their fall of fifty feet or more. When they reached the surface again they were in a fainting condition, and it was many days before they recovered from the effects of the time spent in that icy tomb.

How a Statue Grew.

Very warlike is the aspect of a singular equestrian statue in Belgium, yet there is no cause for alarm since it is nothing but a tree. Some ten years ago a policeman retired from the force and went to live near Charleroi. Being an amateur horticulturist, he busied himself a good deal with trees and flowers, and one day as he was trimming a hawthorn in his garden it occurred to him that it would be a novel idea to train it in such a manner that it would eventually assume the figure of a cavalry officer. At once he went to work, and after ten years' labor he succeeded in transforming the tree into a perfect picture of a mounted soldier. The tree is known in the neighborhood as "General Hawthorn," and hardly a day passes that strangers do not come from a considerable distance in order to view this wonderful example of horticultural art.

Sherris Sack.

In Shakespeare's plays the term "sack" applied to wine is common. "Sherris sack," a term used by Falstaff, is "seco de Xeres," a name still well known in Spain, from which the wine comes. The epithet seco, or dry—the "sack" of old English authors and the "sec" of French writers—is used in contradistinction to the sweet malvoisies and muscadels which are made of the same grapes. Wine of this sort, it is said, was introduced into England about the time of Henry VII., whose close alliance with Ferdinand and Isabella was cemented by the marriage of his son with their daughter. It became still more popular in England under Queen Elizabeth, when Essex and those who sailed with him pillaged Cadiz in 1596 and brought home the fashion of drinking sherris sack.

Two Sunsets Per Day.

There is only one place in the world where the sun sets twice daily, and that is at Leek, in Staffordshire, England. The reason of this is that a jagged mountain is situated to the west of the town, and in the evening the sun sets behind it and darkness comes on. Then the first sunset occurs, the gas lamps are lit, and apparently night has set in. But it has not, for in the space of an hour or so the sun reappears again through the opening at the side of the mountain, and daylight again appears. Artificial lights are extinguished and daylight again prevails until the sun descends below the opening and the second sunset occurs and night comes to stay.

Used to It.

Manager—That young woman whom I placed at this counter a year ago already knows more about the business than you do, and I find that I shall have to put her at the head of the department, though I fear it will be rather unpleasant for you to be under her orders.

Clerk—Oh, no; I am getting used to that. We were married six months ago.

A Weakness Overcome.

Flossy—What a haughty air Alice has! She used to be so bashful.

Mayme—Yes. She's finally persuaded herself that she's somebody.—Exchange.

Don't Play Hymns at Sea.

Any woman who takes a sea voyage should be careful not to play or sing hymns aboard ship except at the regular Sunday morning service. Sailors think singing hymns at any other time is bound to bring bad luck. It is as bad, they say, as having a parson aboard, which is reckoned a sure sign that the ship will go to "Davy Jones' locker."

One Cause For Satisfaction.

"Well," said the detective, "there is one thing upon which we may congratulate ourselves in this case."

"Why, you haven't even found an important clew."

"That's just it. We can rest assured that no innocent person is going to suffer."—Washington Star.

An Even Score.

"What is your objection to him, papa?"

"Why, the fellow can't make enough money to support you."

"But neither can you."

CITY OF WOBURN.

City Collector's Sale

Sidewalk and Edgestone Betterments.

WOBURN, MASS., July 7, 1903.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the betterments thereon severally assessed December 26th, 1901, and approved by the Mayor December 28, 1901, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the City Council for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of each estate sufficient to satisfy said betterments with interest and all legal costs and charges or the whole of said estate if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, August 22, 1903**, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said betterments, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the betterment assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

CHARLOTTE M. A. COCHRANE.—About 23,040 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 137 Pleasant street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Marshall Simonds; easterly by a proposed street; southerly by Pleasant street; westerly by land now or late of Richardson.
Amount of Assessment, $36 25

JARIUS H. FOSTER.—About 5,080 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 39 Winn street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by land of Wood, land of Carr and land of Buxton; southeasterly by land of Given; southwesterly by said Winn street; northwesterly by land of McDonald.
Amount of Assessment, 66 57

MARY J. WYMAN.—About 5-16 of an acre of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 67 Winn street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Hubbard; easterly by land of O'Connor; southerly by land of Cammali; westerly by Winn street.
Amount of Assessment, 57 11

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn

CITY OF WOBURN.

City Collector's Sale

— OF —

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., July 7, 1903.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1901, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of said land sufficient to satisfy said taxes with interest and all legal costs and charges or the whole of said land if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, August 22, 1903**, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

WARD 2.

LAURITZ LAWSON.—About 5,759 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 66 Eastern Avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of L. H. Allen, 91.45 feet; easterly by land of Luke W. Fowle 65 feet; southerly by land of Luke W. Fowle 85.77 feet; westerly by a private way about 65.15 feet.
Balance of tax of 1901, 12 88

Non-Residents.

WILLARD WELSH.—About 6,050 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 15 on Plan of Mary P. Foster land on Vernon street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Harvard street 110 feet; easterly by lot 33 on said plan 55 feet; southerly by lot 16 on said plan 110 feet; westerly by Vernon street 55 feet.
Tax of 1901, 5 55

WILLARD WELSH.—About 9,375 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 25 Hawley street on Plan of Mary P. Foster land, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Hawley street 50 feet; easterly by lot 26 on said Plan; southerly by land now or late of J. B. Sawtelle; westerly by Vernon street.
Tax of 1901, 4 63

WILLARD WELSH.—About 11½ acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land late of Samuel O. Pollard; easterly by land of Hastings and land of Flagg about 928 feet; southerly by Green street about 715 feet; westerly by Eastern avenue about 930 feet, excepting from said description lots 39 and 37 shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 116, Plan 15.
Tax of 1901, 92 50

ALONZO V. LYNDE, HEIRS.—About 9,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No 3 west side of Vernon street, shown on plan of land of Mary P. Foster, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 2 on said plan; easterly by Vernon street; southerly by lot 4 on said plan; westerly by land of John G. Flagg.
Tax of 1901, 5 55

A. SELWYN LYNDE.—About 6,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 10 west side of Vernon street on plan of land of Mary P. Foster, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot No. 9 on said plan 100 feet; easterly by Vernon street 60 feet; southerly by lot No. 11 on sa'd plan 100 feet; westerly by land of John G. Flagg 60 feet.
Tax of 1901, 5 55

A. SELWYN LYNDE.—About 18,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Laurel Street being lots numbered 25, 26 and 27 on Assessors Plan of Mary P. Foster land, Book of Plans No. 1, Plan 7A, bounded as follows namely:—Northerly by lot No. 28 on said Plan; easterly by Laurel street; southerly by Hawley street; westerly by lots No. 21, 22, 23, 24 and 24A, shown on said Plan.
Tax of 1901, 3 70

A. SELWYN LYNDE.—About 5000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being part of Lot No. 10, on plan of Emerson Lots, recorded with Middlesex South Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 5, Plan 23, bounded as follows namely:—Northerly by lot No. 9 on paid plan, about 100 feet; easterly by part of Lot 10 on said plan 50 feet; southerly by the rest of Lot 10 on said plan 100 feet; westerly by Nashua street 50 feet
Tax of 1901, 2 78

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 2¾ acres of land situated in said Woburn bounded as follows namely:—Northerly by Montvale avenue and land of Tobin; easterly by land now or late of Jennison; southerly by Green street; westerly by Wood street and land of Tobin.
Tax of 1901, 5 55

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 5 acres of land situated in said Woburn, on Green street, bounded as follow, namely:—Northerly by Green street; easterly by land formerly of Reed and Tweed; southerly by land formerly of Dunklee and Holton; westerly by land formerly of Joseph B. Sawtelle.
Tax of 1901, 4 63

WARD 3.

HANNAH A. PLYMPTON and ELLEN J. HARRINGTON.—About 8,378 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on southerly side of Plympton street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Plympton street; easterly by land of Naven; southerly by land of Vinal; westerly by land of Griffin and land of Crocker.
Tax of 1901, 16 65

WARD 4.

Non-Residents.

A. SELWYN LYNDE.—About 6,485 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, at No. 78 Montvale Ave., bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises at land of James B. and Hugh D. Murray; thence the line runs northerly by land last named about 122.5 feet to Broad street; thence westerly by and with said Broad street about 150 feet to land of Buss; thence southerly by land of said Buss to land now or late of Barrett; thence easterly by land last named to a corner; thence in a southeasterly direction about 120 feet to Montvale Avenue; thence easterly by and with said avenue about 126.6 feet to the point of beginning.
Tax of 1901, 58 24
Street Watering for 1901, 2 53

WARD 5.

Non-Residents.

JACOB W. WILBUR.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lots 665 and 666 shown on Plan C of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 59, Plan 5 bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lots 639 and 640 on said plan; easterly by lot 667 on said plan; southerly by Floyd street; westerly by lot 664 on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 1 85

A. SELWYN LYNDE.—About 11,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 1, shown on Plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 89, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Mill street 72 feet; westerly by Lot 2 on said plan 61 feet; southerly by land now or late of John H. Ponce 72 feet; easterly by other land now or late of said Ponce 150 feet. Same premises conveyed to Weiss by John H. Ponce by deed dated May 28, 1895, recorded with said Deeds, Book 2369, Page 379.
Tax of 1901 19 61

A. SELWYN LYNDE.—About 5¼ acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at southwesterly corner of the premises at land of Joseph Marshall; thence north 12° west, 10 rods, 19 links; thence north 17° west, 23 rods, 19 links by land of Heirs of John Hart Bancroft to stake at land of Erskine Ames; thence north 72° east 6 rods; thence north 84° east 3 rods; thence south 83° east 4 rods 6 links; thence south 70° east 3 rods 10 links; thence 82° east 2 rods 18 links; thence south 35° east 10 rods; thence north 85° east 8 rods 23 links, all by land of Ames to stake at land of Heirs of Barnabus Richardson; thence south 31° east 15 rods 10 links; thence south 41° east 6 rods 22 links by land of said Heirs of Barnabus Richardson; thence south 78° west by land of Joseph Marshall 37 rods 1 link to point of beginning.
Tax of 1901, 5 00

A. SELWYN LYNDE.—About 6 acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely: Beginning at southeasterly corner of premises at land of Mrs. Reuben Weston; thence northerly by said land 64 rods; thence westerly by land of Marshall 10 rods; thence southerly and thence westerly by land of Holden; thence again southerly by land of Heirs of James Brooks; thence easterly and southerly and again easterly by land of Isabella E. Wiswall to point of beginning.
Tax of 1901, 8 51

ANDREW GRIFFITH.—About 6070 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 190, 191 and 192 on plan of lots of Walnut Hill Park owned by J. W. Wilbur, dated Oct. 22, 1898, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 113, Plan 25, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Olympia avenue; easterly by lot 193 on said plan; southerly by lot 189 on said plan; westerly by Oregon avenue.
Tax of 1901, 83

WARD 6.

RHODA G. RICKER.—About ¼ acre of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 52 Pearl street, bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning on westerly side of Pearl street; thence southerly by same street 12 rods 7 links; thence westerly by land of Uriel Sevrens 12½ rods; thence northerly by land of Baldwin 6 rods, 8 links; thence easterly by land of Baldwin 5 rods, 8 links; thence east of north still by same land 7 rods 1 link; thence easterly across a bar 17 links to point of beginning.
Tax of 1901, 18 50

Non-Residents.

LUCIA A. PORTER.—About 9,472 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Merrimac street, being Lots 1, 14, 15 on Plan of Park Hill Lots, shown on Assessors Plan, Book of Plans 2, Plan 80, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Merrimac street; easterly by land of Wm. Hall; southerly by Hillner Avenue on said plan; westerly by Nichause street on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 2 03

LUCIA A. PORTER.—About 2,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 12 on Plan of Park Hill Lots, shown by Assessors Plan, Book of Plans 2 Plan 80, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 2 on said plan; easterly by lot 13 on said plan; southerly by Hillner avenue; westerly by lot 11 on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 93

LUCIA A. PORTER.—About 5,916 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 18 and 19 on Plan of Park Hill Lots, shown by Assessors Plan, Book of Plans 2, Plan 80, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Hillner Avenue on said plan; easterly by lot 17 on said plan; southerly by land of Wm. Hall; westerly by lot 20 on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 1 48

ANDREW J. WHEELER.—About 125,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 9 to 16 —34 to 45, 51 to 62, shown on plan of lands of France B. Hiller, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 39, Plan 50, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Lawrence street on said plan; easterly by Merrimac street on said plan; southerly by Lowell street on said plan; westerly by lots 46 and 63 on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 3 70

CARLO BASSO.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 10, Block 30, Section E, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1, and on Assessors Plan 13 in Book 1.
Tax of 1901, 56

JOSEPH M. WYZANSKI—About 29,400 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 to 12 inclusive, Block 14, Section E, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz: Northeasterly by Arkansas street 140 feet; southeasterly by Washington avenue 210 feet; southwesterly by Nebraska street 140 feet; northwesterly by Massachusetts avenue 210 feet.
Tax of 1901, 5 55

WILLARD WELSH.—About 15,600 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14, Block 24, Section A, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Longwood avenue; easterly by Prescott street; southerly by lots 8 and 15 on said block; westerly by Wilson street.
Tax of 1901, 2 22

ALONZO V. LYNDE, HEIRS.—About 3,300 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 3, Block 10, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1901, 19

ALONZO V. LYNDE, HEIRS.—About 5,400 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 11 and 12, Block 26, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1901, 74

ALONZO V. LYNDE, HEIRS.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 14 and 15, Block 9, Section E, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1.
Tax of 1901, 93

CORA E. WATT.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lot 11 block 14 section B shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 57 Plan 1.
Tax of 1901, 37

CORA E. WATT.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lots 5 and 6 block 29 section B shown on plan of Woburn City Land and improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 57 Plan 1.
Tax of 1901 37

CORA E. WATT.—About 2400 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lot 31 block 28, section B shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 57 Plan 1.
Tax of 1901 56

CORA E. WATT.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lot 33 block 28, section B shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 57 Plan 1.
Tax of 1901, 37

CORA E. WATT.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lot 34 block 28, section B shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 57 Plan 1.
Tax of 1901, 37

CORA E. WATT.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 37 and 38, Block 28, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1901, 1 02

CORA E. WATT.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 13, Block 35, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60.
Tax of 1901, 19

CORA E. WATT.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 4, Block 14, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1901, 28

CORA E. WATT.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 6 and 7, Block 19, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1901, 74

CORA E. WATT.—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 and 24, Block 2, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1901, 93

CORA E. WATT.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 19, 20 and 37, Block 3, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1901, 1 39

CORA E. WATT.—About 14,700 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 4, 5, 7, 8, 12, 13, Block 17, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1901, 1 85

CORA E. WATT.—About 9,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 1, 2, 3, 4, Block 29, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57. Plan 1.
Tax of 1901, 93

CORA E. WATT.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 14 and 15, Block 32, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1901, 74

CORA E. WATT.—About 3,300 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 1, Block 2, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1901, 56

WARD 7.

ELLEN LEONARD, ET AL.—About 8,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 47 Bedford street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Leonard Thompson; easterly by land of Corry; southerly by Bedford street; westerly by Shields street.
Tax of 1901, 33 30

BERNARD McELHANEY.—About 14182 square feet of land with bld'gs thereon situated in said Woburn No. 3 Shields Street bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Winn street 137.2 feet; easterly by Shields street; southerly by land now or late of Graham; westerly by land now or late of Doherty.
Tax of 1901, 16 65

CHARLES L. O. DOHERTY.—About 12251 square feet of land with bld'gs thereon situated in said Woburn off Bedford Street bounded as follows namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Bishop, easterly by land of Emery; southerly by land of John J. and Patrick H. O'Doherty, etal., westerly by land of Merrow.
Tax of 1901, 34 69

MARY E. PIERCE.—About 1 acre of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 185 Lexington street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land formerly of Ephriam Colburn; easterly by Lexington street; southerly by land formerly of Ephriam Colburn; westerly by land formerly of Ephriam Colburn.
Tax of 1901, 34 23

Non-Residodts.

FRANK MOORE.—About 1½ acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Bedford street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by the Pond; easterly by Burlington street; southerly by Bedford street; westerly by land of Ellard and also by the Pond.
Tax of 1901, 127 65

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT.

Chester W. Clark, of Wilmington in said County of Middlesex, administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Sabra Carter, late of said Wilmington, deceased, Complainant,

against

The Attorney General of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and Albert D. Carter, Ella H. Thompson, John R. Carter, Frank Carter, Martha A. Burnham and Abby Young, all of Woburn in said County of Middlesex, Willis S. Carter of Melrose in said County, Catherine G. Parker and Henry Baldwin, both of Billerica in said County, William H. Shedd, Harry L. Shedd, Nellie D. Shedd, Kate Butler, Clarence G. Coburn and Emily M. Skilton, all of Lowell in said County, George C. Skilton and Albert H. Skilton, both of Bedford in said County, Georgianna Higgins, Fred L. Carter, Fannie C. Jaques and Fred W. Jaques, all of Somerville in said County, Edna Alley and Augusta Alley, both of Medford in said County, Frank Marion and Hattie Marion, both of Burlington in said County, George K. Carter and Joseph M. Hill, both of Wilmington in said County, Lydia Coburn of Dracut in said County, J. Fred Parker, of Lynn and Mary J. Whiting of Beverly, both in the County of Essex, Nellie E. Wilmarth and Theodore Parker, both of Attleboro in the County of Bristol, C. Louise Jaques of Milton in the County of Norfolk, Clara I. Mower, Edwin T. Carter, Jennie L. Grush, James E. Skilton, Samuel W. Jaques, Henry Jaques, Caroline Jaques, Helen Merriam and Alida G. Sollers, all of Boston in the County of Suffolk, Sarah C. Keith of Denver in the State of Colorado, George C. Hill of Lake City and John B. Hill of Clinton, both in the State of Iowa, Mary Ann Kelley of St. Louis and Lawson C. Carter of Kansas City, both in the State of Missouri, Bowers R. Carter, George W. Carter, Flora Carter and Maria Carter, all of Tonganoxie in the State of Kansas, George F. Carter of Philadelphia in the State of Pennsylvania, Sidney Hastings, Charles Hastings, Susette M. Hastings, Harry Hastings and George M. Jaques, all of the city, county and state of New York, Anna G. Tucker of Nashua and Samuel Etherdige of Laconia, both in the State of New Hampshire, and Henry Stanley, Henry Jaques, Leslie W. Walker and Anna G. Walker whose residences are to the complainant unknown, Respondents.

BILL IN EQUITY.

The Complainant says:

Sabra Carter, late of said Wilmington, died on the thirteenth day of October A. D. 1893, leaving a will which was duly proved and allowed by the Probate Court within and for the county of Middlesex on the twenty second day of January A. D. 1895. The executor therein named declined the trust and the complainant, Chester W. Clark, was appointed administrator with the will annexed of said estate, and accepted the trust and qualified.

The complainant, as such administrator with the will annexed, in partial execution of his said trust has paid all the debts due from the estate and all the personal legacies of money contained in said will.

After the payment of the said debts and legacies, personal property remains in the hands of said administrator, subject to the payment of any future charges of administration that may arise, amounting to the sum of thirty seven hundred and fifty five dollars and thirty six cents, according to the third account of his said administration now on file in said Probate Court. The real estate, consisting of a dwelling house and lot of land, situated in said Wilmington, the former homestead of the testatrix, appraised at twenty five hundred dollars, also remains undisposed of.

The provision in the will applicable to the residue of personal and real property mentioned above is as follows:

"I also wish to leave in trust to a committee of six ladies, namely, Miss Sabra J. Jaquith, Mrs. Martha Lee, Mrs. Lillian R. Carter, Miss Maria E. Carter of Woburn, Miss Maria W. Carter of Wilmington, and Miss Rebecca Wood Richardson, my present homestead estate on Bow Street in the town of Wilmington, Mass., including all of the furniture contained therein, all the household goods, all the clothing contained therein, (a portion of the latter to be used for the poorer pupils) and everything connected with it as my home at the time of my decease, to be used for a Home and School for Girls, to enter from the ages of twelve to sixteen years, and to remain four years.

I would name this institution the Sabra Carter Home for Girls.

I would appoint Mrs. Emily Philbrick to be matron for this Home.

I would leave the income of all my other interests and investments to be used as a fund to draw from for the support of this Sabra Carter Home and School for poor girls in Wilmington, Mass."

The plaintiff says that all of the persons named above and described in said will as a "committee of six ladies" have declined to accept the trust imposed by said provision in said will, and have filed in the Probate Court a written declination thereof.

The testatrix, Sabra Carter, was never married and her only living relatives at the time of her decease were cousins and the issue of deceased cousins.

By the provision of the will above quoted, it was the design of the testatrix to create a charity by appropriating perpetually the use and income of all her property, real and personal, after the payment of her debts and legacies heretofore mentioned, to the care, training and education of indigent girls, and thereby the said testatrix did create a public charity.

The said testatrix supposed, when she made the aforesaid provision in her will, that her property would be much larger than in reality it was, and that additions thereto would be made by the voluntary contributions of other persons, so that her express purpose could be carried out.

No such voluntary contributions have been or are likely to be made, and the said estate has been greatly depreciated by reason of poor investments made by the testatrix in her life-time.

The income of said personal property now in the hands of the petitioner will not amount to more than three and one half per cent per annum; and the said residue of personal and real property is so small in amount as to be quite insufficient to carry out the purposes and intentions of the testatrix in the manner set forth in said will; but the complainant alleges that the said charity may be administered in some other manner so as to accomplish the said intention of the testatrix, namely, to ameliorate the condition of poor girls.

The only persons now interested in the estate of the said testatrix, other than the attorney general, are the heirs at law of the said Sabra Carter. The complainant has named as respondents all of said heirs so far as he can ascertain them; but there may be others.

The complainant prays:

1. That such notice of the pendency of this Bill as the Court may deem proper may be ordered to be given to the respondents and to all other parties interested in said estate of said testatrix; that the Court will frame a scheme for administering said charity; that it will decree a sale and conveyance of all the real estate of the said testatrix, free from all trusts, at public or private sale, and will decree the reinvestment of the proceeds of such sale and the money derived or to be derived from the personal property, in such manner, or the payment of the same for such objects as shall best effect the purposes for which said property was given by said will.

2. For such other and further orders and decrees as justice and equity may require.

CHESTER W. CLARK,
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Sabra Carter.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

July 2, A. D., 1903.

ON the petition aforesaid it is ordered by the Court that the petitioner notify the Attorney General of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and all other persons interested within the Commonwealth, to appear before our Justices of said Court, at Cambridge, in said County, on the first Monday of October next by causing an attested copy of said petition and of the order of the Court thereon, to be served upon them thirty days at least before said last mentioned day and that a like attested copy of said petition and order thereon be sent by registered letter to all other persons interested without this Commonwealth, and also by publishing a like attested copy of said petition and order thereon, once a week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper printed in Woburn the last publication to be thirty days at least before said first Monday of October that they may then and there show cause if any they have why the prayer in said petition set forth should not be granted.

Attest, THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

A true copy of said petition and of the order thereon.

Attest, THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Nathan W. Frye, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ALBERT F. CONVERSE, Adm.
Woburn, Mass.

July 2d, 1903.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
349 MAIN STREET, - WOBURN.
Tue., Thur., Sat., 7.30 to 9 P. M.

JOSLIN & MENDUM,
10 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
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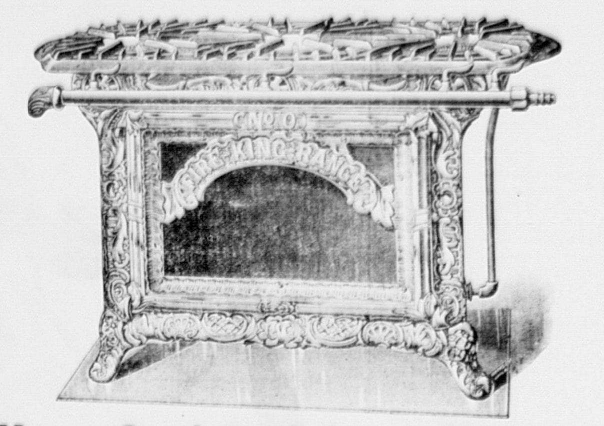

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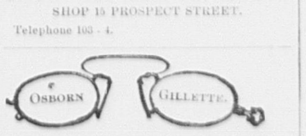

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Open Box Buggy in good order, $30.00. E. H. RICHARDS.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

Devotions of a Scotch Farmer Who Thought Well of Himself.

An old Ayrshire farmer used regularly to deliver himself of the following quaint effusion as a grace before meat:

"Tak' aff yer bonnets, honest men! Are they a' aff? Oh, Lord, weed oot a' the papists oot o' the land—pluck them oot as we do the thistle frae oot o' the grund. Pour doon a shooer o' whittles upo' a' the loons that wear the lawn sleeves, for they eat up the fat an' the lean o' the land an' winna let a puir body like me gang his ain way. Dig a muckle dike atween us an' hell, but a far mucklier ane atween us an' the wild Irish. Oh, grant that the gray mare brakna the tether nor the wind blaw doon the haystacks. Grant that we may keep the broon coo, the crummie coo an' Rowtie, an', oh, preserve us frae witches an' warlocks an' beasts wi' lang nebs that gang in amang the heather. Grant a' gude things an' gude hairsts to a' honest fowk an' a' men present an' I, my ainsel', wha am as muckle as one sax o' them. Shooer doon a blessing on a' honest men that wear blue bonnets, sic like as Abraham, Isaac an' Jacob were in the holy land o' Canaan. Gi'e to oorsels an' to a' the freen's o' Scotland weal an' fortitude till endure a' the ills an' unco's o' this life, an' as what we've gotten is a oor ain it's naebody's business. Grant a blessing on the present favor. Amen!"—Scottish American.

Fiction In History.

Thomas Carlyle in his history of the French revolution gives a description of a naval battle June 1, 1794, off Brest between Villaret-Joyeuse, in command of the French fleet, and Admiral Howe, in which he vividly depicted the sinking of the Vengeur.

These are the concluding sentences: "Lo, all flags, streamers, jacks, every rag of tricolor that will yet run on rope flies rustling aloft; the whole crew crowds to the upper deck, and with universal, soul maddening yell shouts, 'Vive la republique!' sinking, sinking. She staggers, she lurches, her last drunk whirl. Ocean yawns abysmal; down rushes the Vengeur, carrying 'Vive la republique!' along with her, unconquerable, into eternity."

Rear Admiral Griffiths, at the time a lieutenant on board the Culloden, wrote to a newspaper to show that Carlyle's account had no foundation in fact. After investigation Carlyle admitted that not a word of this thrilling story was true except that the Vengeur sank.

Gambetta's Skull.

When Gambetta died the medical authorities requested Dr. Laborde, the distinguished physician, to examine his brain, and, going to Ville d'Avray, where the body lay, he began work as soon as possible. First he opened the skull and then, removing the brain, laid it on a napkin and took it to his own house, where, for the purpose of preserving it, he placed it in a solution of sulphate of zinc.

Unfortunately before doing so he had forgotten to weigh it, and when he took it out of the solution next day he found that a portion of it had been dissolved and that what remained of the brain of the famous statesman weighed only 700 grams, which is about the weight of an idiot's brain.

Dr. Laborde, it is said, never forgave himself for making this blunder.

Very Like Reason.

The crows and other birds that carry shellfish high in the air and then let them drop upon the rocks to break the shell show something very like reason or a knowledge of the relation of cause and effect. Froude tells of some species of bird that he saw in South Africa flying amid the swarm of migrating locusts and clipping off the wings of the insects so that they would drop to the earth, where the birds could devour them at their leisure. Our squirrels will cut off the chestnut burs before they have opened, allowing them to fall to the ground, where, as they seem to know, the burs soon dry open. Feed a caged coon soiled food—a piece of bread or meat rolled on the ground—and before he eats it he will put it in his dish of water and wash it off.—John Burroughs in Century.

Norwegian Cure For Drunkenness.

In Norway drunkenness is punished by imprisonment. As soon as a man is incarcerated the delinquent has a loaf and wine morning and evening. The bread is served in a wooden bowl full of wine, in which it has been soaking for an hour. The first day the drunkard swallows his allowance willingly enough. The second day it seems less pleasing. At the end of eight or ten days prisoners have been known to abstain altogether from the food thus pitilessly presented. This course of treatment finished, the drunkard, except in rare instances, is radically cured.

The Sly Politician.

"Why don't you make a plain, straightforward statement about whether or not you mean to be a candidate?"

"What's the use?" answered the prudent politician. "Just at present the only thing that's keeping me before the public is the doubt on that question."—Washington Star.

His Humble Qualifications.

"The old man doesn't speak any foreign language, does he?"

"No. He's just a plain, downright, honest, no style, hard workin', money makin', family supportin' American!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Virtue of Necessity.

Thorne—Jack Gladhand says he has given up borrowing money.

Bramble—He had to. All his friends have given up lending to him.—Stray Stories.

The Same Brick.

One day a mother found her four-year-old Alice playing with a brick in the parlor.

She threw it out of doors and, turning to the child, said, "If you bring another brick into the parlor mother will whip you."

Shortly afterward she again found the child playing with a brick and, looking at her reprovingly, asked, "What did mother tell you about that brick, Alice?"

"Well, this isn't another brick," said the child. "This is the one I had before."

Love and the Doctor.

It would be well if in negotiations with a view to matrimony the doctor were to be called in as an accessory to the god of Love, who is proverbially blind and therefore regardless of consequences. The family doctor can do much to prevent unwholesome marriages, and we look with much greater confidence to the fruits of his teaching and persuasion than to legislative enactments.—British Medical Journal.

Her Life Might Have Been Saved

Two-thirds of the inmates of our hospitals are women. They are in most cases either for treatment or for an operation, made necessary by advanced stages of female troubles which have resulted in ovaritis, a tumor, or displacement of the womb.

"AN OPERATION NECESSARY."

How these words after the examination strike terror to a woman's soul, and with what regrets she hears them, when she considers that the operation has become necessary through her own neglect. Female derangements cannot cure themselves, and neglecting the warnings of nature only means putting it off until there is no cure. The woman who lets her trouble make headway pays the penalty of a dangerous operation and a lifetime of impaired usefulness at the best, and the operation often proves fatal when her life might have been saved by **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhœa, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion and nervous prostration; or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, and the blues, they should remember that there is one tried and never-failing remedy; Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound at once removes such troubles.

READ THE FOLLOWING LETTERS.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I cannot tell you how much good you have done me and how thankful I am to you for it. For five years I have not been free from pain for a day. I have had backaches, headaches, and those awful dragging sensations with leucorrhœa, and when menstruation appeared I was in such a condition I could hardly sit up. I doctored all the time, but nothing helped me, and I was told that an operation was necessary.

"Two months ago a friend suggested that I try **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.** No one knows what it has done for me and how thankful I am for it. It brought me the first well days I have had for five years. It did for me what doctors could not do, and I want every suffering woman to know about it."—LOUISE NAUER, 751 E. 166th St., New York City.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to thank you for what **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** has done for me. I had terrible hemorrhages, being lacerated from the birth of my child. The doctor told me that if I would have an operation I would be well and strong. I submitted to it, but was worse than before; no one knows what I suffered. Finally a friend advised me to try your Vegetable Compound; I did so, and commenced to feel better; I continued its use, and it has done for me what doctors could not do. I am strong and well. If women with any kind of female troubles would only consult you before submitting to an operation they would be spared many hours of pain and suffering. I cannot thank you enough for what you have done for me."—ANNA KIRCHHOFF, 156 E. 100th St., New York City.

$5000.00 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.
Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

WISE IS THE WOMAN WHO HAS FAITH IN

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Origin of the Term Philistines.

About the year 1690, at Jena, where the west gate of the city is remarkable for four images of monkey heads, cut in stone at each corner of the gate, a quarrel arose between the students of the university and the citizens, during which the gownsmen called the gate watchmen "monkey watchmen." To avenge this insult the watchmen killed one of the students, whose funeral sermon was preached from the text, "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson." From that time the townspeople were called by the students "Philistines," and this use of the word spread to other places.

In another explanation, given as early as 1777 by Adelung, reference is made to the Balistarii, or crossbowmen, who were called in Hungary Philistaei, and to the municipal soldiers of Vienna, who had the nickname Philisters as early as the seventeenth century.

The word was brought into prominent notice in England by Matthew Arnold, who appears to have adopted it from Heine. By a Philistine he meant "a strong, dogged, unenlightened opponent, like Goliath, of the chosen people, of the children of sweetness and light."

The Exclusiveness of Caste.

An English officer who some years ago was wounded in a battle in India and left lying all night among the native dead and wounded tells this story: "Next morning we spied a man and an old woman, who came to us with a basket and a pot of water, and to every wounded man she gave a piece of joaree bread from the basket and a drink from her water pot. To us she gave the same, and I thanked heaven and her. But the Soobahdar was a high caste Rajpoot, and, as this woman was a Chumar or of the lowest caste, he would receive neither water nor bread from her. I tried to persuade him to take it that he might live, but he said that in our state, with but a few hours more to linger, what was a little more or less suffering to us—why should he give up his fate for such an object? No; he preferred to die unpolluted."

Babies In India.

Babies cry very little in India—they obey spiritual law as a flower. The lotos bud, lying on a stone bench in a dirty room, sucks its toe and seems dreaming of the pranks of baby Krishna and solving problems of the universe. As it grows older it is very timid and shy in the presence of its elders. It feels the religious awe around it and does not break out into boisterous sport when all seem at prayer.

But there is much love in India and these humble households seem very happy. They are all in all to each other and seek nothing outside either in society or amusement. Beautiful character comes from obedience to law and not from lawlessness. In India children are the crowning gift of life. It is a horror to be childless.—Everybody's Magazine.

Time to Leave.

Husband (in an aside to his wife)—If you can't think of some more anecdotes of our children's smartness let's go home right away, for they're getting ready to tell us things about their own.—Baltimore American.

Desert Gems.

In 1889 a hunter in the northwest of New South Wales wounded a kangaroo. The animal went off through the mulga and the salt bush at a pace too fast for the hunter to follow and was soon out of sight. The hunter was a bushman and did not despair. He followed the blood trail, hopeful of a short search and a speedy bag. At one point of the pursuit it may be that the trail grew faint and necessitated a closer inspection. Anyway the hunter stooped and picked up a piece of stone. This he examined. The red spot was not on it. It was in it. It was not blood that he saw; it was opal. Such was the beginning of the White Cliffs opal fields.

King James' Last Straw.

The stodgy faced boy at the last table in the public library reading room is having a struggle most serious. He has covered both sides of a foolscap sheet with a vague smudge over which he still labors. His twisted mouth follows the motion of his creaking pencil. Before him Greene's "Shorter History of the English People" lies open at the year 1688. Of all the two pages only so much is decipherable: "The Abdicasion of Jams II. The english people had born a grate deel from James 2nd but when at last he gave birth to a son they said this thing must end."—Adele Marie Shaw in World's Work.

Dangerous Smoking.

Natives of Central America are inveterate users of pimento tobacco, which they make from dried pimento berries, or allspice. It invariably gives the smoker a sore throat and often causes cancer of the tongue. The natives of South Africa are affected in a peculiar manner by the smoke from the dried leaves of the camphor plant. The smoker trembles with fright at nothing, weeps bitterly and uses all sorts of words which do not in the least express his meaning. The wild dagga, another South African plant, poisons slowly those who use it.

A Martyr to Etiquette.

In the antebellum days a charming Virginia hostess "rather than disturb her company" sat still through the long dinner in silent torture. A hornet got caught under her cape and traveled about searching for an outlet, stinging as it went. When coffee was served in the drawing room she had to "retire." Fever came on, and she was really ill, but the force of etiquette and hospitality combined had made it an occasion to die at one's post.—Good Housekeeping.

Nature's Kindness.

"There's wan lucky thing about work," said Mr. Dolan.

"What's that?" inquired Mr. Rafferty.

"The fact that it's a gred deal easier to l'ave off than it wor to begin. If it worn't fur that beautiful provision in nature we'd all be dead wid industhry."—Washington Star.

Nothing Dangerous About It.

A gentleman complained to his coachman of the grooms' scarcity of attendance at church. He thought they might go at least once in a day.

"Yes, sir," replied the coachman, "that's what I tell 'em. I say: 'Look at me. I go twice every Sunday, and what harm does it do me?'"—Stray Stories.

Just a Bit Misty.

There had been half a dozen stories of thick fogs, but Captain Mansfield had waited his turn with patience. It came at last, and the other captains turned their weather beaten faces toward him with an expression of cheerful credulity.

"'Twas told me of a house setting pretty nigh the shore along halfway down the coast o' Maine," said Captain Mansfield. "I could show you the house if it came right. It has a curious lopsided portico on it, and one day I asked the man that lives there why it happened to be built that queer shape.

"'Well,' says he, 'the talk is that the man who lived here first had a cousin that was an architect up Boston way, and one time the feller was down here in a terrible foggy spell, and he was figuring out to his cousin how he could build a little portico of such and such dimensions, measuring out into the fog with his rule, and so on.

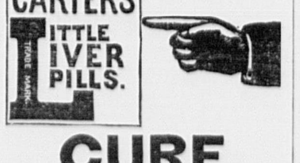
"'Twas in the late afternoon; he went off next day by train. The fog still held, and along in the morning the man that lived here happened to notice that the marks of the rule out into the fog were still plain, so as he couldn't go a-fishing he took some lumber and built the foundations of this portico. That queer jog that makes it lopsided is where the wind bore in on the fog, they say, and bent the rule marks in.'"—Youth's Companion.

All the Essentials.

"Was she happily married?"

"Very! Why, her trousseau alone cost over $6,000!"—Judge.

Prosperity leads often to ambition, and ambition to disappointment.



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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON III, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 19.

Text of the Lesson, I Sam. xii, 13-25. Memory Verses, 23-25—Golden Text, I Sam. xii, 24—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1903, by American Press Association.]

13. Now therefore behold the king whom ye have chosen and whom ye have desired, and, behold, the Lord hath set a king over you.

In verse 1 we hear Samuel saying, "Behold, I have hearkened unto your voice in all that ye said unto me and have made a king over you." Now he says that the Lord did it, for he was the Lord's representative. If believers would accept the truth that we are here in Christ's stead our lives would tell more for Him (II Cor. v, 20; John xvii, 18). Israel now had a king, like other nations, but they had put a man in the place of God, for Samuel reminded them, "The Lord your God was your king" (verse 12). When we remember Rom. vi, 16, "To whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey," we should be able to see if we are putting any person or thing in the place of God.

14, 15. If ye will fear the Lord and serve Him and obey His voice. * * * But if ye will not obey the voice of the Lord, but rebel. * * *

Although they have sinned and God has given them their desire, yet here is a way of blessing still left to them. Jehovah must and will be magnified either in blessings upon an obedient people or in judgment upon the unbelieving. He redeemed Israel from Egypt that they might keep His commandments and serve Him and be a peculiar treasure unto Him above all people, a willing and obedient people enjoying His goodness (Ex. xix, 4, 5; Isa. i, 18, 19). Obedient service was the way of blessing, disobedience the way of the hand of the Lord against them. Moses called heaven and earth to witness against them that he had set before them life and death, blessing and cursing, and he entreated them to choose life (Deut. xxx, 19).

16-18. Now therefore stand and see this great thing which the Lord will do before your eyes. * * * So Samuel called unto the Lord, and the Lord sent thunder and rain that day, and all the people greatly feared the Lord and Samuel.

A deep conviction and hatred of sin is a grand thing for any child of God, for otherwise one may lightly tamper with sin and grieve the Spirit. It was a most unusual thing to have rain during wheat harvest, and that the people might hear God's own voice disapproving of their action and not think of it as merely Samuel's disapproval he said he would ask God to speak by sending thunder and rain that day, which he did, and God so answered him, and the people saw Samuel's oneness with God, and they feared greatly. It was something like Elijah's prayer that the Lord would show His oneness with him by sending fire (I Kings xviii, 36-39). We remember also that on one occasion when the Lord Jesus spoke to His Father the Father answered Him by a voice from heaven, but the people said that it thundered (John xii, 28, 29).

19, 20. And Samuel said unto the people: Fear not; ye have done all this wickedness. Yet turn not aside from following the Lord, but serve the Lord with all your heart.

The special manifestation of God in the thunder and the rain at such an unusual time seemed to convince the people that they really had sinned in asking for a king, and they entreated Samuel to pray for them that they might not be punished. The power of the intercession of Moses and Samuel is seen in Jer. xv, 1, where the Lord speaks of a time when even such as they could not avail. That time had not yet come, so Samuel urges them to turn to the Lord and, being forgiven, to serve Him henceforth with the whole heart. What precious words for us are these: "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (I John i, 9).

21, 22. For the Lord will not forsake His people for His great name's sake, because it hath pleased the Lord to make you His people.

When once we become the Lord's redeemed people, no power can pluck us out of His hand (John x, 27-29), and where He begins a work He will finish it (Phil. i, 6; Ps. cxxxviii, 8). He knows us thoroughly before He chooses us, and, having chosen us, He will perfect us, but He may need to chasten us, and that He will not fail to do as He sees that we need it. Consider Amos iii, 2; Heb. xii, 5, 6. He testifies repeatedly concerning His rebellious Israel that all heaven did or will do for them is all for His name's sake (Ezek. xx, 9; xiv, 22, 44; xxxvi, 21, 22). Jeremiah prayed, "O Lord, though our iniquities testify against us, do Thou it for Thy name's sake!" (Jer. xiv, 7.) For His name's sake we have the forgiveness of sins (I John ii, 12).

23-25. Only fear the Lord and serve Him in truth with all your heart, for consider how great things He hath done for you.

Samuel assures them that it would be a sin for him to cease to pray for them and that he would continue to teach them the good and the right way, but that they must let their minds dwell upon the great things the Lord had done for them and thus be constrained to live in His fear and serve Him with the whole heart. In verse 7 he said, "Stand still that I may reason with you before the Lord of all the righteous acts of the Lord, which He did to you and to your fathers." Compare Deut. viii, 2; Josh. xxiii, 14. To us the word would be, Consider the love of God to you in the great redemption He has provided and let His love constrain you to receive Him and yield fully to Him for His service, a reasonable service in which we prove the good and acceptable and perfect will of God (Rom. xii, 1, 2).

The Family.

Railway officials differ in the degrees of liberality with which they define the word "family" when used on a pass. An American copied the instructions of the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean railway bearing upon the subject as a lesson in liberality. On that road a pass for one and family is good for father, mother, children, grandfather, grandmother, mother-in-law, father-in-law, brother, sister, brother-in-law, sister-in-law, uncle, aunt, nephew, niece and servants attached to the family.

Not So Bad.

"Poor man," she said, stooping over the victim who had just been dragged out from under her automobile, "have you a wife?"

"No," he groaned; "this is the worst thing that ever happened to me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

One sure way to tell whether a man is a crank or not is to draw him into a discussion. If he doesn't agree with you, of course he's a crank.

AN INGENIOUS BURGLAR.

How He Opened a Safe Without Tools or Explosives.

An extraordinary account is given of how a safe was opened by a robber who had at his disposal no instrument of any kind, but operated merely with his finger nail. The person who accomplished the feat revealed his intention of robbing the iron safe in a hotel to another young man, who happened to be the cousin of the hotel proprietor.

As a matter of course the proposed scheme to rob was revealed to the owner of the hotel, and a little before midnight, when it was to be put into execution, a couple of detectives were concealed behind the office counter.

A short time afterward the robber entered the office gently, without either tools or explosives wherewith to open the massive iron receptacle, the combination of which it was evident he did not know. He had, however, resorted to an ingenious plan of his own.

He had pared the nail of his index finger on the right hand until the blood vessels were exposed. Then by placing the sensitive wound on the combination lock he could distinguish the movements of the tumblers as they fell. For more than an hour did he work, and at last there came a sharp click, and he swung back the doors of the safe.

He was in the act of filling his pockets with the valuable papers it contained when a damper was thrown upon his activity by the sudden grasp of the detectives, under whose escort he was taken to prison.—London Tit-Bits.

Danger In "Home Remedies."

"The trouble with poor persons who try to doctor themselves before coming here," said a physician in a public dispensary, "is that they do not know the first thing about the 'simple remedies,' as they call them, that they use. Oftentimes they do themselves serious injury through sheer ignorance. I had a man in here the other day who had taken half an ounce of cholera mixture. Somebody had told him to take half a teaspoonful. It is the same way with paregoric, sweet niter, ammonia and other well known household remedies. Persons who trust to their memory are likely to get mixed and either take an overdose or use the wrong medicine. A woman came in here suffering from the effects of a drug that she should never have obtained except on a physician's prescription. It was the big overdose and her prompt application for relief that saved her. When I scolded her she showed me a clipping from one of the magazines advising its use. The dose prescribed was enough to kill a horse."—New York Times.

The Menu Card In Its First Form.

In its old fashioned form the menu was usually written large on cards of such imposing dimensions that room for one only could be found at each end of the board. In the mediæval dinner this aid to selection must have been an absolute necessity, for the mediæval dinner was a mine of surprises. It was divided into courses, as are our own dainty meals, but whereas nowadays the diner has a general idea that fish will follow soup and that entree is succeeded by releve, and can conceive generally the sort of demand that each course will make upon his appetite and digestion, there was no possible arguing as to what was going to happen at an early English dinner, and close study fails to reveal the existence of any principle of arrangement.

Discrediting an Astrologer.

A certain king, says a tale from the Persian, asked an astrologer, "How many years of life remain to me?" The wise man replied, "Ten." The king became very despondent and betook himself, as one stricken with a sickness, to his bed. His vizier, who possessed great wisdom, sent for the seer and in the king's presence asked him, "How many years have you to live?" He replied, "Twenty." The vizier ordered that he should that very hour be executed in the king's presence. The king was satisfied and commended the sagacity of his minister, and no longer attached any importance to the astrologer's saying.

Eggs and Fairies.

A writer in the Chicago Tribune says: "My people came from the north of Ireland. My great grandfather always stuck his knife through the bottom of his eggshells after he had eaten breakfast. My grandfather and father followed his example through force of habit, and now I have contracted it. If you don't break the shells the fairies can use them for boats and can cross bodies of water thus. In the north of Ireland there are good fairies and bad fairies. The bad fairies will play tricks on you if they can reach you. You can hamper their movements by breaking their boats."

Poetical Concession.

Sir Walter Scott was asked why he had made Ellen Douglass the lady of the lake.

"Because," he replied, "if I had made her the lady of the river there might have been a run on the bank."

Realizing the poet's pecuniary conditions, his friends congratulated him on his foresight.—New York Tribune.

The Absurdity of It.

Mrs. Skrapp—It seems to me to be so ridiculous to refer to a tugboat as "she."

Mr. Skrapp—That's so; tugboats do actually accomplish some good in the world.

Mrs. Skrapp—Yes, and they puff and blow about it so.—Philadelphia Press.

Under Water.

"What was the trouble?"

"He couldn't swim."

"What has that to do with his failure?"

"He got into a company where the stock was all water."—Exchange.

All Brushed Off.

A lady called at a chemist's shop, then, after examining one or two articles, remembered that she wanted some cosmetic for the toilet and turning to the chemist, asked, "Have you any bloom of youth?"

The merchant, over whose head more than fifty summers had passed, turned to one of his assistants and asked in a business way, "Have I any bloom of youth left?"

The clerk looked up with a quiet smile and answered, "I believe not, sir."—London Globe.

English Injustice.

An Australian tourist traveling in the west of Ireland asked an old woman how far it was to the nearest town. She sadly looked at him, then sighed and said:

"It was five nice miles two years ago, but some English brute came over with chains and made it seven, and our hearts are broke walking it ever since, bad luck to them!"

And she disappeared into the house, leaving him there.—Illustrated Bits.

A horse is different from a man. He likes what is good for him. Feed your horse The H-O Co.'s Horse Feed. He will take to it, and it will make a better horse of him.

Condition Better—Feed Bills Less.

My horses have worked on H-O Horse Feed pretty near a year and are in better condition than they ever have been before, and my feed bills are less. For horses that work hard I consider the H-O Horse Feed the best I have ever used.

C. W. MILLER, Express Stables, 75 W. Huron St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Agents for Woburn and Vicinity:

JAQUITH & CO.

ODDITIES IN PET NAMES.

Cat and Pig Are the Terms Coveted by French Women.

"If a man in this country calls his wife a cat the foundation is laid for a divorce suit," said the man who travels. "But a French woman takes the same word as a term of endearment. It's odd how the choicest phrases in the vocabulary of affection of one people are used for quite an opposite purpose by another nation. One of the most familiar and most coveted phrases of endearment among the French, for instance, is 'my little pig,' and 'my little puppy dog' is also well liked.

"But if the Frenchman were to call Mme. Narcisse 'duck,' as an American husband might lovingly call his better half, she would be very much offended. One of the oddest pet names that I ever heard of was that used by a famous German general, who always called his wife 'my little kernel of coffee.' They were divorced at last, however, and a cynic said that the general's pet name should have been 'my dear little stack of bayonets,' for the lady was said to have had a very sharp tongue. I know a devoted disciple of Walton, who, when writing to his wife while on a fishing expedition, calls her 'my dear little speckled trout.'"—New York Press.

Why Razors Get Tired.

"Do you know why we dip a razor in warm water before we begin shaving, and do you know why some ignorant men say a razor is 'tired?'" asked the barber. "Well, this is all due to the fact that a razor is a saw, not a knife, and it works like a saw, not like a knife. Examined under the microscope its edge, that looks so smooth to the naked eye, is seen to have innumerable and fine saw teeth. When these teeth get clogged with dirt all the honing and strapping in the world will do no good—the razor is dull and nothing will sharpen it. Then is the time the ignorant say it is 'tired' and stop using it, but the wise know it is only clogged.

"The wise, though, don't suffer their razors to get clogged. They dip them in warm water before they use them, and thus the teeth are kept clean. It is because a razor is a saw that lather doesn't soften the beard, as so many people think. It stiffens it, so that it will present a firm and resisting surface to the razor."—Philadelphia Record.

One Oculist's Advice.

"So you have been trying to doctor your own eyes," remarked the oculist as the patient removed the bandage, displaying an aggravated case of conjunctivitis. "In many cases you can cure yourself, but if you don't know what treatments to avoid you are liable to do yourself injury. Old housewife remedies are all right in their place, but I would advise you not to use tea leaves. They often give relief, but they bring on other complications. In fact, the 'tea leaf eye' is well known to the profession. The lid is puffy, flabby and lifeless. If you wish to reduce the inflammation in your eyes use hot water with a cloth. That is enough. Yes; you may add salt if you wish, but it is not necessary in most cases. Salt is merely an antiseptic and has no other virtue for eye lotions."—New York Press.

Hard Words.

"Your fingers seem twisted and bruised," we write on the pad which forms the medium of conversation with the deaf and dumb youth. "Are you on the ball team at your institution?"

"No, sir," he writes in reply to our question. "I have taken up a course in Russian."—Judge.

The Retort Discourteous.

Miss Van der Whoop — Yes, Miss Binns, I am the youngest member of one of the oldest families in New York.

Miss Binns (envious)—I don't doubt that it's the oldest family—if you're the youngest member!—Smart Set.

The More Difficult Part.

"The actor," said Roscius, "should always forget that he has an audience. He should immerse his soul in his lines, and"—

"That's all very pretty," interrupted Horatio Tiewalker. "It isn't half so much trouble to forget that he has an audience as to forget that he hasn't one."—Judge.

In and Out.

First Officer—Yes, we were marching over a plank bridge when it gave way, and the men fell in.

Second Officer—And what did you do?

First Officer—Oh, I ordered them to fall out.—Illustrated Bits.

Unlucky.

"Yes, since Mrs. Gotrox broke a mirror yesterday she is convinced that it is very unlucky."

"How superstitious!"

"Not at all. It was a French plate mirror and cost $400."—Baltimore News.

What He Preferred.

Magistrate—And I understand that you prefer charges against this man.

Grocer—No, your worship; I prefer cash, and that's what I brought him here for.—London Tit-Bits.

Before employing a fine word find a place for it.—Joubet.

Correct Silverware

Correct in character, design and workmanship—is as necessary as dainty china or fine linen if you would have everything in good taste and harmony. Knives, forks, spoons and fancy pieces for table use will be correct if selected from goods stamped

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Cunard	White Star

LINES.

Drafts on the above lines and the American Express Company, Foreign and Domestic, at the lowest prices.

Palaces of Waters.

The principal Palace of Waters is an immense hall which stretches in mysterious grandeur far beneath the city of Constantinople. Its roof is formed of wide spanned arches supported on massive marble columns. These stand some ten feet apart, and their capitals are elaborately wrought.

This marvelous building springs from an expanse of waters which underlies the foundations of the city for miles. Its origin and extent have been shrouded in mystery ever since its discovery about seventy years ago, when some of the arches gave way. All attempts to explore by boat this marvel of construction have been either fatal or fruitless.

Another palace of waters was the stately Palace of Ice which was built in 1739 at the command of Anne, empress of Russia, to honor the nuptials of the Prince Galitzin and a simple peasant girl. In this novel palace bride and bridegroom were housed, in rooms of which the walls and furniture and bed were constructed wholly of frozen water.

Magnet Finds Needles.

"John, buy a magnet while you're out. Ruth has lost the old one," said the head of a big dressmaking establishment to her errand boy.

"What do you do with magnets here?" a woman who was being fitted asked.

"We find needles with them."

"How do you mean?"

"Every day it naturally happens that my forty-five assistants drop a great many needles on the floor. To stop and look for those needles would take time. They are all left lying, therefore, till the day's end, when a cleaner goes over the room with a magnet, holding it close to the floor. Every lost needle instantly, then, jumps up on the steel and in that way all are recovered in a few minutes. To recover them by any other means would take at least an hour."—Philadelphia Record.

A Cupid Prescription.

"Well, then, how must I make love?"

"First you must believe that there is no one in the world but me."

"I've got that far already."

"Next you must make me believe that there is no one in the world but you."—Life.

An Unkind Suggestion.

"You love my daughter?"

"She's all the world to me, sir."

"Then I don't suppose you'll want a settlement."—Exchange.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $2.00 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

VOL. LIII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JULY 24, 1903. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 34.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 22, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.39, 7.55, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY—To Boston**, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43, 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, 5.42 P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30, 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.27, 7.50, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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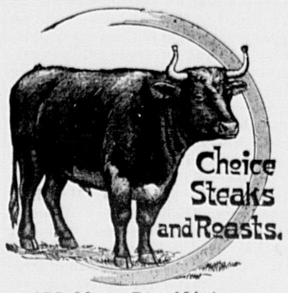

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415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 26, 1903, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6.37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2.37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M.; every half hour to 12.07; then 12.30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Cainan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
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Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
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EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

ANTHONY

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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The Misses Hildreth never spoke of Anthony's pedigree. There was a certain flavor of the stables about the word which offended their nice taste.

"His ancestor was Antonio I.," Miss Anne would say proudly. "The blue ribbon winner at the bench shows."

Anthony had never won a blue ribbon. In fact, he had not been entered. Charles, the butler, had advised against it.

"He'd never stand it, ma'am, his nerves are that shaky," he had said to Miss Angeline.

But when he took Anthony for a walk he met Tam the trainer. "What cud he git with that nose?" he had asked disdainfully, and Tam had nodded wisely.

"But, there, I wouldn't tell the old ladies that there wasn't any chance," Charles had said.

For the world of the Misses Hildreth revolved around Anthony, and they fought off the monotony of their gray lives by an absorbing devotion to the little Skye with the banged hair.

One morning in front of the brownstone Hildreth mansion stood a modest cab, while before an upstart yellow brick apartment house across the way waited a victoria, with a crest on the door and cockades on the hats of coachman and footman. Charles helped Miss Angeline into the cab. She was going to visit a cousin at Newport. She embraced Miss Anne and kissed Anthony on the tip of his unaristocratic nose.

"Take care of him, Anne," she said as she was driven away.

As Miss Anne turned to go in the house there swept into the victoria opposite an individual—a lady, the unthinking might have called her. But in spite of the borrowed crest and stolen cockades, Miss Anne knew that nowhere in the blue book of New York was there the name of a person who wore a ring on her thumb.

The fat, red face of the person peered out eagerly. "That's a darlin' dog," she said. Then the good natured creature bowed effusively to Miss Anne, but Miss Anne looked calmly over her head.

"Who is that person?" she asked Charles.

Charles did not know, and Miss Anne, with a shrug of her sloping shoulders, trailed up the stairway.

All that day Miss Anne and Anthony sat by the window in an upper front room. Miss Anne embroidered and Anthony lounged on his white covered table and was bored to the point of extinction. Outside the sun shone and the wind blew with alluring freshness. Within all was darkness and quiet and inaction. And Anthony was young! What rebellious plans raged in his bosom will never be known, but that night the Hildreth mansion was the scene of a tragedy.

Bedtime came, and Miss Anne, with her soft, gray hair in decorous curl papers, laid herself down in the stillness of the big room. Anthony's basket was in a dressing closet close adjoining. For hours everything was very, very still. Miss Anne slept soundly, with her little, soft, old face on her little, soft, old hand, and dreamed the dreams that come to such sweet saints.

"Anne! Anne!"

Wide awake in a moment, Miss Anne groped for the matches, and at once a faint glow showed the wonder in her old face.

"Who called?"

She slipped out of bed and went to the door. The hall was solid with blackness. She listened—only the far away hum of downtown noises.

In the ominous stillness came the thought, Why had not Anthony waked? She pushed the door of the closet open and listened. But no gurgle of contented doggish sleep came forth.

Anthony was gone!

For a moment the little lady stood dazed. Then she ran through her room to the hall and down the stairway. As she reached the bottom a square of grayish white light faced her. The front door was open!

Miss Anne's nervous fingers played across the buttons on the wall, and lights flared up all over the house. Then the bell connected with Charles' room whirred in the distance, and presently Charles came down in a limited costume of slippers and long coat.

"Anthony's gone," said Miss Anne, and she wept.

Charles examined the door. "That Mary came in last. It's her carelessness," he declared.

There was no more sleep for the household that night. Only a weary vigil, and all the next day Miss Anne wandered from window to window until at last she crept to the door to welcome her sister, and the slender little women fell on each other's necks.

"I woke in the middle of the night," sobbed Miss Angeline, "and called you."

"I heard," said Miss Anne solemnly, "but it was too late."

Charles looked over the heads of the little ladies at Mary, the housemaid. Then he winked and tapped his forehead significantly.

In the ghostly stillness of the old parlor the tale was all told, and the two lonely little women sat down to face the loss of the one interest in their barren lives.

But meanwhile—Anthony?

By morning he was miles away from the brownstone front. The days went on, and gradually the glory of his yellow white floss departed. At times he went hungry, and his round sides became mere hollows, but in his eyes was the sparkle of a care free spirit. Back of him was the dim room with its confining white covered table, ahead of him sunshine and freedom. But dark days came when he was driven, lame and thirsty, from place to place, and one morning the light went out of his eyes, and he lay on a path in the park, his ears alert for the sound of menacing footsteps.

All at once there came down the road a victoria. In it was the lady with the red face, who motioned the driver to stop.

"There's that darlin' dog."

She held out an open box of biscuits. "Come, doggie," she pleaded. And the prodigal, tired at last of the husks, trotted forward. The footman lifted him in, and he sat with his dirty paws on the fawn cushions and ate of the fatted calf.

When the carriage reached the familiar street the footman was ordered to hold Anthony tightly.

"It would kill them sweet old darlin's to see him so dirty," said the kind hearted person. So the small dog was carried into the gorgeous apartment and scrubbed and perfumed and decorated with a distracting pink bow. Then the red faced lady hied herself to the brownstone front.

Charles took her card up.

"The person from over there," he said discreetly.

The backs of the two little ladies stiffened.

Charles hesitated. "She said she had some news."

The eyes of the old ladies centered with one accord on a black draped basket on a white draped table.

"Anthony!" they exclaimed and fluttered downstairs.

When they reached the drawing room, however, and the vulgar awfulness of the person was revealed, they stiffened again.

But the red faced lady swept forward and put both of her fat hands on Miss Anne's protesting, patrician shoulders.

"I've found your darlin' dog," she said.

What was a thumb ring or distinctions of caste at such a moment? The frail blue veined hands of the little women clasped the pudgy digits of the red faced lady, and their well bred voices were almost shrill as they asked their breathless questions. Presently Charles was sent across the street to meet halfway the cockaded footman, and between them they brought in a perfumed and prodigal canine, who barked excitedly and licked the faces of the old ladies as they hung over him.

At last Miss Anne sank down on a sofa, her cheeks flushed, her eyes bright, her gray hair flying about her ears.

"Get him a chop, Charles," she commanded.

The red faced lady interposed. "He's stuffed already," she said inelegantly. The little ladies shuddered.

"He ought to get out more," advised the person. "You let me take him. I'm that lonesome sometimes that it seems as if I couldn't stand it." In her voice was all the wistful longing of the once busy woman to whom wealth has brought unwelcome leisure.

Before the eyes of the little ladies flashed a vision of Anthony in the victoria beside the vulgar, red faced lady. But with their other fine qualities they possessed the gentle one of gratitude, and without apparent hesitation Miss Anne responded:

"We shall be glad if you will take him."

Then Miss Angeline made another effort:

"My sister and I will give ourselves the pleasure of calling on you soon," she said.

The face of the person shone with delight, for a calling acquaintance with the Hildreths was a consummation to be desired.

But that night when Anthony was snoring in his basket Miss Annie bent over him and sniffed:

"Musk!" she said, with a shiver of disgust.

"And a pink bow," quavered Miss Angeline.

They opened their windows, and the fresh night air blew in. Then they crept into bed to listen blissfully to the deep drawn breaths that issued from the depths of the little closet.

ALWAYS INSIST UPON HAVING THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

Canine Courtesy.

"Dogs have their captains and commanders in the chase, and they follow their leaders in a way that shames the practices of men at times," said the man who is fond of the hunt. "Really, I have often thought that man could profit a great deal by going to the dog for examples of virtuous conduct, and I'm still inclined to believe that his civic virtues would be strengthened somewhat by a closer observation of the good there is in the dog. 'Going to the dogs' is used in reproach. Living as some men live is infinitely worse. Some men have all the dog's faults without showing any of the dog's virtues. But I was thinking of the captains and commanders in the chase. Dogs pay each other fine courtesy if they are good dogs and well trained. The dog who would run ahead of the dog who is the accepted and acknowledged leader of the pack or who would show him the discourtesy of crossing the line of pursuit ahead of him would be disgraced, damned and shunned by its fellows. The leader is to be followed. Dogs behind him may be fleeter of foot. But he is the leader, and that settles it. And, my, how sensitive some of these old dog leaders are! How jealous they are of their rights! I have seen them quit the chase because some green member of the pack crowded in ahead of them. They would simply quit the trail, get in behind their master, and that would be the end of their frolicking that day. Dogs are great fellows when you come to know them."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

All Have an "Itch" In Them.

"Speaking of Servian names," said an observant man, "they are not so bad when you once get used to them, nor are they so hard to pronounce. You no doubt have noticed that all Servian names end with a syllable having some resemblance to the English word 'itch.' Some of the names end in 'ies' or just with 'ic.' Sometimes it is 'ich' or 'ics' or 'isch,' and so on. It makes no difference how the name ends, you will make no mistake if you give the sound of 'itch' to the last syllable. That will be the proper Servian sound, for Petrovich or Petrovic would be correct, and in both instances the word would be pronounced in the same way, by sounding the 'itch.' Servian names are all right when one gets used to them, but they are strange and shocking when put into the columns of English newspapers."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Goats That Fight.

A species of the wild goat, the Capra ruppeli, haunts the rocks of the Abyssinian highlands and manages to hold its own as to flight against all enemies, with the exception of the fleet footed jackal, an adversary whose co-operative tactics and keenness of scent make flight unavailing and have led the capras to the conclusion that under certain circumstances valor may be the better part of discretion. The yelp of an approaching horde of jackals is therefore a signal for instant rally on the part of the goats. The nannies crowd around their kids, and the bucks rush forward en masse, butting away with a rage that lays out a yelper at every spring and makes the survivors stand back howling and cowering.

Influence of Laughter on Digestion.

The efficacy of laughter as an aid to assimilation and alimentation has passed into such a common physiological truism that no one of ordinary intelligence needs to have the principle upon which it works elucidated for his understanding in these days of widely disseminated dietetic knowledge. The average person who is not continuously "in the dumps" knows from experience that laughter is good for digestion, says What to Eat. It should be borne in mind that mirth and good cheer need not express themselves in convulsive laughter in order to influence digestion. An amiable, contented, calm and equable temperament has marked influence upon the digestive processes without laughter.

A Silver Riddle.

English tram car companies use in counting the money taken in what is called a "silver riddle." Four or five frames are placed on the top of each other, and a given quantity of mixed silver is emptied in on to the topmost. Shake the latter and all the pieces except the half crowns will disappear through the wire net arrangement on to the frame below. Shake frame No. 2 and everything goes through except the florins, and thus the coins are eventually exhausted down to the threepenny pieces.

A Desperate Character.

First Henpecked Husband—Well, sir, I've been gone and done it. My wife wouldn't give me the latchkey again this morning, so I took it by force—by force, do you hear me?

Second Ditto (admiringly)—Say, old man, don't let my wife hear that. She'll never let me go out with you again.

WORK AND REST.

When They Alternate Perfectly, a Man Will Enjoy Both.

After work comes rest. When they alternate perfectly a man may prepare to enjoy real happiness. When they alternate perfectly a man will enjoy both the work and the rest that follows it.

Nature is a just old lady. She seldom gives a man more than he needs. If he elects to live a lazy life she lets his muscles get flabby and his brain go sleepy. She never permits him to long possess a faculty or a nerve or a muscle or a sinew that he does not use.

The proper way to keep your muscles or your brains is to use 'em up and let nature provide you with a fresh supply. Nature is assisted in this work by rest. One may rest sometimes by seeking a change of labor. Labor thus becomes a recreation—re-creation.

To live happily in this world it is not enough to know how to work. A man must also know how to rest. The man who knows only how to work will soon wear out. If he doesn't wear out immediately his work will suffer in some way. No man can do his best work unless he alternates it with a little play or a little rest.

A man who can't drop his work from his mind as readily as he can drop his tools from his hands had better take a few weeks off to study the rest question. His nerves are not what they should be.

If a man wishes to keep his nerve, let him avoid nerves.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Ivy Clad Buildings.

So long as the walls of a building are sound and the bricks or stones, well cemented together, offer no fissures or cracks for the plant to force its way into, there is nothing whatever to fear. Should the ivy, however, find an opening, and so thrust itself into the wall, the natural and continuous expansion of its parts will tend to loosen the stones and hasten the decay of the building.

A fair growth of ivy on sound walls that allow of no advances beyond the superficial attachment of the claspers, or aerial roots, as they are called, is altogether beneficial. It promotes dryness and warmth, counteracts the corrosive action of the atmosphere and is at once a shelter and an ornament.

These aerial roots are not sources of nutrition, but merely serve as mechanical support to the climbing ivy. The contention that they sap the whole of the moisture from mortar, leaving it excessively dry and crumbling, has therefore no foundation in fact.—London Standard.

A Disguised Toast.

At one time the officers under Lord Howe refused to drink his health at their mess, for, though a splendid admiral, he was not popular in the navy on account of a certain shyness and want of tact with those about him. The chaplain, who was a protege of his lordship, was mortified at this and determined that the officers should drink to Lord Howe. When called upon for a toast one day he said, "Well, gentlemen, I can think of nothing better at this moment than to ask you to drink the first two words of the Third Psalm, for a Scriptural toast for once may be taken from one of my cloth." The toast was drunk. Not one of the officers indicated by word or look that he was ignorant of the words alluded to. On referring to the Bible it was found that the Third Psalm begins, "Lord, how are they increased!"

Cowardly Brave Men.

It is related of a Missouri engineer that he does not hesitate to drive his machine at full speed through the blackest storm at night with washouts all around him, but that he is afraid to go home alone in the dark. If some one is not at the roundhouse to go with him he sits there till daylight. It is the old story of every man having his own peculiar fears. There is a doctor we know who will cut a man to pieces and smile the while. He is an old soldier and often faced the cannon's mouth. But he will betray the most abject terror if one of the harmless little elm tree worms happens to drop on his person.—Kansas City Journal.

Doctor's Recipe For Lemonade.

Here is a scientific recipe for lemonade advocated by the medical profession: Wash the lemons thoroughly; slice thin and peel all. Cover with sugar, allowing the sugar to become saturated with the lemon juice by gently pressing the slices of lemon with a spoon. Then add water, slowly stirring all the while. Ice, if used, should be used sparingly. One-third of a lemon to a glass is about right for home use.

A Good Suggestion.

"When I write a story," said the struggling young author, "I make out a list of ten magazines that I think might like it, and I usually get mighty close to the end of the list before I sell it."

"In that case," returned the wise business man, "I should think it would pay you to begin at the other end of your list."—Chicago Post.

Not Paid by Results.

"Is the profession of weather prophecy a satisfactory one?"

"Well," answered the expert, "in a general way it is. You see, as a rule, the income is not so unreliable as the predictions."—Exchange.

To Prevent a Relapse.

Wife—So, doctor, you think my husband is entirely out of danger now?

Doctor—Yes; but I wouldn't let him see my bill for some time yet.—Baltimore American.

The first question every child asks on reaching home is, "Where is mother?"—Atchison Globe.

Good Sense.

Good sense is a fund slowly and painfully accumulated by the labor of centuries. It is a jewel of the first water, whose value he alone understands who has lost it, or who observes the lives of others who have lost it. For my part, I think no price too great to pay for gaining it and keeping it, for the possession of eyes that see and a judgment that discerns.—Charles Wagner.

Ayer's
Losing your hair? Coming out by the combful? And doing nothing? No sense in that! Why don't you use Ayer's Hair Vigor promptly stop the falling? Your hair will begin to grow, too, and all dandruff will disappear. Could you reasonably expect anything better?
"Ayer's Hair Vigor is a great success with me. My hair was falling out very badly, but the Hair Vigor stopped it and now my hair is all right."—W. C. Loudson, Lindsay, Cal.
$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
Hair Vigor — for — **Thin Hair**

The Worm Turns.

They were almost ready to start, and, like a good husband, Mr. Smoker waited patiently for his wife to put the finishing touches to her toilet. She was adjusting her hat and took a hat pin from a big cushion. Suddenly she exclaimed:

"I think it's a shame!"

"Yes, my dear," nervously assented Mr. Smoker.

"I mean the way these writers say that women sharpen lead pencils and open cans with their husbands' razors."

"Yes, my dear."

"Yes. Now, I never do such things with your razor, and I don't believe any woman does as the writers allege. I looked at your razor once when I had a box of sardines to open, but it was so sharp and so wabbly in the handle that I was afraid to use it. Besides, when I want to sharpen a pencil and have no knife I nibble a point on it."

"Yes, my dear."

"But if the writers wish to put something true in the papers why don't they go for the men who use their wives' hat pins for pipe cleaners? Ugh, you nasty brutes!"

Mr. Smoker forgot to say "Yes, my dear."—New York Times.

John Wesley's Shrewish Wife.

One of his biographers declares that if he had searched the whole kingdom the evangelist John Wesley would hardly have found a woman more unsuitable than she whom he married. She did not even confine herself to her tongue in her attacks. More than once she laid violent hands on him. "Jack," said John Hampson to his son, "I was once on the point of committing murder. It was when I was in the north of Ireland and I went into a room and found Mrs. Wesley foaming with fury. Her husband was on the floor, where she had been trailing him by the hair of his head, and she herself was still holding in her hand venerable locks which she had plucked out by the roots. I felt," continued Hampson, who was a giant of a man, though not one of Wesley's warmest friends—"I felt as though I could have knocked the soul out of her."—Everybody's Magazine.

Moorish Baths.

In Spain, while the Moors were in the ascendency, luxurious hot baths were established. They were used in connection with the religious rites of Islam. The Islamites were required to bathe frequently. The manner of bathing was as follows:

After undressing, the bather is wrapped in a woolen coat, sandals are put on and he walks to the hot bath. After a thorough hot bath all parts of the body are rubbed. The soles of the feet are rubbed with pumice stone, then the body is anointed with oil and sprinkled with perfumed powders.

When the Moors were driven out of Spain the first thing the people did was to destroy the Moorish bath houses. This was done because of religious prejudice against the Moors.

Three Curious Epitaphs.

In a cemetery near Dublin the following words appear on a tombstone:

"Here lies John Hurley, whose father and mother died while on their way home from America. If they had lived they would have been buried here."

The following epitaph adorns the tomb of a gravedigger in the Taibach cemetery in the south of Wales:

"Hurrah, comrades, parson is dead! If he had lived he would have buried all of us."

Here is another curious epitaph which was recently discovered; it marks the grave of an indefatigable smoker and contains only the following four words:

"My pipe is out."

Grant's Estimate of His Generals.

In Grant's estimate of the abilities of the generals of the armies, says an officer of Grant's staff in the National Magazine, I think it is safe to say that Sherman stood first. For John A. Logan he perhaps entertained the warmest personal feelings. His friendship for this brilliant soldier was very pronounced. General Thomas he considered a safe man and an indomitable fighter. Sheridan was one of his especial favorites. He considered this dashing soldier almost invincible.

Plainly Evident.

"Bridget," queried Mrs. Scribble, "do you know why I am called a literary woman?"

"Yissum, Oi t'ink Oi do," responded the menial, with a despairing look at the room.—Houston Post.

Breaking Him In.

Anxious Mamma—Why do you keep George waiting so long when he calls?

Pretty Daughter—I want to get him used to it by the time we are married.—Baltimore American.

A Cheerful Outlook.

Guest—Here, waiter. Has my bill been made out yet?

Waiter—No, not yet. The proprietor says that his ideas seem to come very slowly today.

JOHN O'GROAT'S HOUSE.

A Famous Domicile That Was Long a Landmark In Britain.

In the reign of James IV. of Scotland John O'Groat and his two brothers, Malcolm and Gavin, arrived at Caithness and bought the lands of Warse and Dugisby, near the beach at the mouth of Penland firth, the northeastern extremity of the mainland of Scotland. In time their families increased until there were eight households of the same name. They lived as neighbors in the greatest peace and amity, each year holding a festival in the original house. At one of these annual gatherings the question of precedence arose among the younger members, and they disputed as to whom should sit nearest the "head of the table" or enter the room first.

The old grandfather, Johnny O'Groat of history, was made arbitrator. He promised to have all satisfactorily settled by the time of the next annual meeting. Accordingly he built an eight sided house in which to hold the annual jubilee. This octagonal domicile was fitted with a door and a window on each side and a round table in the center. This arrangement made it possible for each family of the O'Groats to enter by his own door and to sit at a table which was practically "without a head."

This famous house was long a landmark in Britain and even to this day is one of the Englishman's starting points of measurement, "Land's End to Johnny O'Groat's" signifying from one end of England to the other.

Sir Boyle Roche.

In every account of the Irish parliament Sir Boyle Roche comes in with the persistency of King Charles' head in Mr. Dick's memorial. His "bird" is as well known as the phenix and bids fair to share its immortality.

"Sure, Mr. Speaker," said Sir Boyle on the occasion that has made him famous, "how could a man be in two places at once—unless he were a bird?"

But Sir Boyle is not a mere creation of legend. He was a real living man, a fine, bluff, soldierlike old gentleman, holding some post at the vice regal court, sitting for a government borough and always voting faithfully for the "castle." The debate one night was on sinecures, which Curran had indignantly denounced, and, twitted by one of the opposite side on some personal inconsistency in the matter, he replied hotly:

"Sir, I am the guardian of my own honor."

To which Sir Boyle neatly rejoined:

"Then the gentleman himself has got a very pretty sinecure."—All the Year Round.

Animals and Telegraph Poles.

"A strange thing is the effect of electrical energy on birds and wild beasts," says a telegraph lineman quoted in the Philadelphia Record. "Woodpeckers are continually tapping telegraph poles. In the country you will find everywhere poles honeycombed by the sturdy bills of woodpeckers. The birds mistake the humming sound inside the poles for the humming of insects, and it is to get at these supposed insects that they make their perforations.

"Bears, on the other hand, think the humming comes from bees, and they overturn the stones at the pole's base in their endeavor to get at the honey. Wolves are afraid of the sound. A wolf won't go near a telegraph pole under any circumstances."

An Appetizer.

In the family of Mr. H., treasurer of one of our states, was a small boy of four who was the possessor of a fine rat terrier. One day the dog mysteriously disappeared, and the child, Ralph, was heartbroken. Soon afterward Mrs. H. gave an informal dinner to other state officers and their wives, and Master Ralph was allowed to be at the table under promise of good behavior. Things went on smoothly till the meat course, when a fine roasted pig was brought in, and Ralph thought his long lost pet was going to be served to the guests. He arose in his chair, pointed at the pig and with tears in his eyes and voice cried: "Oh, my doggie, my doggie! I want my doggie!"—Good Housekeeping.

Lincoln on Swearing.

Senator Fessenden once came roaring at President Lincoln over a question of patronage. The president listened till the storm was over, then asked:

"You are an Episcopalian, aren't you, Fessenden?"

"Yes, sir; I belong to that church."

"I thought so. You Episcopalians all swear alike. Seward is an Episcopalian. Stanton is a Presbyterian; you ought to hear him swear."—"The True Abraham Lincoln."

Spoke Advisedly.

Farmer Reepum—I was told hailstones fell over in Clay county that looked like hen aigs comin' through the air.

Farmer Thrashum—I'll bet the feller what told you that never seen a hen aig comin' through the air.

Farmer Reepum—Then you lose. He wus the main actor in that 'ere barnstormin' troupe.—Kansas City Journal.

Quite a Difference.

"What is the difference between hens and poultry, pop?"

"Why, hens, my son, are things that belong to our neighbors; poultry is something a man owns himself."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Good Investment.

Bramble—What would you do if you had $1,000,000?

Thorne—I'd hire a private secretary to answer fool questions.—Smart Set.

Between a babbling friend and a silent foe there is small choice.—Antrim.

Wig Dressing.

Not everybody who can dress a head of real hair becomingly can comb a wig with equal success. There is a special knack in wig dressing. In some shops where wax figures abound one or two of the employees are trained in the art of wig dressing and combine that with their other duties at a slight increase of salary, but in most places the entire business is intrusted to professional wig dressers.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JULY 24, 1903.

THE CAMPAIGN.

Reports of light skirmishing by the politicians outside the main force of fighters seem to indicate the approach of the real battles of this fall's campaign. Some evidence of activity in the way of building and mending fences, and otherwise preparing for coming contests, is discovered by the keen ones who keep eyes on political movements and makes note of the same.

No trouble is apprehended at the State House headquarters of the Republican State Committee, however t may be at the rooms where the Democratic Committee hang out. By the former the general ticket has been satisfactorily arranged, and the convention duly provided for by way of officers and committees, and a smooth road to a happy goal has been constructed. In the camp of the latter there is a woful lack of harmony and some fighting, which bodes evil for them at the polls After all, the real conflicts will come when the nominations for members of the Senate and House present themselves for settlement in the caucusses.

Locally, judging from surface indications, political matters are quiet. Neither is there a contest in sight, unless one arises, which is not improbable, over the choice of candidates in the Woburn end oft this Representative District. Hon. Francis Appleton, our present member of the Senate, will of course, be reelected with very little opposition. He fills the bill to the entire satisfaction of his constituency, and won a commanding position during his first term of service in the upper branch of the Legislature.

These statements apply with equal force to Charles A. Nowell, Esq., who will, no doubt at all, receive a unanimous nomination at the hands of the Republicans, and be triumphantly elected at the polls. The District has never had a Representative in every way more deserving of a reelection than Mr. Nowell.

How things will go and matters settle themselves in Woburn is altogether a different problem. It is learned that Representative Henry M. Aldrich will, if pressed to do, take a third term in the House, and possibly no serious opposition to his nomination will show itself in the Democratic camp. Personal popularity and a good Legislative record will contribute strongly towards helping him to achieve success; but there are ambitious souls in the Democratic fold who may make trouble for him.

The sharpest fight, however, is likely to take place in the Woburn Republican caucuses. The names of several prominent gentlemen have been mentioned as Representative Aldrich's successor; but nothing definite, or anything approaching definiteness, has yet been settled on respecting a choice. And it is too early to prognosticate or risk money on the question.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

Last Wednesday the Republican State Committee decided to hold the State convention on Oct. 2, in Tremont Temple, Boston. Its President will be Congressman Samuel L. Powers.

Preliminary caucuses will be held, outside of Boston, on Sept. 22, and in Boston on Sept. 23.

☞ We make grateful acknowledgement of the receipt of Vol. 1, No. 3 of the Museum of Fine Arts Bulletin, Boston, which contains just the information that a visitor to that splendid art collection needs for an intelligent survey of it. It is a Guide, for one thing. A diagram shows the interior of the magnificent building and tells where the treasures are housed; and other parts of the Bulletin convey to the reader valuable knowledge respecting one of the finest Art Museums in America.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

E. P. Sellew—Riverdale.
Stoneham Co-Operative Bank—Mort. Sale.

— Letter carrier Sherburne is away on vacation.

— Band Concert this evening by National Band.

— City Almoner Tnomas D. Hevey is still quite sick.

— Mr. Charles Thompson is visiting in New Brunswick.

— Mrs. L. A. Sylvester and daughter Helen are at Nantucket.

— Miss Hattie Bosworth, teacher of this city, is visiting in Milford.

— July 24, 8 A. M., clear; wind N. W.; temp. 70.

— M. Bancroft, Sewing Machines and finding, 410 Main street.—6m

— Mrs. Edward L. Shaw and Miss Marion visited Saratoga last week.

— Representative H. M. Aldrich and family are at Southport, Maine.

— The days have decreased in length 32 minutes. Think of that and weep!

— Read carefully all there is in this paper concerning Riverdale, Billerica.

— Wednesday afternoon store closing is growing in popularity every week.

— Houses let and rents collected by E. Prior Real Estate agent, 349 Main street.

— The Elites are to indulge in an electric car trip to Crescent Beach next Monday.

— Rev. James F. Doherty of St. Charles church is at Atlantic City for his vacation.

— Old Home Week begins next Sunday, July 26, and ends on Saturday, August 1.

— Annie B. Seeley left here a few days ago for Wiscassett, Maine for a summer outing.

— A large North Woburn party took a trolley trip to Revere Beach last Saturday evening.

— The family of Mr. Francis A. Buckman are keeping the vacation season at Nahant.

— Miss Sadie Lyons, Class '03, W. H. S., enters the Normal School at Bridgewater in Sept.

— When finished Pleasant street will be a beauty, if a steam roller and elbow grease can fetch it.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— The No. Woburn A. A. give social parties every Thursday evening. They are greatly enjoyed.

— Mr. Bryan McSweeney represents several firstclass Life and Fire Insurance companies in this city.

— Mr. and Mrs. L. Waldo Thompson ,spent last week at fashionable Bar Harbor, Mt. Desert, Maine.

— Officer Austin G. French and wife left here last Tuesday for N. H. and Vt. on a fortnight's outing.

— Dr. and Mrs. Benjamin Lewis with Miss Dorothy, go to Centreville August 1, for a two week's visit.

— Fred F. Lowell, salesman at the clothing store of Hammond & Son, is taking his vacation down in Maine.

— Mr. John T. Trull and family will enjoy the vacation season at their fine home on upper Main street. Sensible!

— Mr. John B. Hoag, Principal of the Cummings school, and family are spending their vacation at Sandwich, N. H.

— Rev. Dr. Crane, pastor of the First Baptist church, preaches his last sermon before taking a vacation next Sunday.

— Business houses indulged in a general closing last Wednesday afternoon. The plan seems to be growing in popularity.

— There was another extraordinary rainfall here last Tuesday morning accompanied by considerable thunder and lightning.

— Mr. and Mrs. B. T. H. Porter have finished a month's vacation which has been chiefly enjoyed within hailing distance of home.

— Postmaster Wyer's family are visiting in Vermont. He will join them there after his Assistant, Miss McCarthy, returns.

— Miss Annie A. J. Larkin, Principal of the Morse school, is enjoying a pleasant vacation at Manchester on the delightful North Shore.

— Mrs. J. P. Cram, sister of Mrs Ellen S. Dow, and aunt of Mr Herbert B. Dow, is recovering from an ill turn of considerable severity.

— It is said that, on account of the lingering of scarlet fever in our midst, books are not delivered to applicants from the Public Library.

— Mr. Frank A. Meriam, prescription clerk at Whitcher's, and Mr. John R. McMillen, merchant tailor, are touring Prince Edwards Island.

— The wife and daughters of Mr. W. E. Delano are passing a pleasant vacation at Winslow, Maine, opposite Waterville on Kennebec River.

— Mr. J. J. Grothe, the carriage manufacturer and electric snowplow builder, has bought the property on which his shops are located on Everett street.

— Charlie Buckley, driver, is quite proud of the hook and ladder horse recently bought for that service. Charlie knows a good horse as far as the eye can reach.

— Last Sunday was a rainy day, and not only so, but an exceedingly cold one for July. The temperature did not get higher than 60 degrees any hour during the day.

— Preparatory to filling up with a fall stock Copeland & Bowser are selling dry and dress goods at purchasers' own prices. They have a large lot of very nice fabrics on hand too.

— Dr. J. J. Moran has passed a successful examination at Tufts Dental College and received a piece of sheepskin which makes him a full-fledged dentist. Success to the Doctor!

— Mrs. Susan Theobald was 96 years old last April, instead of 94, as stated in some of the local papers. She is a most estimable lady, and an uncommonly smart one for her extreme age.

— Capt. J. M. Ellis has been mentioned as likely to be the Democratic candidate for Mayor next fall. But, they say, President Johnson of the Council holds the first mortgage on the office.

— Miss Nellie McCarthy, Assistant P. M. at the Woburn P. O., is in Vermont taking her summer outing among the famous Green Mountains. She will return to duty about the first of August.

— The alarm from box 69 at 9.45 Monday morning and immediately followed by a general alarm was for a fire which destroyed the boiling house at the Ballard patent leather factory on Munroe street.

— Miss Lydia M. Tay, sister of Col. Cyrus Tay, aged 70 years, died suddenly of apoplexy at her home, 93 Pleasant street, last Wednesday morning. She had not been in good health for some months.

— Sexton Platts says all the clock repairing skill in town has been exhausted in vainly trying to make the Congregational church clock strike the hours. Its ring is sorely missed, particularly in the night.

— The wife of Police Officer Bernard Murphy died last Friday after a short illness. She was thought to be recovering from a severe illness when a turn for the worse occurred and she suddenly passed away.

— The season of the year known as Dog Days begins tomorrow, July 25, continues 40 days, and ends on Sept. 5. The character of the weather during that period is too well known to require description or explanation by us.

— Rev. G. H. Tilton, pastor of the North Congregational church, is to conduct a summer school at Rehoboth during the vacation and the church will be closed two Sundays in August. Rev. C. P. Osborn will preach there on August 16.

— Although there has been no real old fashioned "beach weather" this summer, it is suspicioned that a great many Woburn people are toying with salt water spray and things, and suffering from cold at resorts all along the N. E. coast.

— A fellow, arrested Monday afternoon by Officer McKenna for taking a bicycle belonging to Mr. Chipman from the front of the Boston Furniture store, was given two months in the House of Correction in the District Court Tuesday morning.

STRAW MATTINGS
FOR SUMMER HOUSES

Our new importation includes all grades from China and Japan, many patterns of which are exclusive. Always cool, cleanly, and sanitary.

RUGS

Royal Wilton, Saxony Axminster, Seamless, and other Axminster and Brussels rugs, in sizes 9 x 12, 8.3 x 10.6, and 6 x 9. Hundreds of small rugs—Smyrnas, Wiltons, Axminsters, Japanese, etc., at exceptionally low prices.

RUGS

Heavy Brussels Art Squares, many of them in Oriental designs and all reversible, sizes 7.6 x 9, 9 x 9, 9 x 10.6, and 9 x 12; price about $1.00 per square yard.

JOHN H. PRAY & SONS COMPANY
Pray Building 658 Washington St. Opp. Boylston St.
BOSTON

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

NEW SPRING GOODS!

Latest Styles in Pattern and Cloth,
— AT —
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

Grabow Malt.

At this season when so many people feel all tired out from the effects of the hot weather there is nothing better for a tonic to brace you up than GRABOW MALT. Being a liquid preparation it is very easily digested, making it so much more effective.

18c. a Bottle Six for $1.00

At the Original Cut Price Drugstore. The best of everything at the lowest price always.

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
GREEN SIGNS. GREEN STAMPS.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— A thunder storm of considerable magnitude caused a postponement of the openair concert by the National Band last Wednesday evening.

— The alarm from box 42, corner Beach and Salem streets at 9.45 Wednesday evening was false, having been rung in by some malicious person.

— This has been the coldest third week in July that records give any account of, or the Oldest Inhabitant remembers. Actually, on some evenings, a big hot fire was absolutely necessary for comfort. It has been a strange season.

— Mr. Charles M. Strout will pasele accept the thanks of the Editor's family for a mamouth bouquet of lovely flowers delivered last Tuesday morning. Flowers and friends cheer the heart of the hard working Editor and make his life worth living.

— Mr. and Mrs. Henry Eustis Smith left here last Tuesday for Hotel Manisses, Block Island, R. I., where it was their intention, on leaving, to pass the vacation season. Block Island is a popular seaside resort and entertains hosts of summer visitors.

— Would be purchasers of tickets to Europe by the best lines that cross the ocean will always find Mr. Michael J. Mulkeen at the old Thomas Salmon store, 480 Main street, John F. Scalley, proprietor, prepared to fit them out in that line at the lowest possible prices.

— George H. Ayer and Charles B. Platts are shipkeepers on the new U. S. war vessel, Pentasket, launched at the Charlestown Navy Yard last week. It will take at least 6 months time to finish the craft, during which the above named keepers will have the care of it.

— Dr. H. C. Morey and wife, and the niece of Mrs. Morey, Miss Edith Hobbs, are guests of the Editor's family, having arrived from their home in California last Wednesday morning. It is the first visit of the Doctor and Mrs. Morey to New England in 17 years.

— The doctors say that malaria is rampant just now in this city and many people are afflicted with it. Now, the best preventative and cure for malaria, ague, shakes, billiousness, etc., are Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets which are advertised in another column of the JOURNAL.

— Mr. J. S. Wheeler expects to take his vacation during the last of Sept. and first of Oct. That is a good idea, too! It is the best and pleasantest part of the year for an outing. The most comfortable spot on earth in the heat of summer is "home, sweet home," and don't you forget it!

— Agreeably to a notice which appeared in these columns some weeks ago Mr. Frank C. Nichols, the ice dealer, and family have taken up their summer abode in the "Old Granite State," whose glories were so widely and magnificently sung by the celebrated Hutchinson Family 60 years ago.

— How about that new Clinton hose house that has been under consideration so long? Is it ever to be built? The fact is, Co. 6 can't stand it much longer in the old dilapidated shell they now occupy, and as winter is approaching it seems as though it is high time that a new house should be built.

— Mr. G. A. Anderson's runaway horse wrecked a window in Mr O'Donnell's shoemaker's shop on Main street last Wednesday morning. The animal was badly cut up.

— The pulpit of the First Baptist church will be supplied during August as follows: August 2, Rev. W. B. C. Merry of Somerville; August 9 and 16, Rev. H. C. Townley of Peekskill, N. Y.; August 23, Rev. E. F. Snell of West Newton.

— Mr. Edward L. Shea and family propose to devote some time to the pursuit of pleasure on Peake's Island in Portland Harbor, in the near future. "Ned" is a State of Maine lad and, although he has lived here a long time, the ties that bind him to the old home are too strong to be resisted when the summer vacation time comes around.

— The pop concert given under the auspices of Towanda Club last Monday evening was a fine affair. The clubhouse was decorated in excellent taste; the attendance was equal to expectations; and Calnan's Orchestra furnished the very best music for the dancing. Whist playing was also generally engaged in. It was declared to have been a great success.

— The Council order for the purchase of the Dow farm for the new schoolhouse site became law by lapse of time, 10 days, and not by the signature of the Mayor. Mayor Feeney was out of the country, and, naturally and properly, Acting Mayor Johnson felt it would be better to let the order mature in the manner adopted, especially as he voted in Council for it on its passage.

— We haven't heard anybody say they begrudged seaside visitors the comfort and pleasure they have vainly tried to get out of their vacation outing this last week The most uncomfortable place we can think of in such weather as has prevailed of late is a beach hotel. Cold winds, cold rooms, cold dinners—these constitute the programme that visitors have to wrestle with at such places in such times.

— Woburn W. R. C. 161, enjoyed a lawn party at the home of Mrs. Susan Crowell, Page Place, Chaplain of the Corps Thursday, July 16 Tables were laid upon the lawn, in the shade of trees, for a large gathering of members. Tempting viands were abundant. The whole proved a success socially and financially. The patriotism of those residing upon the street was shown by the display of flags from their several homes.—PRESS CORR.

— The vacation of Rev. Dr. Norton, pastor of the First Congregational church, will begin on August 9. Rev. Dr. March will take his place on Aug. 16, 30 and Sept. 13; Rev. Frank H. Allen, on August 23; and Prof. D. H. Colcord, on Sept. 6. The Quartet made their last appearance in the singers' gallery before vacation on Sunday, July 19. In their absence there will be congregational singing led by Mr. W. W. Crosby, the organist pro tem.

— What with a struggle with tonsilitis and a severe abcess on one of his legs, Mr. Frank A. Winn of 6 Mt. Pleasant street has experienced a trying time for the last few weeks. But he is on the mend now, and will soon return to his work in the Boston *Transcript* office where he has been a highly valued employee for the last 25 or 30 years. He has been attended during his illness by Dr. Lane of Pleasant street.

— E. Prior, 349 Main street is agent for the New York Life Insurance Co Call and see him before placing any life insurance.

— Last Sunday was a terrible rough day at the seashore. Shipping in the Bay was knocked about badly and some wrecks were reported. Mr Charlie A. Jones said that at Annisquam, where he and his family are passing their vacation—Mr. Jones Sundays—the storm was terrific for a while, and that two yachts were driven into his dooryard and overturned. The temperature during the day was 56, the wind fierce, and the waves ran "mountain high."

— Mr. Fred H. Rogers, Teller of the first National Bank, is at his old home on Cape Cod, where the sight of breakers and smell of salt water revives his drooping spirits to a remarkable extent. Before taking up banking he was a sailor and visited many ports in far Eastern lands, and "crossed the line" in regular order being fully initiated into the dark mysteries of that singular operation, and, in that manner, was made a tar in regular standing. That accounts for his partiality for breakers and salt water.

— Some of the local papers have it that North Woburn is contemplating a change of name. The good people up there think that the present one partakes too strongly of the character of a tail to a kite, a position which they do not relish; hence the talk of a change. Why not resume the old one of New Bridge? They might go farther and get a poorer one. North Woburn is a fine, growing part of this city, and it may be that, by and by, its inhabitants will ask the Legislature to incorperate them into a town by themselves. Stranger things than that have happened before now.

— Professor F. Percyval Lewis and his mother, Mrs. Anna Soule Lewis, the piano teacher of this city, are to sail from New York on the steamship Minnesota on August 1, for London, England, where they will remain about a fortnight before repairing to Germany. After their visits to such places as they have noted down for a call they will go to Liepsic, Germany, and make their home there for a year at least, which period of time will be devoted to the study of music, in which profession Percyval means to reach the top rung of the ladder. In a little more than a year the return of the Lewises may be expected.

— Daniel March, D. D., Pastor Emeritus of the First Congregational church of Woburn, was 87 years old last Tuesday, July 21, 1903. There was no particular observance of his birthday anniversary, but a number of warm friends presented him with bouquets of fragrant flowers accompanied by their best wishes and hopes that he would remain here to enjoy many more years of happy and useful life. The Doctor is in the enjoyment of good health; his mental faculties are unimpaired; and on Tuesday afternoon he participated in the funeral exercises of a friend of his. Everybody hopes he has many years of calm and pleasant life before him.

— Miss Grace Callahan is enjoying her vacation and getting well of fever at Lookaway Inn, Pine Point, Scarboro, Maine, of which Ruggles & Turnbull, formerly of Woburn, are the proprietors and landlords. For rest, repose, and genuine comfort in hot weather there is no spot on the New England Coast that surpasses Pine Point, and but very few that begins to compare with it. The Inn is a quiet, commodious structure, commanding magnificent ocean views from its elevated situation; not too near the surf and breakers; cool and refreshing seabreezes render its rooms delightful night and day; and, all in all, it is an ideal seaside resort. Lookaway Inn entertains many summer guests.

— The Great Boston & Maine Railroad System in New England is rushed as never before in its history with passengers and baggage bound for summer retreats in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. The Old Home Week travel contributes largely to the tremendous rush, and creates a lively demand for the Company's splendidly illustrated Guide publications, which are eagerly studied by immense crowds of visitors from the West and South, and found to be of the greatest utility, as well as entertainment. The Boston & Maine System gives the best passenger service in this country, and there is not a prominent summer resort in New England that is not easily, speedily and cheaply reached by its superb trains.

— The Managers of that noble charity "The Floating Hospital" of Boston, to which the people of this city generously contributed $140 last May, the proceeds of their second May Party in its behalf, have allotted Thursday, August 13, for "Woburn Day," of which many friends of the charity will no doubt avail themselves and accompany the children and mothers down the Harbor. The boat will leave the wharf about 10 a. m. on that date and make a day of it. If any desire to do so, they can leave the hospital at Pemberton about noon and return home, although it is likely that the greater part of the guests will prefer to make the whole trip, which will offer many points of interest, not the least of which is the school on board for instructing mothers in the treatment of sick children.

— Miss Gladys Aldrich, daughter of Representative and Mrs. Henry M. Aldrich of Montvale avenue, who graduated from Smith College last month, has accepted a call to fill the position of teacher of English Literature and History in the Amesbury High School, and is to enter on her duties there at the opening of the school year next September. Some weeks before graduating she was offered a fine teaching berth in a well known York State seminary, but declined it at the solicition of her parents, who preferred that she should remain nearer home. Gladys is a fine scholar, and is sure to become an ornament to the pedagogic profession. Raymond, her brother, who graduated this year from the Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard University, where he made a specialty of landscape gardening under the famous Olmstead, is employed by the Board of Park Commissioners of New Bedford where an extensive Park System is being carried out.

THE MOTHERS KNOW

A growing, active boy puts clothing to its supreme test. It is the mother of such a boy who understands, as nobody else does, whether materials hold their color, are properly put together, and stand wear as they should.

Hundreds of mothers have told us how their satisfaction is the satisfaction which

Our Clothing

gives to them, in all respects, as worn by their sons.

We cannot conceive of a higher endorsement—can you?

Macullar Parker Company
400 Washington Street
BOSTON

VACATIONS ARE HERE

SECURE YOUR
KODAK and FILMS
— AT —
Whitcher's
KODAK AGENCY

The New Size No. 3A For Sale.
Picture 3¼ x 5½

— Hon. William F. Davis, Mrs Davis, and son W. Fred Davis of Woburn, and Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Defreez of Brookline, will leave Boston on Aug. 8, for Webb Pond in Weld, Franklin county, State of Maine, where, if everything is agreeable, they intend to pass a quiet and comfortable vacation outing.

— Herbert S. Riley, Esq., Chairman of the School Board, is away on his vacation and will not return for a week or two. Mr. Frank Cotton, member of the Board, informs us that Chairman Riley will probably call a special meeting to take action on the schoolhouse site immediately on his return. Mr. Cotton expressed the opinion that the action of the City Council concerning the site would be ratified by the School Board, although some of the members were opposed to it.

— At about 8.20 p. m., Wednesday, July 22, a south bound electric car, of which Thompson was motorman and Miles conductor, struck Philip McHugh of 59 Houghton street, who was lying on the track near the City Park, and killed him. He was not discovered by the car men until it was too late to prevent the accident, the place where it occurred being very dark, and no blame could be attributed to them. Dr. Blake, Medical Examiner, found the body badly mangled. McHugh was about 65 years old.

— The Woburn JOURNAL was represented at the funeral of Mrs. Andrews last Tuesday afternoon by Mr. George H. Newcomb, present foreman of the office. Prior to the early fall of 1880 he and Mr. Henry L. Andrews, husband of the deceased lady, had been, for a good many years, fellow workmen on the JOURNAL, and a close friendship has ever since existed between them. On Sept. 1, 1873, the whole JOURNAL force, including Mr. Newcomb, were guests at the wedding of Mr. Andrews and Miss Cole which took place in the same house where, almost 30 years after, July 21, 1903, Mr. Newcomb attended the funeral of the then bride.

— Mr. George H. Gilbert of Winchester has had with him for a week or more at his summer home on Atlantic Hill, Nantasket, the Rev. Wallace Nutting, D. D., of Providence, R. I., a leading preacher in the Congregational church. Dr. Nutting is one of the finest photographers in landscape work in this country. Although he took up the work as a diversion from his clerical duties, his pictures are in constant demand for reproduction in the best magazines throughout the country. Illustrated papers also are to reproduce them. While the guest of Mr. Gilbert Dr. Nutting obtained some beautiful scenes in and around Cohasset and Hingham.—*Boston Herald July 19.* Brother Gilbert is never happier than when driving a fast horse, or hovering a clergyman under his protecting wing. He and Rev. Nutting are great cronies.

— The farm crops in this part of the State are much better than it was feared they would be a month or two ago. Unusually cold weather in June and all the fore part of July, to say nothing of April and May, and the severe drouth that prevailed a part of that time, convinced the farmers that all kinds of crops would turn out slim, especially hay; but their fears have not been realized, although there has been but little real growing weather this month. Interviews with farmers in this locality reveal the fact that the hay crop, now nearly all harvested, will reach close to an average yield, and is of the best quality. It has been cured and housed in fine condition. Corn has suffered from cold nights and is not up to its usual condition in July; but a hot August will do a great deal for it, and it is not too late to look for fair returns. Potatoes have done quite well. Like grass, they thrive best in cool weather, and in this respect the season has been favorable for them. Vegetables of all kinds are turning out better than was expected of them; although some kinds, notably peas, are not up to the regular standard. On the whole, the farmers of Woburn and surrounding towns have good reason for a fair amount of satisfaction over the result of their this year's labors.

— Mr. Alexander Ellis, another worthy and esteemed member of "The Sons of '24," celebrated, in a quiet way, the anniversary of his birthday last Monday. He was warmly congratulated by many of his hosts of good friends in this city. He was born at Waterville, Maine, on July 20, 1824, his father being, at that time, a well known citizen of the beautiful Kennebec River town, and lived there in his youth. When little more than a lad he spent a year in Bangor; subsequently, a period at Houlton; and, while yet a young man, went to Cincinnati, Ohio, where he was in trade until circumstances compelled him to return to Waterville. He went into the mercantile business there, which he continued until about 1846, when he went to Lynn, where he remained until 1852, when he had an attack of the California "gold fever," and repaired to the Pacific Coast. In 1855 Mr. Ellis came from California to Woburn; soon embarked in the grocery business; and has lived a busy, useful life here ever since. He is a gentleman of irreproachable character, universally esteemed for integrity and uprightness of conduct, and one of the largest hearted men that ever lived; indeed, if he had been less so through life, he would now have vastly more money but vastly less friends, especially among the poor and needy, to whose appeals for help and credit he never turned a deaf ear or sent them from his store empty handed. The wife he married in Lynn soon after coming to Woburn is still spared to be a companion and helpmeet in his declining years. They are living a happy life. By the way, Mrs. Ellis's greatgrandfather, Josiah Breed, was the owner of "Breed's Hill" in Charlestown where the first great battle of the Revolutionary War was fought on June 17, 1775. Mr. Ellis is now employed as salesman in the grocery store of Mr. Thomas W. Stowers, 367 Main street, and does his daily stint with the alacrity of youth. He rises with the lark for his work, and is among the last to leave the store at night. The JOURNAL heartily joins with his army of friends in congratulations to Mr. Ellis on his good health and spirits, and in the hope that his life may be a long and merry one.

Pop Concert.

On Monday evening of this week the Towanda Club held a very successful Pop Concert. This, I think, is the first of its kind at Towanda Club. It was thought that an informal mid summer function would prove attractive and our anticipations were more than realized. The members and their guests filled every part of the House from bowling alley to dance hall. Ice cream and tonics were on sale and patronage was heavy. A large and excellent orchestra of eight pieces, Callahan, leader, played most acceptably, interspersing well-rendered concert pieces between the dance number. There were tables and chairs on the veranda, where refreshments were served, and inside the ladies enjoyed the alleys and billiard tables, which were put on the free list for the evening.—S. W. M.

Riverdale, Billerica.

To the busy merchant, professional man, or artisan, in Boston, or its thickly settled environs, who, after his day's work is done, needs and seeks rest and repose, RIVERDALE offers an ideal retreat.

Billerica is a charming rural town, inhabited by people of opulence, intelligence and refinement, and, with its groves, gently sloping hills, and pellucid streams, RIVERDALE is one of its choicest and most desirable sections for a country home.

Although within easy distance of great centres of trade and business activities, which are speedily reached by steam and electric cars, still RIVERDALE, surrounded by its wealth of varied and beautiful scenery, blessed with a pure atmosphere, and swept by ozone laden breezes, for rest, rustic delights and retirement, is unsurpassed by any spot in the vicinity of Boston.

These remarks are worthy of careful consideration, not only by the classes of people above named, but by skilled mechanics, clerks, salesmen, whose days are spent at the bench, desk and counter, to whom, for health, pleasure and profit, small productive farms and gardens, such as are offered by the proprietor of RIVERDALE, at reasonable prices, would prove of inestimable value.

Cholera Infantum.

This has long been regarded as one of the most dangerous and fatal diseases to which infants are subject. It can be cured, however, when properly treated. All that is necessary is to give Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and castor oil, as directed with each bottle, and a cure is certain. For sale by all druggists

For a lazy liver try Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They invigorate the liver, aid the digestion, regulate the bowels and prevent bilious attacks. For sale by all druggists.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—7th Sunday after Trinity.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Evening Prayer at 7.
No Sunday School during July and August.
Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Love."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev Norman E. Richardson, Acting Pastor. Subject: "What is Prayer?"
6.30 P. M., Public Service. Subject: "Modern Prodigality."
12 M. Sunday School. Adults only.
Mid-week Service changed to Wednesday evening during July and August.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by Rev Cephus B. Crane, D. D. Subject: "The Trees of the Lord are Satisfied."
12 M., Sunday School for Adults.
At 5.45 P. M., Christian Endeavor Meeting.
7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "Blessing the Lord."
7.45 P. M., Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, July 21, Eula E. Wilson, aged 33 years.
In this city, July 22, Lydia M. Tay, aged 71 years, 3 months, 9 days.
In this city, July 16, Johanna Wolf, aged 62 years.
In this city, July 19, James Collins, aged 39 years.
In this city, July 22, Philip McHugh, aged 65 years.
In this city, July 18, Mary E., wife of Henry L. Andrews, aged 54 years, 6 months, 25 days.
In this city, July 17, Ellen M. Murphy, aged 42 years, 5 months, 21 days.
In this city, July 20, James Bland, aged 78 years, 9 months, 20 days.

Seasonable Goods
— AT —
Reasonable Prices!

Standard Tomatoes	8c can
Standard Corn	8c "
String Beans	9c "
Wax Beans	10c "
Shelled Beans	12c "
Red Gage Plums	12c "
Peaches	10c "
Bartlett Pears 3lb cans	13c "
2 cans 25c	
3 lb cans Apple	10c "
Gallon cans Apple	25c "
Red Alaska Salmon	9c "
Sockeye Salmon flat cans	15c "
Best New Creamery Butter	25c "

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

RICHARD A. WHITE
Successor to E. A. Brooks,
Undertaker
— AND —
Funeral Supplies
Boarding and Livery Stable.
12 Park St., Woburn.
Telephone 54 - 3.

Mortgagee's Sale.

Pursuant to a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by James F. McKenna to the Stoneham Cooperative Bank dated August 5, 1902, and Recorded in Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds, libro 2986, folio 9, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises on

Saturday, the fifteenth day of August, A. D., 1903,

at five o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises therein described, to wit: a certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn and bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a point on the westerly side of Wade avenue one hundred and two and four tenths (102.4) feet southerly from the southerly side of Salem street; thence the line runs westerly by a line parallel with said Salem street bounding on land of the Trustees of Tufts College et als., one hundred and two and four-tenths (102.4) feet; thence running southerly on land last named by a line parallel with said Wade avenue fifty-one and two-tenths (51.2) feet; thence running easterly still by land last named by a line parallel with said Salem street one hundred and two and four-tenths (102.4) feet to Wade avenue; thence northerly on the westerly line Wade avenue fifty-one and two-tenths (51.2) feet, containing five thousand and twenty (5020) square feet, more or less.
Terms at time of sale.

STONEHAM COOPERATIVE BANK,
By George N. Green, its Treasurer, Mortgagee.
J. A. STOCKWELL, Attorney,
10 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Patrick Kelley, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Bernard McLaughlin of Woburn, in said County, or to some other suitable person:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of September, A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirteenth day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

RIVERDALE
BILLERICA, MASS.
Farm Plots on Easy Terms.

Half acre River Lots $10 down and and $5 per month, larger lots in proportion. Excellent location on the Shawsheen River, in Billerica, near Pinehurst Park, only 6 miles from Woburn; fine soil for fruit, vegetables and poultry; great opportunity to obtain small farms for homes, summer residences, or for outing purposes at a small expense. Canoeing, fishing, bathing and hunting. Take electrics from Woburn via Burlington, or address for plans and particulars,

E. P. SELLEW,
Billerica, Mass.

TO LET.

No. 635 Main street, next to Mr. S. F. Trull's residence, near Mishawum Road, contains 10 rooms, bath, furnace, and 2 acres of land. Rent reasonable. Enquire of C. E. COOPER & CO., Mechanics Building.

Get Your Printing Done
At This Office

Mens' Dpeartment.

Fancy Hosery, a 25c. quality for 13c. pair.

Mens' Gauze, Jersey and Balbriggan Underwear at 25 and 50c.

Suspenders, Collars and Neckwear.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Ice Cream. Sherbets.

Ice Cream	Sherbets
STRAWBERRY (from fruit)	STRAWBERRY (with fruit)
VANILLA	PINEAPPLE
COFFEE	ORANGE
CHOCOLATE	LEMON
PINEAPPLE (with fruit)	

MADE TO ORDER.

FRUIT PUNCH	SULTANA ROLL
FRAPPE	FROZEN PUDDING
ORANGE	MACCAROON
STRAWBERRY	COFFEE PARFAIT
PINEAPPLE	BOM GLACE

Our Ice Cream is made from deep set Jersey Cream and Fresh Fruit Juices.

CRAWFORD'S,
412 Main St., Woburn.
TELEPHONE: 48-3.

Obituary.

Mrs. MARY E. ANDREWS, wife of Mr. Henry L. Andrews, passed away at her home, 65 Prospect street, this city, at 5.45 o'clock Saturday afternoon, July 18, 1903. She had been an invalid, and at times a great sufferer, for nine years previous to her decease, and although her departure was not wholly unexpected it proved a severe shock to her family and a large number of friends.

Mary E. Cole was the daughter of the late Mr. John G. and Lavina Cole, born in the house where she died on January 13, 1849, which has always been her home. On September 1, 1873, she was married to Mr. Henry L. Andrews, who, with a son, John Cole Andrews, mother, a sister, Mrs. Annie B. Haggett, a brother, Mr. James G. Cole of Beaufort, S. C., survives to deeply grieve over the loss of a kind and faithful wife and true companion. Her son, John C., was in camp at South Framingham with the Ninth Regiment Band, but was summoned arriving home on Saturday evening, not however until his mother had been called away.

Mrs. Andrews was one of the original members of the Woburn Woman's Club, in which she took a deep interest, and while health permitted contributed generously to its success. She loved her home, and was strongly attached to her family, whose comfort and happiness it was her constant aim and pleasure to promote. The high esteem in which she was held by a wide circle of friends and acquaintances was made manifest by kind words and acts all through her long illness. She liked the good things of life; good reading, good people, good thoughts, and high standards; and was a real helpmeet to her now bereaved husband in the affairs of life, as well as a loving companion.

Her affection for and kind care of her mother all through life, has been in the highest degree praiseworthy, and by no one will she be more keenly missed than by the venerable mother, to whom she had always been a cherished companion, as well as a dutiful daughter.

The funeral was held at the late residence of the deceased at 2.30 o'clock last Tuesday afternoon, July 21. It was attended by a large number of neighbors and friends of the family. The religious exercises were conducted by Rev. Dr. March of the Congregational church, and Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector of Trinity church. They were solemn and impressive. There were also committal services at the grave in Woodbrook cemetery. The casket was covered by flowers, there being some forty pieces, loving tributes to the worth and virtues of a good woman and steadfast friend.

Very Remarkable Cure of Diarrhoea.

"About six years ago for the first time in my life I had a sudden and severe attack of diarrhoea," says Mrs. Alice Miller, of Morgan, Texas. "I got temporary relief, but it came back again and again, and for six long years I have suffered more misery and agony than I can tell. It was worse than death. My husband spent hundreds of dollars for physicians' prescriptions and treatment without avail. Finally we moved to Bosque county, our present home, and one day I happened to see an advertisement of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with a testimonial of a man who had been cured by it. The case was so similar to my own that I concluded to try the remedy. The result was wonderful. I could hardly realize that I was well again, or believe it could be so after having suffered so long, but that one bottle of medicine, costing but a few cents, cured me." For sale by all druggists.

Literary Notices.

American cities present the most remarkable feature of the rapid growth of this continent in population and riches. There has been nothing like it in the whole previous history of the world. The stories of Terre Haute, Columbus, Youngstown and Harrisburg, crisply told and fully illustrated in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE for August, drive this fact home in the mind of even the least observant. These articles tell how these cities began, what they are and what they are doing. Charles Ferguson's article on The Rise of Free Cities Under the New Industrial Order, in the same number, makes clear the larger meanings of this rapid city growth in America. The August NATIONAL contains also six brilliant short stories, a dozen illustrated articles on various phases of American life, the usual chatty departments on Affairs at Washington, Our Army and Navy, Timely Topics of the Stage, Note and Comment and Let's Talk It Over, reflecting the thoughts and deeds of men and women the world over. The illustrations of this number are more than usually numerous and attractive.

Will Buy It Back.

You assume no risk when you buy Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. All druggists will refund your money if you are not satisfied after using it. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful remedy in use for bowel complaints and the only one that never fails. It is pleasant, safe and reliable.

No man or woman in the state will hesitate to speak well of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets after once trying them. They always produce a pleasant movement of the bowels, improve the appetite and strengthen the digestion. For sale by all druggists.

WINCHESTER.

The Winchester Boat Club are to give a Float Night on Labor Day evening.

The M. Ds. and Merchants are going to engage in a baseball contest soon.

The McKay Relief Association will hold their grand annual picnic at Point of Pines on July 25.

We are congratulating ourselves on the absence of scarlet fever from this place. Kind of singular, too, seeing you Woburn folks have had so much of it.

Our esteemed townsman, Mr. L. R. Wallis, is the popular manager of a steeplechase at Nantasket. Many of our people go down there and enjoy it.

Our leading paper, the *Star*, has gone into the music publishing business. It is a good thing, only it should give more songs, glees and madrigals, and fewer instrumental pieces.

The people of this town are getting to be greatly exercised in their minds respecting anticipated inroads of the Gypsy and Browntail Moths. A good deal of money has been expended this year towards their extermination, and what good has it done? These pests are sure to have their day and all the fighting our folks can do, or anybody's else's folks, can't stop them. To spend money on them, and to fret and chafe and fume, is all nonsense. But if it were not moths it would be something else to worry over.

The Reason.

Mrs. Flint (severely)—Why do you wander from place to place?

Soiled Spooner (calmly)—B'cuz de places won't wander to me, mum.—Puck.

Flinty.

"Yes, she has a heart of flint."

"Then don't forget that a persistent man can learn to strike fire from flint."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

COURT OF LAND REGISTRATION.

To Martha A. Vining, Albert H. Munroe, Charles M. Munroe, John Maloney and Ada T. Munroe, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and said Commonwealth, and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Anne Connolly, of said Woburn, to register and confirm her title in the following-described land: A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situate in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises on Main street at land of Ada T. Munroe; from thence the line runs northerly on and by said Main street forty feet to Broad street; thence turning the line runs easterly on and by said Broad street one hundred and sixty five feet to land of John Maloney, formerly of Alonzo T. Young; thence southerly by land of last named sixty feet to land of said Ada T. Munroe; thence westerly by land of said Ada T. Munroe one hundred and sixty-five feet to the point of beginning:

You are hereby cited to appear at the Court of Land Registration, to be held at Boston, in said County of Suffolk, on the tenth day of August, A. D., 1903, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, LEONARD A. JONES, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of July in the year nineteen hundred and three.

Attest with Seal of said Court.

[SEAL]

CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by John Ahearn of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Reuben B. Richardson and Hannah M. Parker, dated Jauuary 1, 1883, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1619, Page 503, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction at the office of John W. Johnson, 349 Main street Woburn, on

MONDAY, the third day of August, A. D., 1903,

at four o'clock in the afternoon all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows, namely:—A certain parcel of land situated in said Woburn, containing seven thousand two hundred and ninety (7290) square feet, and being Lot No. 1 on a Plan of house lots owned by Reuben B. Richardson and Hannah M. Parker, surveyed by J. R. Carter, dated April, 1877, bounded and described as follows, viz: —Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises at the junction of Conn street, so called, and Main street; thence the line runs northerly by said Main street sixty-five (65) feet to Lot No. 2, on said Plan; thence easterly by said Lot No. 2, one hundred and ten (110) feet to Lot No. 7 on said Plan; thence southerly by said Lot No. 7 sixty-three and four-tenths (63.4) feet to said Conn street as laid out on said Plan; thence westerly by said Conn street, one hundred fifteen and two-tenths (115.2) feet to the point of beginning.

Also, one other lot of land situated in said Woburn, adjoining the lot above described, containing five thousand four hundred and fifty (5,450) square feet, being Lot No. 2 on satd Plan, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises at said Main street, and the northwesterly corner of lot No. 1 above described; thence the line runs northerly by said Main street fifty and two-tenths (50 2) feet to Lot No. 3 on said plan: thence easterly by Lot No. 3 on said Plan, one hundred and eight (108) feet to said lot No. 7; thence southerly by said Lot No. 7 fifty (50) feet to said Lot No. 1; thence westerly by said Lot No. 1 one hundred and ten (110) feet to the point of beginning.

$100 will be required of the purchaser at the sale.

JOHN W. JOHNSON, Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.

Woburn, July 10, 1903.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

COURT OF LAND REGISTRATION.

To the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank and the First National Bank of Woburn, both duly existing corporations, George G. Hart, Frederick A. Hartwell and Lavinia L. Curtis, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and said Commonwealth, and all those interested in the estate of Abijah Thompson, John J. Pippy and Charles E. Chase, late of said Woburn, deceased, and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Raymond Dodge, executor under the will of George S. Dodge, late of Acton, in said County of Middlesex, deceased, to register and confirm his title in the following-described land:—A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situate in said Woburn, bounded as follows: Northwesterly by Main street forty-one and 12-100 feet; northeasterly by land of the First National Bank ninety-five and 65-100 feet; southeasterly by land of George G. Hart forty-six and 25-100 feet; southwesterly by land of Lavinia L. Curtis and Frederick A. Hartwell ninety and 66-100 feet; be said measurements more or less; estimated to contain four thousand one hundred and ten square feet according to a plan of said land by G. F. Hartshorn, dated May 8, 1903, filed with said petition.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Court of Land Registration, to be held at Boston, in said County of Suffolk, on the third day of August, A.D. 1903, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition, or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, LEONARD A. JONES, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this second day of July, in the year nineteen hundred and three.

[SEAL]

CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

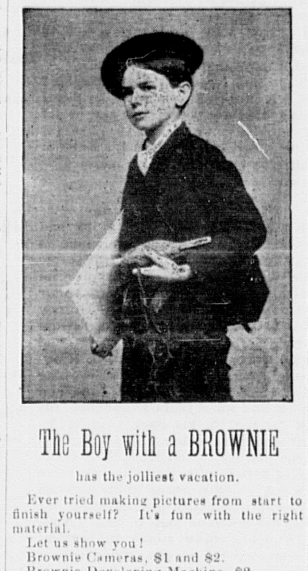
IF YOU WANT

To insure in good reliable companies, for FIRE or Life, consult

ORLYAN McSWEENEY,

7 Munroe Street, Woburn.

P.S.—A postal card will bring him



The Boy with a BROWNIE

has the jolliest vacation.

Ever tried making pictures from start to finish yourself? It's fun with the right material.

Let us show you!

Brownie Cameras, $1 and $2.

Brownie Developing Machine, $2.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.

NOTICE.

In compliance with the requirements of Section 16 of Chapter 113 of the Revised Laws of the Commonwealth, as amended by Section 1, chapter 169 of the Acts of 1902, I hereby certify that the following is a true list of the members of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank Corporation, date as of July 3rd, 1903:

John Hill Jr., William T. Grammer, Samuel Cook, John R. Carter, Benjamin Hinckley, Charlie A. Jones, Edward D. Hayden, John Winn, John W. Johnson, Joseph Buck, Fred J. Brown, George E. Fowle, Gilman F. Jones, Edward J. Gregory, William Beggs, Lewis W. Thompson, Edward E. Thompson, Squire B. Goddard, Everett P. Fox, Luke W. Fowle, Julius F. Ramsdell, Elwyn G. Preston, Herbert B. Dow, Henry M. Aldrich, Daniel W. Bond, Joseph F. DeLoriea, Winthrop Hammond, John Maloney, S. Franksford Trull.

Attest,

CHARLIE A. JONES, Clerk.

Woburn, Mass., July 14th, 1903.

NOTICE.

In compliance with the requirements of Section 16 Chapter 113 of the Revised Laws of the Commonwealth, I hereby certify that at the annual meeting of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank Corporation held July 3rd, 1903, the following named persons were elected to the office specified and have duly qualified as such officials, i.e.,—

President, Benjamin Hinckley; Vice-Presidents, John Winn, John R. Carter, William Beggs; Clerk, Charlie A. Jones; Auditors, Fred J. Brown, Elwyn G. Preston; Trustees, Benjamin Hinckley, John Winn, William Beggs, Edward E. Thompson, George E. Fowle, Squire B. Goddard, Herbert B. Dow, Henry M. Aldrich, Charlie A. Jones, John R. Carter, John W. Johnson, Lewis W. Thompson, Gilman F. Jones, Fred J. Brown, Luke W. Fowle, Winthrop Hammond, Elwyn G. Preston.

The Board of Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, at a meeting held July 3rd, 1903, elected the following officers who have duly qualified according to law, i.e.,—

Board of Investment, Benjamin Hinckley, John Winn, John R. Carter, William Beggs, Lewis W. Thompson, Squire B. Goddard, Herbert B. Dow, Luke W. Fowle, Winthrop Hammond; Treasurer, Charlie A. Jones; Teller, A. Herbert Holland; Assistant Teller, Annie E. Cook.

Attest,

CHARLIE A. JONES, Clerk.

Woburn, Mass., July 14th, 1903.

..Are..
You Particular

About your laundry? Let us try it. We please particular people.

Woburn Laundry
26 Montvale Ave.
Telephone 29 4.

The Boston *Herald* on Sunday last inaugurated a series of prize puzzles for the children, which bids fair to become another *Herald* success. Some 20 prizes are offered each week, and they are so awarded that children all over New England have the same opportunity in the distribution as those who live in Boston. Like everything The *Herald* does, the puzzle is an interesting character and calculated to please the children without giving offence. The drawing of the pictures is good, and the details of the arrangements most admirable. The children's department of The *Herald* is of the highest standard; indeed, it is on the same high level of excellence which has made The *Herald* and given it the right to be called New England's greatest newspaper.

CITY OF WOBURN.

City Collector's Sale

Sidewalk and Edgestone Betterments.

WOBURN, MASS., July 7, 1903.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the betterments thereon severally assessed December 26th, 1901, and approved by the Mayor December 28, 1901, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the City Council for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of each estate sufficient to satisfy said betterments with interest and all legal costs and charges or the whole of said estate if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, August 22, 1903**, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the paayment of said betterments, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the betterment assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

CHARLOTTE M. A. COCHRANE.—About 23,040 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 137 Pleasant street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Marshall Simonds; easterly by a proposed street; southerly by Pleasant street; westerly by land now or late of Richardson.

Amount of Assessment, $36 25

JARIUS H. FOSTER.—About 5,080 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 39 Winn street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by land of Wood, land of Carr and land of Buxton; southeasterly by land of Given; southwesterly by said Winn street; northwesterly by land of McDonald.

Amount of Assessment, 66 57

MARY J. WYMAN.—About 5-16 of an acre of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 67 Winn street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Hubbard; easterly by land of O'Connor; southerly by land of Cammall; westerly by Winn street.

Amount of Assessment, 57 11

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn

CITY OF WOBURN.

City Collector's Sale

— OF —

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., July 7, 1903.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1901, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of said land sufficient to satisfy said taxes with interest and all legal costs and charges or the whole of said land if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, August 22, 1903**, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

WARD 2.

LAURITZ LAWSON.—About 5,759 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 66 Eastern Avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of L. H. Allen, 91.45 feet; easterly by land of Luke W. Fowle 65 feet; southerly by land of Luke W. Fowle 85.77 feet; westerly by a private way about 65.15 feet.

Balance of tax of 1901, 12 88

Non-Residents.

WILLARD WELSH.—About 6,050 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 15 on Plan of Mary P. Foster land on Vernon street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Harvard street 110 feet; easterly by lot 33 on said plan 55 feet; southerly by lot 16 on said plan 110 feet; westerly by Vernon street 55 feet.

Tax of 1901, 5 55

WILLARD WELSH.—About 9,375 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 25 Hawley street on Plan of Mary P. Foster land, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Hawley street 50 feet; easterly by lot 26 on said Plan; southerly by land now or late of J. B. Sawtelle; westerly by Vernon street.

Tax of 1901, 4 63

WILLARD WELSH.—About 11½ acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land late of Samuel O. Pollard; easterly by land of Hastings and land of Flagg about 928 feet; southerly by Green street about 715 feet; westerly by Eastern avenue about 930 feet, excepting from said description lots 39 and 37 shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 116, Plan 15.

Tax of 1901, 92 50

ALONZO V. LYNDE, HEIRS.—About 9,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 3 west side of Vernon street, shown on plan of land of Mary P. Foster, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 2 on said plan; easterly by Vernon street; southerly by lot 4 on said plan; westerly by land of John G. Flagg.

Tax of 1901, 5 55

A. SELWYN LYNDE.—About 6,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 10 west side of Vernon street on plan of land of Mary P. Foster, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot No. 9 on said plan 100 feet; easterly by Vernon street 60 feet; southerly by lot No. 11 on sa'd plan 100 feet; westerly by land of John G. Flagg 60 feet.

Tax of 1901, 5 55

A. SELWYN LYNDE.—About 18,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Laurel Street being lots numbered 25, 26 and 27 on Assessors Plan of Mary P. Foster land, Book of Plans No. 1, Plan 7A, bounded as follows namely:—Northerly by lot No. 28 on said Plan; easterly by Laurel street; southerly by Hawley street; westerly by lots No. 21, 22, 23, 24 and 24A, shown on said Plan.

Tax of 1901, 3 70

A. SELWYN LYNDE.—About 5000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being part of Lot No. 10, on plan of Emerson Lots, recorded with Middlesex South Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 5, Plan 23, bounded as follows namely:—Northerly by lot No. 9 on paid plan, about 100 feet; easterly by part of Lot 10 on said plan 50 feet; southerly by the rest of Lot 10 on said plan 100 feet; westerly by Nashua street 50 feet.

Tax of 1901, 2 78

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 2½ acres of land situated in said Woburn bounded as follows namely:—Northerly by Montvale avenue and land of Tobin; easterly by land now or late of Jennison; southerly by Green street; westerly by Wood street and land of Tobin.

Tax of 1901, 5 55

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 5 acres of land situated in said Woburn, on Green street, bounded as follow, namely:—Northerly by Green street; easterly by land formerly of Reed and Tweed; southerly by land formerly of Dunklee and Holton; westerly by land formerly of Joseph B. Sawtelle.

Tax of 1901, 4 63

WARD 3.

HANNAH A. PLYMPTON and ELLEN J. HARRINGTON.—About 8,378 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on southerly side of Plympton street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Plympton street; easterly by land of Naven; southerly by land of Vinal; westerly by land of Griffin and land of Crocker.

Tax of 1901, 16 65

WARD 4.

Non-Residents.

A. SELWYN LYNDE.—About 6,485 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, at No. 78 Montvale Ave., bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises at land of James B. and Hugh D. Murray; thence the line runs northerly by land last named about 122.5 feet to Broad street; thence westerly by and with said Broad street about 150 feet to land of Buss; thence southerly by land of said Buss to land now or late of Barrett; thence easterly by land last named to a corner; thence in a southeasterly direction about 120 feet to Montvale Avenue; thence easterly by and with said avenue about 126-6 feet to the point of beginning.

Tax of 1901, 58 24
Street Watering for 1901, 2 53

WARD 5.

Non-Residents.

JACOB W. WILBUR.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lots 665 and 666 shown on Plan C of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 59, Plan 5 bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lots 639 and 640 on said plan; easterly by lot 667 on said plan; southerly by Floyd street; westerly by lot 664 on said plan.

Tax of 1901, 1 85

A. SELWYN LYNDE.—About 11,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 1, shown on Plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 89, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Mill street 72 feet; westerly by Lot 2 on said plan 61 feet; southerly by land now or late of John H. Ponce 72 feet; easterly by other land now or late of said Ponce 150 feet. Same premises conveyed to Weiss by John H. Ponce by deed dated May 28, 1895, recorded with said Deeds, Book 2369, Page 379.

Tax of 1901 19 61

A. SELWYN LYNDE.—About 5½ acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at southwesterly corner of the premises at land of Joseph Marshall; thence north 12° west, 10 rods, 19 links; thence north 17° west, 23 rods, 19 links by land of Heirs of John Hart Bancroft to stake at land of Erskine Ames; thonce north 72° east 6 rods; thence north 84° east 3 rods; thence south 83° east 4 rods 6 links; thence south 70° east 3 rods 10 links; thence 82° east 2 rods 18 links; thence south 35° east 10 rods; thence north 85° east 8 rods 23 links, all by land of Ames to stake at land of Heirs of Barnabus Richardson; thence south 31° east 15 rods 10 links; thence south 41° east 6 rods 22 links by land of said Heirs of Barnabus Richardson; thence south 78° west by land of Joseph Marshall 37 rods 1 link to point of beginning.

Tax of 1901, 5 00

A. SELWYN LYNDE.—About 6 acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely: Beginning at southeasterly corner of premises at land of Mrs. Reuben Weston; thence northerly by said land 64 rods; thence westerly by land of Marshall 10 rods; thence southerly and thence westerly by land of Holden; thence again southerly by land of Heirs of James Brooks; thence easterly and southerly and again easterly by land of Isabella E. Wiswall to point of beginning.

Tax of 1901, 8 51

ANDREW GRIFFITH.—About 6070 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 190, 191 and 192 on plan of lots of Walnut Hill Park owned by J. W. Wilbur, dated Oct. 22, 1898, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 113, Plan 25, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Olympia avenue; easterly by lot 193 on said plan; southerly by lot 189 on said plan; westerly by Oregon avenue.

Tax of 1901, 83

WARD 6.

RHODA G. RICKER.—About ¼ acre of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 52 Pearl street, bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning on westerly side of Pearl street; thence southerly by same street 12 rods 7 links; thence westerly by land of Uriel Sevrens 12½ rods; thence northerly by land of Baldwin 6 rods, 8 links; thence easterly by land of Baldwin 5 rods, 8 links; thence east of north still by same land 7 rods 1 link; thence easterly across a bar 17 links to point of beginning.

Tax of 1901, 18 50

Non-Residents.

LUCIA A. PORTER.—About 9,472 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Merrimac street, being Lots 1, 14, 15 on Plan of Park Hill Lots, shown on Assessors Plan, Book of Plans 2, Plan 80, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Merrimac street; easterly by land of Wm. Hall; southerly by Hillner Avenue on said plan; westerly by Nichause street on said plan.

Tax of 1901, 2 03

LUCIA A. PORTER.—About 2,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 12 on Plan of Park Hill Lots, shown by Assessors Plan, Book of Plans 2 Plan 80, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 2 on said plan; easterly by lot 13 on said plan; southerly by Hillner avenue; westerly by lot 11 on said plan.

Tax of 1901, 93

LUCIA A. PORTER.—About 5,916 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 18 and 19 on Plan of Park Hill Lots, shown by Assessors Plan, Book of Plans 2, Plan 80, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Hillner Avenue on said plan; easterly by lot 17 on said plan; southerly by land of Wm. Hall; westerly by lot 20 on said plan.

Tax of 1901 1 48

CARLO BASSO.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 10, Block 30, Section E, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1, and on Assessors Plan 13 in Book 1.

Tax of 1901, 56

JOSEPH M. WYZANSKI—About 29,400 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 to 12 inclusive, Block 14, Section E, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz: Northeasterly by Arkansas street 140 feet; southeasterly by Washington avenue 210 feet; southwesterly by Nebraska street 140 feet; northwesterly by Massachusetts avenue 210 feet.

Tax of 1901, 5 55

WILLARD WELSH.—About 15,600 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14, Block 24, Section A, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Longwood avenue; easterly by Prescott street; southerly by lots 8 and 15 on said block; westerly by Wilson street.

Tax of 1901, 2 22

ALONZO V. LYNDE, HEIRS.—About 3,300 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 3, Block 10, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.

Tax of 1901, 19

ALONZO V. LYNDE, HEIRS.—About 5,400 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 11 and 12, Block 26, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.

Tax of 1901, 74

ALONZO V. LYNDE, HEIRS.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 14 and 15, Block 9, Section E, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1.

Tax of 1901, 93

CORA E. WATT.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lot 11 block 14 section B shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Midsexdle So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 57 Plan 1.

Tax of 1901, 37

CORA E. WATT.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lots 5 and 6 block 29 section B shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 57 Plan 1.

Tax of 1901 37

CORA E. WATT.—About 2400 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lot 31 block 28, section B shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 57 Plan 1.

Tax of 1901 56

CORA E. Watt.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lot 33 block 28, section B shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 57 Plan 1.

Tax of 1901, 37

CORA E. WATT.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lot 34 block 28, section B shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 57 Plan 1.

Tax of 1901, 37

CORA E. WATT.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 37 and 38, Block 28, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.

Tax of 1901, 1 02

CORA E. WATT.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 13, Block 35, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60.

Tax of 1901, 19

CORA E. WATT.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 4, Block 14, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.

Tax of 1901, 28

CORA E. WATT.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 6 and 7, Block 19, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.

Tax of 1901, 74

CORA E. WATT.—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 and 24, Block 2, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.

Tax of 1901, 93

CORA E. WATT.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 19, 20 and 37, Block 3, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.

Tax of 1901, 1 39

CORA E. WATT.—About 14,700 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 4, 5, 7, 8, 12, 13, Block 17, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.

Tax of 1901, 1 85

CORA E. WATT.—About 9,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 1, 2, 3, 4, Block 29, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.

Tax of 1901, 93

CORA E. WATT.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 14 and 15, Block 32, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.

Tax of 1901, 74

CORA E. WATT.—About 3,300 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 1, Block 2, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.

Tax of 1901, 56

WARD 7.

ELLEN LEONARD, ET AL.—About 8,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 47 Bedford street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Leonard Thompson; easterly by land of Corry; southerly by Bedford street; westerly by Shields street.

Tax of 1901, 33 30

CHARLES L. O. DOHERTY.—About 12251 square feet of land with bld'gs thereon situated in said Woburn off Bedford Street bounded as follows namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Bishop, easterly by land of Emery; soutnerly by land of John J. and Patrick H. O'Doherty, etal., westerly by land of Merrow.

Tax of 1901, 34 39

MARY E. PIERCE.—About 1 acre of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 185 Lexington street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land formerly of Ephriam Colburn; easterly by Lexington street; southerly by land formerly of Ephriam Colburn; westerly by land formerly of Ephriam Colburn.

Tax of 1901, [illegible]

Non-Resideats.

FRANK MOORE.—About 1½ acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Bedford street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by the Pond; easterly by Burlington street; southerly by Bedford street; westerly by land of Ellard and also by the Pond.

Tax of 1901, 127 65

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT.

Chester W. Clark, of Wilmington in said County of Middlesex, administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Sabra Carter, late of said Wilmington, deceased, Complainant,

against

The Attorney General of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and Albert D. Carter, Ella H. Thompson, John R. Carter, Frank Carter, Martha A. Burnham and Abby Young, all of Woburn in said County of Middlesex, Willis S. Carter of Melrose in said County, Catherine G. Parker and Henry Baldwin, both of Billerica in said County, William H. Shedd, Harry L. Shedd, Nellie D. Shedd, Kate Butler, Clarence G. Coburn and Emily M. Skilton, all of Lowell in said County, George C. Skilton and Albert H. Skilton, both of Bedford in said County, Georgianna Higgins, Fred L. Carter, Fannie C. Jaques and Fred W. Jaques, all of Somerville in said County, Edna Alley and Augusta Alley, both of Medford in said County, Frank Marion and Hattie Marion, both of Burlington in said County, George K. Carter and Joseph M. Hill, both of Wilmington in said County, Lydia Coburn of Dracut in said County, J. Fred Parker, of Lynn and Mary J. Whiting of Beverly, both in the County of Essex, Nellie E. Wilmarth and Theodore Parker, both of Attleboro in the County of Bristol, C. Louise Jaques of Milton in the County of Norfolk, Clara I. Mower, Edwin T. Carter, Jennie L. Grush, James E. Skilton, Samuel W. Jaques, Henry Jaques, Caroline Jaques, Helen Merriam and Alida G. Sollers, all of Boston in the County of Suffolk, Sarah C. Keith of Denver in the State of Colorado, George C. Hill of Lake City and John B. Hill of Clinton, both in the State of Iowa, Mary Ann Kelley of St. Louis and Lawson C. Carter of Kansas City, both in the State of Missouri, Bowers R. Carter, George W. Carter, Flora Carter and Maria Carter, all of Tonganoxie in the State of Kansas, George F. Carter of Philadelphia in the State of Pennsylvania, Sidney Hastings, Charles Hastings, Susette M. Hastings, Harry Hastings and George M. Jaques, all of the city, county and state of New York, Anna G. Tucker of Nashua and Samuel Etherdige of Laconia, both in the State of New Hampshire, and Henry Stanley, Henry Jaques, Leslie W. Walker and Anna G. Walker whose residences are to the complainant unknown, Respondents.

BILL IN EQUITY.

The Complainant says:

Sabra Carter, late of said Wilmington, died on the thirteenth day of October A. D. 1893, leaving a will which was duly proved and allowed by the Probate Court within and for the county of Middlesex on the twenty second day of January A. D. 1895. The executor therein named declined the trust and the complainant, Chester W. Clark, was appointed administrator with the will annexed of said estate, and accepted the trust and qualified.

The complainant, as such administrator with the will annexed, in partial execution of his said trust has paid all the debts due from the estate and all the personal legacies of money contained in said will.

After the payment of the said debts and legacies, personal property remains in the hands of said administrator, subject to the payment of any future charges of administration that may arise, amounting to the sum of thirty seven hundred and fifty five dollars and thirty six cents, according to the third account of his said administration now on file in said Probate Court. The real estate, consisting of a dwelling house and lot of land, situated in said Wilmington, the former homestead of the testatrix, appraised at twenty five hundred dollars, also remains undisposed of.

The provision in the will applicable to the residue of personal and real property mentioned above is as follows:

"I also wish to leave in trust to a committee of six ladies, namely, Miss Sabra J. Jaquith, Mrs. Martha Lee, Mrs. Lillian R. Carter, Miss Maria E. Carter of Woburn, Miss Maria W. Carter of Wilmington, and Miss Rebecca Wood Richardson, my present homestead estate on Bow Street in the town of Wilmington, Mass., including all of the furniture contained therein, all the household goods, all the clothing contained therein, (a portion of the latter to be used for the poorer pupils) and everything connected with it as my home at the time of my decease, to be used for a Home and School for Girls, to enter from the ages of twelve to sixteen years, and to remain four years.

I would name this institution the Sabra Carter Home for Girls.

I would appoint Mrs. Emily Philbrick to be matron for this Home.

I would leave the income of all my other interests and investments to be used as a fund to draw from for the support of this Sabra Carter Home and School for poor girls in Wilmington, Mass."

The plaintiff says that all of the persons named above and described in said will as a "committee of six ladies" have declined to accept the trust imposed by said provision in said will, and have filed in the Probate Court a written declination thereof.

The testatrix, Sabra Carter, was never married and her only living relatives at the time of her decease were cousins and the issue of deceased cousins.

By the provision of the will above quoted, it was the design of the testatrix to create a charity by appropriating perpetually the use and income of all her property, real and personal, after the payment of her debts and legacies heretofore mentioned, to the care, training and education of indigent girls, and thereby the said testatrix did create a public charity.

The said testatrix supposed, when she made the aforesaid provision in her will, that her property would be much larger than in reality it was, and that additions thereto would be made by the voluntary contributions of other persons, so that her express purpose could be carried out.

No such voluntary contributions have been or are likely to be made, and the said estate has been greatly depreciated by reason of poor investments made by the testatrix in her life-time.

The income of said personal property now in the hands of the petitioner will not amount to more than three and one half per cent per annum; and the said residue of personal and real property is so small in amount as to be quite insufficient to carry out the purposes and intentions of the testatrix in the manner set forth in said will; but the complainant alleges that the said charity may be administered in some other manner so as to accomplish the said intention of the testatrix, namely, to ameliorate the condition of poor girls.

The only persons now interested in the estate of the said testatrix, other than the attorney general, are the heirs at law of the said Sabra Carter. The complainant has named as respondents all of said heirs so far as he can ascertain them; but there may be others.

The complainant prays:

1. That such notice of the pendency of this Bill as the Court may deem proper may be ordered to be given to the respondents and to all other parties interested in said estate of said testatrix; that the Court will frame a scheme for administering said charity; that it will decree a sale and conveyance of all the real estate of the said testatrix, free from all trusts, at public or private sale, and will decree the reinvestment of the proceeds of such sale and the money derived or to be derived from the personal property, in such manner, or the payment of the same for such objects as shall best effect the purposes for which said property was given by said will.

2. For such other and further orders and decrees as justice and equity may require.

CHESTER W. CLARK,

Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Sabra Carter.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

July 2, A. D., 1903.

ON the petition aforesaid it is ordered by the Court that the petitioner notify the Attorney General of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and all other persons interested within the Commonwealth, to appear before our Justices of said Court, at Cambridge, in said County, on the first Monday of October next by causing an attested copy of said petition and of the order of the Court thereon, to be served upon them thirty days at least before said last mentioned day and that a like attested copy of said petition and order thereon be sent by registered letter to all other persons interested without this Commonwealth, and also by publishing a like attested copy of said petition and order thereon, once a week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper printed in Woburn the last publication to be thirty days at least before said first Monday of October that they may then and there show cause if any they have why the prayer in said petition set forth should not be granted.

Attest, THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

A true copy of said petition and of the order thereon.

Attest, THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Nathan W. Frye, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ALBERT F. CONVERSE, Adm.
Woburn, Mass.

July 2d, 1903.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
349 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
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TWO AND A GUIDEBOOK

By M. MACLEAN HELLIWELL

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How it did rain! Barbara pressed her woebegone face against the window pane and strained her eyes in a vain endeavor to catch a glimpse of the gleaming white of the distant monument. She had been in the beautiful capital of her country nearly twenty hours, and she had seen nothing—absolutely nothing—of it. Nearly twenty hours of the few precious days of her visit gone in impotent, heartbreaking waiting for Jupiter Pluvius to exhaust himself and retire in favor of old Sol.

As a fresh gust of wind drove a volley of raindrops in a yet fiercer onslaught against the glass and dashed them in scurrying streams down the dripping asphalt the girl's head drooped despairingly and she sighed.

The young man who for some time had been watching her sympathetically over his book now threw it aside and stepped to the other window.

"What a day!" he said as the ivy, clinging desperately to the wall, was tossed hither and thither by the boisterous wind.

The girl's face brightened, and she turned to him impetuously.

"Oh, thank goodness you have spoken at last! I was going to start the conversational ball myself. I simply couldn't stand the silence any longer. Do you know I have not uttered one word this morning since I ordered my breakfast. It's an unprecedented record, but the strain has been awful." She dimpled roguishly, and a faint flush rose in her cheek. He might think her very bold, this handsome young stranger, but she really could not help it. The limit of her silent endurance had been reached. She must speak or—perish.

But the idea of boldness never entered the young man's head. He was thinking how very pretty she was, how soft and curly her hair, how piquant her dimpled smile and how becoming the little tinge of pink in her round cheek. He laughed in comprehending sympathy.

"Why, I wanted to speak to you long ago, but didn't like to venture. Isn't it the very dickens of a day? Who could go sightseeing in this?" as a fresh fury rattled the windows.

The girl's face fell again.

"Who, indeed?" she echoed disconsolately. "Think of coaxing all winter for just three days of Washington and having the whole of one of them like this!"

"It is rather rough," said the young man. "I'm in precisely the same box myself—that is, for coaxing, read managing. But it only increases one's agony to look at it. Won't you sit down?"

He turned a rocking chair with its back to the window, and as Barbara dropped into it he threw himself into the sofa corner opposite.

"Is this your first visit to Washington?" he asked.

"My very first. Father comes here on business every spring, but he hates to be bothered, and I could never persuade him to bring me before. He poked his head into my room before I was up this morning to say that he would probably not see me again today as he had oceans of business to do and an official dinner tonight, and he enjoined me most emphatically not to think of going out as long as it rained. I have written letters to every one I can think of, and if it doesn't clear after luncheon I'll go to bed!"

The young man laughed and looked at his watch.

"Why, it's a quarter to 2," he said. "Suppose we have luncheon now, if you will honor me, and perhaps the outlook will be brighter by the time we have finished."

The girl rose with alacrity.

"I'm ravenous," she declared, "but I simply could not face that great dining room again all by myself. I positively cannot swallow unless I have some one to talk to while I'm eating. My breakfast this morning was martyrdom."

That luncheon was the jolliest meal Barbara had ever eaten and, she maintains, the most delicious. When it was over and they adjourned to the stately drawing room her companion left her for a minute. When he returned he brought with him a couple of books and a huge bunch of violets.

"These," he explained, when Barbara had arranged the flowers upon her person to her satisfaction, "are guidebooks—one to Washington in general, the other to the Congressional library in particular. As the rain god is still in command of affairs, suppose we just 'do' the capitol and library right here where we are. It's really, when you think of it, much the more satisfactory way. If we went to the actual buildings we'd have to walk our feet off on the hard floors. We'd have to lose our breath climbing innumerable stairs or else have our brains addled by being jerked up and down in elevators. We'd dislocate our necks tilting our heads back to see the pictures on the ceilings. And at the end of the day we'd probably come back to the hotel cross, tired and dissatisfied, having doubtless forgotten to look at the one thing above all others we particularly wanted to see. Now, with these valuable little books we can defy the elements and study at our ease every detail of the buildings—exteriorly and interiorly—but we can absorb priceless knowledge about them that all the gazing at the originals could never tell us. What do you say, shall we begin with the library?"

Barbara's eyes sparkled. "It's the inspiration of genius," she cried ecstatically. "Yes, let us begin with the library by all means, and you may read its history aloud before we look at the pictures."

By dinner time they knew more about the capitol and the wonderful Congressional library than many a native Washingtonian, and they had also learned the height of Washington's monument and all the details in connection with its construction.

After they had dined they repaired to the palm room, where to the accompaniment of sweet music each unfolded to the other various chapters of personal history, which, strange to say, they found even more interesting than the history of their country.

Barbara's sympathetic attention and undisguised interest encouraged her companion to discourse at length upon his occupation, prospects, hopes and ambitions, a compliment she returned in full, being inspired to confidence by the delightful discovery that her new acquaintance was actually the Arthur Howard of whom "Cousin Tom" was always talking, who had been his Fidus Achates at Yale and his comrade in arms in Cuba.

The precious hours flew only too quickly now. When at last Barbara felt compelled to say good night she tripped blithely to bed, happy in the knowledge that she had another whole day in Washington and that, no matter how busy her father might be, she would not have to spend it alone.

Not even the undeniable fact that it was still raining when Barbara pulled up her window blinds the next morning could dampen her buoyant spirits.

By a strange chance Mr. Howard reached the dining room door just as Barbara and her father appeared, and, poppa having cordially greeted "the Mr. Howard who nursed Cousin Tom through that dreadful fever in Cuba," the three went in to breakfast together.

"I'm sorry, little girl, to have your visit turn out so dull," said Barbara's father as they were leaving the dining room, "but there's a meeting of directors this morning, and I'll have to be with Bryce up to train time this afternoon, so I'm afraid I can't show you around today any more than I did yesterday."

"If you and Miss Warren will permit me," cried Howard eagerly, "I shall be only too delighted to be her cicerone. Mine is purely a sightseeing visit."

"Capital," answered Mr. Warren. "I have a great respect for Tom's judgment, and I leave my daughter in your care with perfect confidence. Only don't take her out if it rains hard." And, accepting a hasty kiss from Barbara, the busy man hurried away.

"Suppose," suggested Howard as they wandered into the drawing room, "that we read up the Smithsonian institution and the Corcoran Art gallery this morning. Then if it clears we can go out right after luncheon and drive round the city. By that means we can at least see the outside of all the places of interest, which will be better than vainly attempting to see the inside of only one."

Mr. Warren reached the door of his hotel that evening in a heavy downpour just as a closed carriage drove up, from which he was amazed to see his daughter and her escort emerge.

In spite of the rain and the thick, gloomy fog that enveloped everything Barbara's cheeks were flushed with happiness, her eyes gloriously bright.

"You've never been sightseeing in this weather!" cried Mr. Warren as they followed him in. "Are you both crazy? Where have you been?"

The young man stepped forward eagerly, but Barbara forestalled him. Laying her hand on her father's arm, she said coaxingly:

"No, dear, we're not crazy; just engaged, and we've seen the outside of everything, and"—

"And next year, sir, with your permission," broke in Howard, "we'll come back together, Barbara and I, and see the inside of them all."

"Engaged! Seen everything!" gasped the astonished old gentleman. "All inside of twenty-four hours!"

Barbara laughed.

"Two people and a guidebook can do a good deal in two days—if they understand how to study the guidebook!" she declared. And her father was forced to believe that they could.

His Only Opportunity.

Coming downtown on an elevated express from Harlem last week the following impromptu lecture created considerable amusement among the passengers who heard it:

"Look here, Bob, you are an excellent talker, and it is always a pleasure to listen to you at the proper time and place. But there are a great many things in this newspaper that I want to know, and if I listen to you I shan't know them until night. I haven't an hour or two a day to read the paper in my office, as you have. If I don't read it now I shall have to take it home, or maybe not read it at all. Now, keep quiet, like a good fellow. Sorry you haven't a paper, but I'll tear you off the first page of this one as soon as I have read it."

"Good for you!" said a man who was reading while hanging to a strap, and a score of passengers who knew how it was themselves were heartless enough to laugh.—New York Times.

Rearranging the Basis.

"You are charging me $7 a week for board and lodging, Mrs. Irons," said the gray haired person of the name of Harris. "May I ask how you would itemize it? What part of it is for board?"

"Five dollars," replied the landlady.

"And $2 for my room?"

"Yes."

"Well, if you don't mind, Mrs. Irons," he said, proceeding to square up for another week, "we'll consider hereafter that I'm paying you $5 for lodging and $2 for board. It will seem more as if I were getting the worth of my money."—Chicago Tribune.

How Bright Joined Cobden.

John Bright's account of how he and Richard Cobden came to join forces against the corn laws early in the last century is as follows: "I was in the depths of grief, I might also say of despair, for the light and sunshine of my house had been extinguished. All that was left on earth of my life and of a too brief happiness was lying still and cold in the chamber above us. Mr. Cobden called upon me, and, having expressed words of condolence, said: 'There are thousands of houses in England at this moment where wives, mothers and children are dying of hunger. Now, when the first paroxysm of your grief is past I would advise you to come with me and we will never rest till the corn law is repealed.' The offer was accepted and the work was done."

A Queer Floating Island.

There is a floating island in Derwentwater, England, not far from Lodore falls. Its travelers are restricted to alternations between the bottom of the lake and the surface. When moved to retirement it sinks and remains in watery seclusion for periods which vary from a few months to as long as seven or eight years. Its existence above or below water appears to be determined by the presence within the island of gases whose quantity governs its buoyancy. Esthwaite lake, in the same neighborhood, boasts a not less puzzling but more amenable island. This has served as a ferryboat to conduct as many as fifteen persons at a time across the bosom of the water upon which it rides.

A Literary Record.

Sir Edward Russell's record in the way of literary work was his article on Matthew Arnold on the day that great man died. Sir Edward had exclusive information of the event, which happened on a Sunday. He did not get to work until half past 7 in the evening, and it was necessary for him to catch a train at 9 o'clock. By dint of dictating to his secretary and writing himself, he got through a biographical article of a column and a half and a two column leader within one hour and twenty minutes. Such a feat has never been excelled.

A GENIUS IN JAIL.

Von Siemens' First Patent Was Applied For From a Prison.

Von Siemens applied for his first patent from the cell of a prison. After graduation from the artillery school in Berlin the young man, then only twenty-one years old, was attached to a regiment in Wittenberg. It was there he began his experiments, to the great horror of his landlady, who upbraided him day after day for staining his clothes, furniture and the window panes with gold, silver and acid spots. She could not see the use of "wasting money for such things." But Von Siemens went on with his experiments and with staining his furniture and clothes.

He became, too, the life of the garrison and one of its most popular members. His popularity, however, led to his taking part as second in a duel between two of his comrades. As a result he was sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the fortress of Magdeburg. The landlady was the only person in Wittenberg who was glad of the young lieutenant's departure. In the cell in the fortress, however, he was allowed to fit up a laboratory and there continue his experiments. There, too, a month after his incarceration he perfected his method of galvanic gilding and applied for the patent from the prison cell.

It was granted and with it a pardon. A pardon in all probability was never received with less glee. Siemens had other experiments under way in his prison workshop and begged to be allowed to stay awhile longer and complete them. But the keeper sent him away with the declaration that such a course would be an insult to his king and commander.

Children's Blunders.

A Philadelphia schoolteacher tells of these blunders of children in physiology examination papers:

"Occupations which are injurious to the health are carbolic acid gas, which is impure blood."

"When you have an illness it makes your health bad, as well as having a disease."

"A stone mason's work is injurious because when he is chipping he breathes in all the little chips, and then they are taken into the lungs."

"All mechanical work is injurious to the health."

The word "function" seemed to puzzle the children tremendously. Questions containing that word were answered as follows:

"The skin discharges a function called perspiration."

"The function of the heart is between the lungs."

"The heart's function is called thorax."

"Grant's Luck."

I did not go out to see the surrender of General Lee. I remember well the event of General Grant's return after the surrender. I think there were not more than three persons present when the general came in and took a seat at a table to write. He looked up with some expression of animation and remarked:

"More of Grant's luck!"

This was an allusion to the newspaper critics who had been in the habit of calling his success luck.

This little comment on the surrender of Lee was the only word of exultation I ever heard from the victorious soldier.

It was a very slight expression of triumph to follow such a stupendous achievement, but wholly characteristic. —National Magazine.

Royalty and Chess.

Cards have been the amusement of kings and queens for centuries, superseding latterly the royal game of chess, which filled up the leisure moments of William the Conqueror, Queen Elizabeth and Charles I. The latter was so absorbed in his favorite pastime when the news reached him that Scotland had determined to sell him to the English parliament that, though well aware what the intelligence boded, he calmly played the game to the end. Queen Victoria preferred chess to cards, though during her old age she found diversion by playing "patience." A keen chess player, the great Napoleon would not submit to be beaten, and if he found his skill ineffective would throw board and chessmen angrily on the ground.

Moderation In Exercise.

Exercise which is well within the powers of the body is salutary for all and probably necessary for some, but exercise by which those powers are overstrained is too often not only the precursor, but quite unmistakably the cause, of serious illness or of bodily or mental failure. "Why," inquired Saladin, "should the weak display his inferiority in the presence of the strong?" The question is as pertinent in our own day as it was in that on which it was uttered.—London Hospital.

The Place to Knock.

"It will come out all right in time," he told his wife. "Fortune knocks at every man's door once, and some day she'll knock at mine."

"It won't help you any," returned his wife. "If fortune wants to find you she'll have to go to the club and send in her card."—Chicago Post.

Making Allowances.

Bronson—I don't see why you should be so angry at your son for marrying. We have to make allowances for the young, you know.

Munson—Confound it, that's what I'm kicking about. I not only have to make an allowance for him, but now I'll have to make one for his wife too. —Kansas City Journal.

Where Financial Plan Fails.

"What we need is not a larger supply of money, but more highly developed forms of credit."

"That's just it. But do you know that sort of thing wouldn't go with my tailor."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

An Anomaly.

The average young woman doesn't wish to see her thirtieth birthday. Yet when she has seen it she would like to see it again.—Smart Set.

Don't work so hard that when there is a funeral in the family your grief is tempered by the thought that it means a day off.—Atchison Globe.

Indiscretion.

"Aren't the perfect trust and confidence engaged people have in each other perfectly beautiful!"

"Perfectly idiotic, I should say."

"Why?"

"Because when I was engaged I told my future wife all about my income and prospects, and now I can't spend a dollar on myself without her knowing about it."—New York Times.

The Bartender's Revenge.

Since the bar is a necessary evil—to some folk—and is an institution of the state, being licensed, reference to it occasionally must be excused. There are some very clever men behind the bar, and once in awhile a gentleman. Tab is usually kept on him by the metal cash register. He feels that he is watched at all hours by a maze of patented machinery. If he steals a check of 15 cents he is caught, you may say. Not at all! The other day in a fashionable resort the proprietor, big and pompous, "called down" one of his men before some customers. As to the question of right or wrong I say nothing. But presently, when Signor Pomposity turned his back, the bar man emptied a full bottle of the finest whisky into the washing trough under the bar. It was worth at least $1.50. That was his way of getting even. I am informed that it is the usual way of resenting an insult from the proprietor. The mere stealing of 15 cents is a small matter when the bar man is to be trusted with thousands of dollars' worth of liquors. If a man is not to be trusted with change how is he to be trusted with liquors?—New York Press.

Pottery and Secrecy.

In the royal manufactory of pottery at Meissen, Saxony, the work was formerly carried on with the utmost secrecy to prevent the processes from becoming known elsewhere. The establishment was a complete fortress, the portcullis of which was not raised day or night, no stranger being permitted to enter for any purpose whatever. Every workman, even the chief inspector, was sworn to silence. This injunction was formally repeated every month to the superior officers employed, while the workmen had constantly before their eyes in large letters the warning motto, "Be Secret Unto Death." It was well known that any person divulging the process would be imprisoned for life in the castle of Koenigstein. Even the king himself when he took strangers of distinction to visit the works was enjoined to secrecy. One of the foremen, however, escaped and assisted in establishing a manufactory in Vienna, from which the secrets spread all over Germany.

Royal Gamblers.

Henry VIII. would gamble away property and money recklessly, taking his defeats with bluff good humor. On one occasion he staked the famous campanile bell of St. Paul's and lost it to his adversary, a Sir Miles Partridge, who insisted on his pound of flesh and removed the bell. Queen Mary sometimes resorted to cards and was seldom more lucky than her father, losing occasionally even her lace caps or coifs, which were worth a good sum. Charles II. loved basset and other round games and would play night after night and even on a Sunday till daylight, while singers entertained the company from a gallery. Even the cold William of Orange was a gambler and liked nothing better than to spend the day racing and the night playing cards.

George III. detested cards and disapproved of playing for money, an aversion and opinion in nowise shared by his son and successor, who is said to have lost more than £800,000 before he attained his majority.

Bits of Information.

When very thirsty and only a small amount of water is at hand drink with a spoon or through a small hole in the cork of a canteen. It will do as much good as when taken in large mouthfuls. Boil putrid water in charcoal before drinking. Indians purify all waters by plunging hot irons and rocks into them.

When an Indian is cold he builds a small fire and huddles over it. A white man builds a big fire and cannot get near it.

When you wish to roll up your shirt sleeves do not turn the cuffs inside out, but turn them inward or under, and they will remain tucked up without being touched.

When you want to climb a tree unite the feet with a dampened towel or raveled rope so that their distance apart shall be about two-thirds the diameter of the trunk.

Teach Language to Parrots.

A queer business which is carried on with considerable success in certain parts of London is the teaching of language to parrots. There are several persons engaged in this strange educational work. The country into which the bird is to be sent is first ascertained, and a sum of 10 shillings a week is then charged for a period varying from two to three months, according to the capacity of the parrot. With a year's tuition the teacher guarantees a bird with a polyglot vocabulary chosen haphazard from four different languages.—Golden Penny.

Cockfighting In England.

For centuries cockfighting was encouraged in English schools. Fitzstephen in the twelfth century mentions it as an amusement of Londoners and that yearly at Shrovetide the boys of every school brought cocks to their schoolmasters, and all the forenoon was spent in school witnessing these birds fight. As late as 1790 the income of the schoolmaster of Applecross, in Ross-shire, was drawn partially from cockfight dues. Down to 1815 at least there was an annual exhibition of cockfighting at the Manchester grammar school.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IV, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 26.

Text of the Lesson, I Sam. xv, 13-23. Memory Verses, 20-22—Golden Text, I Sam. xv, 22—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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13. And Samuel came to Saul, and Saul said unto him: Blessed be thou of the Lord. I have performed the commandment of the Lord.

In our previous studies in this portion of Scripture, in 1889 and 1895, we began at verse 10; now we are advised to study from verse 10, so it is practically the same. Concerning the Lord's repentings (verses 11-35) note verse 29, "The strength of Israel will not lie nor repent," and Num. xxiii, 19, "God is not a man that He should lie, nor the Son of Man that He should repent." God never changes His mind, but always does just what He knew from all eternity that He would do. He knew how Saul would turn out, how long He would have to bear with him, and when He would put David in his place. He comes to a place always foreseen when He changes His line of action, and to us He is said to repent. Man, on the contrary, repents when he changes his mind and does what he had not intended to do. In chapter xiii we see how Saul began to do foolishly and by disobedience forfeited the kingdom (xiii, 13, 14).

14, 15. The people spared the best of the sheep and of the oxen to sacrifice unto the Lord thy God, and the rest we have utterly destroyed.

The command was to utterly destroy all (verse 3), yet for professedly a good object he puts his own construction on it and disobeys the plain command. All things are naked and open to the eyes of Him with whom we have to do, and all sin, unless confessed, forsaken and forgiven, will be sure to find us out (Heb. iv, 13; Num. xxxii, 23; I Chron. xxviii, 9). Saul did not seem to understand that God wants nothing from the enemy either for service or sacrifice.

16, 17. Then Samuel said unto Saul, Stay and I will tell thee what the Lord hath said to me this night. And he said unto him, Say on.

Then he reminded him how when little in his own sight the Lord had anointed him king over Israel. It is a good thing always to be little in one's own estimation, for we remember how Uzziah was marvelously helped till he was strong, but then he fell (II Chron. xxvi, 15, 16). Our highest place is lying low at our Redeemer's feet that the Lord alone may be exalted. What a blessed man was Samuel, who talked with God and with whom God talked and who sought only to know the mind of God and do it. Why not say just now and stand to it, "My Father, I will, by Thy grace, seek henceforth in all things to know Thy will, and do as Thou hast said?" Why should not all believers in daily life thus walk with God?

18, 19. Wherefore then didst thou not obey the voice of the Lord, but didst fly upon the spoil and didst evil in the sight of the Lord.

The Lord sent him and told him what to do, and it was his not to reason, but obey. The reason of the command given to Saul is found in Ex. xvii, 8-16, but being long suffering and not willing that any should perish He had given them 400 years in which to repent. Mercy always precedes judgment. All the failures in the Lord's service set before us in strong contrast Him who never failed and who loved to say so often, "The Father sent me." He could also truly say, "I do always those things that please Him" (John viii, 16, 18, 26, 29). It is our privilege, as it was Gideon's, to go day by day in the strength of these words: "Have not I sent thee? Surely I will be with thee" (Judg. vi, 14, 16). And it is for us simply and cheerfully to obey without questioning (Isa. i, 18, 19).

20, 21. And Saul said unto Samuel, Yea, I have obeyed the voice of the Lord, * * * but the people took of the spoil * * * to sacrifice unto the Lord thy God in Gilgal.

He confesses to have saved the king, who was certainly included in the order to destroy, and yet insists that he had obeyed the voice of the Lord. It is the old story, so common today, of perverting the word of the Lord (Jer. xxiii, 36) and of thinking that He does not mean just what He says. Happy would it be for all Bible students and teachers if they would take the word of God to mean just what it says, and in the light of fulfilled prophecy read prophecy yet unfulfilled and be obedient. God's thoughts are as far above ours as heaven is above the earth, and all our thoughts must be brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ (Isa. lv, 8, 9; II Cor. x, 5).

22. Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice and to hearken than the fat of rams.

The first thought in sacrifice is not our giving something to God, but God giving something to us, as in the institution of sacrifice at Eden (Gen. iii, 21) when the Lord God by a sacrifice which pointed on to the great sacrifice on Calvary taught Adam and Eve the way of redemption. Man's thought, which is from the adversary, is that we must first give to God to propitiate Him, whereas we can give Him nothing until we first accept His gift to us. We must first receive His mercy, then we can give Him ourselves a living sacrifice. See carefully Hos. vi, 6; Matt. ix, 13; xii, 7. Sacrifice from the disobedient is not acceptable to God. This is the teaching of Jer. vii, 21-23.

23. Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord He hath also rejected thee from being king.

See also verse 26 and note that Saul is said to be guilty of rebellion and stubbornness. Whoever rejects the word of God makes Him a liar and cuts himself off from all light here and hereafter (I John v, 10; Isa. viii, 20 R. V.).

Grammar and Writing.

One day Julian Hawthorne was complimenting a certain writer on his wonderful facility in his handling of words and in his construction of sentences. "You are a master of phrases," said the novelist, with a twinkle, and then added:

"How do you do it, anyhow?"

"I don't know," replied the writer. "You see, I have forgotten all that I ever learned at school except that the preposition governs the objective case. To save my life I couldn't tell you the difference between the present tense and a predicate. I write by ear and don't know any more about grammar than a cockroach knows about painting roses on jugs."

"That's all right, my boy, that's all right," said Hawthorne dryly. "No man who's a purist and a master of style ever knows anything about grammar."

Just Begun.

Pleasant Old Gentleman—Have you lived here all your life, my little man?

Arthur (aged six)—Not yet.

COST OF TRAIN LUXURY.

The Reason That Railway Passenger Rates Are So High.

It may be asked why the railway locomotive does not pull passengers at a lower rate. Because it gives passengers so much room, comfort and high speed that it has to carry a ton of dead weight for each passenger. A locomotive weighing 100 tons pulls at 45 miles an hour 12 cars weighing 600 tons and containing 760 people weighing 50 tons, assuming the passengers to be men, women and children, but chiefly men, and to average 131 pounds each; 1,400 pounds of dead weight per passenger when every seat is taken. But cars cannot average more than seven-tenths full.

The railway carries free the passenger's 150 pound trunk and sends with him toilet rooms, heating stoves and fuel, smoking rooms, dining rooms and bedrooms. These houses on wheels and the locomotive which draws them have to be made very heavy in order to get the great strength made necessary by high speed.

If the railway could dispense with these comforts and luxuries and carry passengers packed closely inside and on top of low roofed, ramshackle, unheated vehicles like the old stage and at slow speed it could pull passengers at one-tenth to one-twentieth the price of the old stage.—Engineering Magazine.

North Pole For Bald Heads.

"Talking of hair restorers," said the captain of a steamer who has been a whaler, "none of them is in it with the air of the arctic regions. A man with thin hair who fails to get a new crop if he goes within the arctic circle is a hopeless case. I have seen whalers who got bald when they stayed at home for a year or two and got a new crop of hair every time they went toward the north pole on a whaling expedition.

"How do I account for it? The farther you go north the land animals get shaggier. It is a provision against the cold. When the arctic winter approaches, the reindeer, the bears and other animals get a thicker coat of hair or fur. Similarly the hair on the human head thickens when you go far north.

"It is a fact. Now, I don't want you to think that once the follicles of the hair are dead new hair always comes, even in northern regions. Sometimes, when a man is apparently as bald as a billiard ball, the follicles are not dead, and there is hope for him."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Quaint Old Will.

"My hobby is the collection of strange wills," said a retired sea captain. "I have gathered together copies of over fifty odd testaments, and fine reading some of them are. One, over 300 years old, bequeaths—what do you think? Why, it bequeaths its maker's soul to God. This is the way it reads:

"'In Dei nomine, Amen; the yere of our Lord 1541, the XXXth day of May, I, Robert Petigrew, hole of mynd and mem'ry, make my testament and last will, yn forme and manner followyng: First, I bequeth my sowle to Almighty God, and my body to be buryd yn the churchyard of North Cadbery. I bequeth to my sonne Richard a cowe, a calff, the second best grass panne, II platters, II dysshys of pewter, and an akar of wheat, an akar of dragge, and an akar of medow. To my daughter Alys, a cowe. To my sonne Thomas, my old oxe. The residew of my goods, not bequethed, I give to Mawde, my Wyffe.'"—Philadelphia Record.

Corals of Our Own Coast.

It is a common notion that corals grow only in tropical and subtropical waters and that no coral reefs are to be found along our own familiar coasts. As a matter of fact, coral formations stretch all along the Atlantic coast of the United States, although the reefs do not rise so high that they project from the water. Some of the most beautiful of the living coral in the New York aquarium was dredged up from the Atlantic ocean almost within sight of the city of New York, and there are many coral patches still closer to the shores. Generally the northern coral is snow white, although sometimes it has a delicate brown tint. Pink coral is found occasionally, but it is rare.

A Bargain.

Fred—Kitty didn't marry that millionaire duffer after all, did she?

Jack—No; he backed out, and she sued him for breach of promise.

Fred—What damages?

Jack—Twenty-five thousand, and she got it.

Fred—Clear case of $25,000 off for cash, wasn't it? I didn't think Kitty was so sharp at driving a bargain.—Comfort.

A Startling Request.

Percy is a little boy who makes plans to shirk his bath sometimes. But the other evening he came in from play tired and hot and sticky.

"Do I get a bath tonight, ma?" he asked.

"Yes," answered his mother.

"Well," he said cheerfully, "the Lord knows I need it."—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Revived Topic of Discussion.

"It looks as if we were in for another Napoleonic revival."

"What makes you think so?"

"I understand the Lime and Plaster club has revived the old debating question, 'Resolved, Dat Bonaparte am a greater man dan Napoleon.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Kept Asunder.

Tom—Have Maud and Ethel quarreled? I don't see them together lately.

Dolly—No, they haven't quarreled; but Maud's new gown is lavender and Ethel's new gown is blue.—Somerville Journal.

Out of the Frying Pan.

Husband—She is by all odds the worst cook we ever had.

Wife—I know it. But she is going to stay until we get some one else.

"That's good. I didn't know but you would have to cook the meals."—Detroit Free Press.

If a row threatens you don't let it go so far that you become bitter and are willing to hurt yourself in order to hurt your enemy.—Atchison Globe.

One He Couldn't Lose.

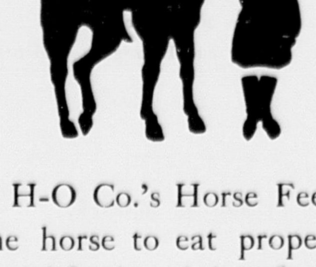
Peddler—Want to buy an umbrella cheap, boss?

Merchant—No; what's the use? Whenever I buy an umbrella somebody steals it.

Peddler—Well, this one ain't worth stealing.—Exchange.

The Reminder.

"Mamma," said Bennie as there came a brief pause in the conversation on the part of the callers, "isn't it time for you to ask me what I learned at the kindergarten today? If you don't do it pretty soon I'll forget what you told me to say."—Chicago Tribune.



The H-O Co.'s Horse Feed compels the horse to eat properly. It is a ground food, and therefore cannot be bolted.

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I have used the H-O Co.'s Horse Feed in my stable of 22 horses all last winter, feeding less than 100 bushels of oats; my horses looked better last spring than ever before. I believe my grain bills were very much less last winter than at any time in the 16 years of my business experience.
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A Household Jewel.

A family in the southern part of the city employed what they believed to be a "household jewel." For a few days she proved to be all that they had anticipated, and everything went smoothly. One day, however, the husband came down to breakfast and made the announcement that they must get rid of the new girl.

"Why, John, you must be crazy!" said his wife with amazement. "She's the best girl we ever had, so respectful and a fine cook."

"That makes no difference. She isn't honest."

"Oh, well, we'll never miss a loaf of bread once in awhile. Her folks may need it more than we do."

"That isn't it. Early this morning I saw her creep into our room, go to my pocket, take my pocketbook and empty it."

"Oh, well, dear, perhaps it's force of habit; you know she's been married."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The First Automobile.

In these days of fast motoring and high railway speeds it is interesting to recall that it was in July, 1829, some little time before George Stephenson had solved the problem of steam transport, that Sir Goldsworthy Gurney made his famous journey in a "steam carriage" from London to Bath and back. Gurney was a surgeon in Marylebone, greatly given to the working out of inventions in his spare time, and it took him some years to complete his first "motor" in his back yard in Albany street in London. He accomplished the journey to and from Bath at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and there was only one disturbing incident, when a crowd assembled at Melksham set upon the machine and, having burned their fingers, threw stones and seriously wounded the stoker. This Gurney journey stands as the first example of locomotion by steam in England.

They Paid the Price.

The corporation of the city of Glasgow wanted to purchase the Whistler portrait of Carlyle and in due course waited on the master of the gentle art of making enemies about the price (1,000 guineas). They admitted it was a magnificent picture, but "Do you not think, Mr. Whistler, the sum a wee, wee bit excessive?"

"Didn't you know the price before you came to me?" asked the master with suspicious blandness.

"Oh, aye, we knew that!" replied the corporation.

"Very well, then," said Mr. Whistler in his suavest tones, "let's talk of something else." And as there was nothing else of interest to detain the "corporation" they paid the price and—trust a Glaswegian—made an excellent bargain.

Corrosive Ink.

With an impatient grunt the bookkeeper threw away his pen and put a new one in the holder. "It's terrible," he said, "how ink corrodes pens. In six or seven hours a new pen will begin to scratch. It keeps me busy changing the blamed things, let alone the expense. There's money in it for the man who will invent a noncorrosive ink." An old man, a bill collector, remarked to him: "My young friend, I'll tell you a sure way to stop your ink from corroding your pen. Take a few rusty iron nails and put them in your ink well. The ink's corrosive acid will play itself out on the nails, and in consequence your pen will escape. A pen that only lasts you a day now should, with my method, last at least a week." —Philadelphia Record.

Hospitality Pays.

Cities and communities frequently expend large sums of money in entertaining conventions, conferences and other public gatherings, both because of a spirit of hospitality prevailing or through a sinister desire to "advertise the city." After the affair is over and the visitors have gone their several ways the people ask one of the other, "Does it pay to spend money thus?" There never was a case of public hospitality that didn't pay, if not in dollars and cents, in the extension and broadening of that finest of all sentiments, the brotherhood of man.—Dayton Herald.

His Auspicious Beginning.

"To gratify the curiosity of the public, Mr. Dollaraline," purred the young person with the notebook, "will you please tell me if the first contribution you ever sent to a magazine was accepted?"

The literary celebrity smiled genially.

"I am happy to say it was," he answered.

"What was it?"

"Four dollars for a year's subscription."—Chicago Tribune.

The Reason.

Mrs. Newed (as husband arrives home from work)—Oh, George, our new cook is a perfect gem! Why, she already has the kitchen looking like a parlor.

Mr. Newed—Humph! Expecting company tonight, is she?—Town and Country.

Perfectly Reckless.

Druggist—I'm going to discharge that new clerk. He's too careless.

Friend—What has he done?

Druggist—This morning he sold a wild eyed woman a dose of poison and trusted her for the money.

Business Cards.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main Street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASS WARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.

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480 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

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LINES.

Drafts on the above lines and the American Express Company, Foreign and Domestic, at the lowest prices.

Setting a Fashion.

A New York man tells a quaint story about a new maidservant he once employed.

"This maid," he said, "had just come over from the old country and she was very green. Everything she did proclaimed her greenness. One of her habits was always to come downstairs backward.

"I assure you it was a funny sight to see her descending a staircase slowly in that way. Her hand grasped the balustrade for safety and every little while she looked round to see how much farther she had to go.

"'Why do you come downstairs backward, Kathleen?' some one asked her.

"'Sure, sir,' she answered, 'that's the way we always came downstairs in the ship comin' over. Isn't it the fashion in America?'"

Coral That Shocks.

On the coast of the West Indian islands a curious kind of coral is found, called "millepoca." This has a most extraordinary property which makes the people who know it very shy of handling it. The moment you pick up a piece a sort of electric thrill runs through you and an agonizing pain shoots through your jaws. You feel as if every tooth and every nerve and muscle connected with them was burning. The acute pain lasts generally for about half an hour and slowly passes off; but the effects do not disappear entirely for hours. The reason of this curious shock or poisoning is a mystery.

Sir Loin of Beef.

Though the truth of the story that King James I. of England once knighted a loin of beef is disputed, the house in which the ceremony is said to have occurred is pointed out, as well as the table on which the sirloin lay. The scene of the historic jest lies between Higham's park and Chingford, near London. It is a curious house with quaint, low pitched ceilings and a fine garden with fruit trees of great size. It was on his return from one of his hunting expeditions in Epping forest that the British Solomon is said to have given practical proof of his favor for the roast beef of old England.

A Tinker's Dam.

In days of old the tinker bold, when called to mend a pot, would build a dam of moistened meal around the leakage spot. The melted solder thus was made within due bounds to stay, but when the solder solid was the dam was thrown away. And so the meal, then useless as a Lake Cochituate clam, became a symbol; hence we say "Not worth a tinker's dam."—Roller Monthly.

Danger of Reversal.

"Don't you think you're working too hard?"

"Well, there's a lot of unfinished work before me and I've got to cover the ground in a very short time."

"Better slow down a bit or the ground will cover you in a very short time."—Philadelphia Press.

The Pale Horse.

"What makes 'em talk 'bout Death always ridin' a pale hoss?" some one asked of Brother Dickey.

"Well," was the reply, "any hoss in de country but a mule would turn paler see Death comin'!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Furthest Limit.

"Henpeck doesn't dare to say his soul's his own."

"It's worse than that. His wife even tips the waiter when they go out to lunch together."—Chicago Record-Herald.

At Yakutsk, in eastern Siberia, the record annual range of temperature is reached. It varies from 85 above to 75 below zero.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $2.00 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

VOL. LIII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JULY 31, 1903. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 35.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 22, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY-To Boston**, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P.M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43, 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.20, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30, 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23, 7.50, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m. then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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(Successor to L. Thompson
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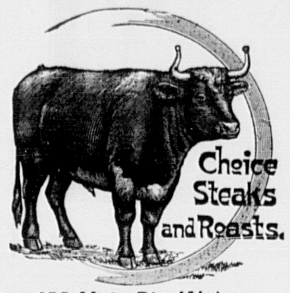

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Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 26, 1903, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P.M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6.37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A.M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2.37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M.; every half hour to 12.07; then 12.30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

THE DINING CAR CLEW

By HEADON HILL

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

"The chief wants to see you, Inspector Grantham," said a messenger coming into the room at New Scotland Yard.

I went at once to the chief superintendent's office and was received by my superior officer with a friendly nod.

"Good news for you, Grantham," he said. "Some one has fairly given Brady away. Read that letter and look at that photo.

The letter was undated and unsigned. It was in these words:

> Brady, the bank note forger, intends to break cover this afternoon and make a bolt for the States. He will leave Euston for Liverpool by the 5:30 corridor express, accompanied by his female accomplice, named Daisy Gilbart. Brady is certain to be disguised. The writer, however, incloses a photograph of Daisy Gilbart, who, not being as yet known to the police, may possibly travel in propria persona.

The photograph was that of a bold, saucy eyed young woman with a profusion of light hair and very showily attired in evening dress. A mark on the neck attracted my attention.

"One would have thought that a woman of that type would have got the photographer to retouch the mark out of the picture," I said. "What do you make of it all, sir—a split in the camp?"

"The chances are that jealousy of this person Gilbart prompted the information."

I could not gainsay the chief's view. In nine cases out of ten the anonymous letters that lead to the capture of important criminals are due to feminine spite. And yet there was the chance that the friendly letter might be a "plant."

The warrant for Joe Brady had been in my hands for six weeks. The only credit I could so far take was that my pursuit had been so keen that he had not dared to come out into the open and make a bolt for it.

I glanced at the clock. It was nearly 3 o'clock, and I had two hours and a half to make arrangements for the capture. I mentioned the names of the plain clothes men whom I desired to support me and took my departure.

So it was that at 5 o'clock I drove up in a hansom to the terminus, carefully dressed in the garments of a bishop and with my face altered from all semblance to the original. To be in keeping with my assumed character in the probable event of Brady having confederates on the watch, I went into the booking office and took a first class ticket for Liverpool, after which I strolled out on to the platform just as the train of vestibule cars was backing into position.

Early as it was, my two subordinates had by my direction preceded me to the station, though they were not to openly communicate with me till the supreme moment. One of them, a smart young sergeant named Parker, who was got up as a blue jacket, contrived to whisper in my ear as I stood at the bookstall:

"The girl is here; apparently alone. Came ten minutes ago. Took two first to Liverpool. Now in the ladies' waiting room."

Parker and his colleague had of course had a sight of the photograph. His information was welcome, as proving that at any rate the letter received at the yard had some foundation and was not, as I had half feared, a practical joke designed to lead us on a wild goose chase.

I sat down on a bench opposite the dining car to await developments. A bishop is a common object nowadays, and my laced hat and gaiters attracted but little attention. I was able to look over the top of the Church Times, which I had purchased, and so watch the arrival of passengers. A score of people had taken their seats in the dining car, but not one of them, allowing for the most elaborate disguise, could I identify as Joe Brady. They were mostly unmistakable Americans returning to their native land in parties of threes and fours.

Suddenly an incident occurred which at the time caused me some uneasiness. Sergeant Parker's voice reached me, raised in tones of expostulation.

"No, I don't want a drink, mate, and by the same token you seem to have had a full dose already," he was saying.

A little way along the platform my assistant had been accosted by a half tipsy blue jacket, who was trying to pull him into the buffet. The sailor's cap proclaimed that he belonged to the same ship as that which Parker's disguise denoted, the Majestic. To my relief, the man seemed to be too muddled to perceive that the sergeant was no shipmate of his, but staggered off, dropping his bundle once or twice, to the front of the train.

The sailor had hardly disappeared when the original of the photograph came out of the waiting room and crossed the platform to the dining car. She was wearing a well cut serge costume and had made no attempt at disguise, even the mark on her neck being distinctly visible above the collar of her dress.

But where was the redoubtable Brady? It was 5:25 now, and there were no signs of Miss or Mrs. Daisy Gilbart's intended traveling companion. The same question was plainly beginning to agitate the lady. She quitted the seat which she had secured and stood on the platform of the car gazing anxiously toward the entrance from the booking office.

The warning bell rang. I decided on no account to lose sight of the fair Daisy. If the person she was expecting did not come and she went on in the train I would go too. If she got out and abandoned her journey I and my assistants would shadow her wherever she went.

Contriving a word with Parker, I hastily sketched my intentions and bade him go forward to the third class carriages, into one of which he was to jump at the last minute if he saw me board the dining car.

A moment later I had taken my seat in the car, for Gilbart, after one last distracted gaze to the station entrance, had decided to pursue her journey. As the train gathered speed I settled down to the task of watching for signs of her fraternizing with one of the other passengers, but nothing of the sort occurred. She sat looking out of the window, and presently a tear stole down her cheek—only one, but a genuine tear.

Moved by a sudden impulse, I changed my seat and took the place opposite to her at the white draped table. My episcopal garb warranted, I thought, the proffer of consolation, in the course of which the pumping process might be administered.

Imagine, then, my astonishment when my overtures were received with:

"What's the use of talking like that? You're the 'tec that's after Joe Brady, ain't you?"

A denial would certainly not have been believed, so I nodded admission.

"You've had your trouble for nothing, I'm afraid. He must have got wind of that letter and kept out of the way."

"The letter!" I exclaimed in bewilderment.

"I wrote it myself," replied the girl. "I wanted him caught, you see. Don't ask why; it's a woman's reason. But he's too cunning for me, and now I suppose he'll kill me some time."

The ice being broken, she poured forth a flood of recriminations against her late associate, affirming that she had no idea of his true character and giving me the address of his hiding place in Battersea.

"We don't stop till Crewe, but you'd better wire to your people from there to arrest him, or at any rate shadow him till you get back," she advised.

I had already decided to do so, but I was still not quite satisfied. Why had she gone on in the train after finding that her communication to the police had been abortive?

Her home was in New York, she said, and, having her passage ticket taken, she wished to use it and cut herself adrift from evil associates. So the train rushed northward, the other passengers in the car soon ceasing to be amused by the friendship struck up between the elderly bishop and the solitary traveler.

At last the train ran into Crewe station, and as I rose she put out her well gloved hand. "Goodby, Mr. Grantham. I do hope you'll catch him," she said. "My life won't be safe till he's under lock and key."

"But this is not goodby. I am only going to send off the wire," I said. "I am going on with you to Liverpool to see you safe on board the steamer."

It was a chance shot, but it went home. She turned ashy pale, and I knew that she had been working with the object of getting rid of me at Crewe. But where was Brady?

The question was answered by Daisy Gilbart herself in the anguished cry of "My father! Oh, my father!" Following her gaze to the platform, I saw outside the car window two sailors of the Majestic with linked arms. One of them was handcuffed.

"I've got him, sir," said Parker. "By luck I traveled down in the same compartment and laid a few conversational traps for him. He had neglected to sufficiently post himself in detail about our fine old craft. I smelt a rat before we'd gone twenty miles."

* * * * * * * *

"Daisy Gilbart" was indeed Brady's daughter, and I could not help being sorry for her. She had made a bold bid to hoodwink us by concentrating the attention of our combined forces on the dining car while her father traveled in another part of the train, but she hardly allowed for the caution of an experienced officer.

ALWAYS
INSIST UPON HAVING
THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S
FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

The Sea of Sahara.

French engineers have declared that it is perfectly feasible to convert the desert of Sahara into a vast lake, thus opening to commerce great regions of the interior of Africa which can now only be reached by long, tedious and dangerous caravan journeys. They say that a large portion of the desert lies below the level of the Atlantic and that by digging a canal to let in the waters of the ocean the great change could be effected easily and at a cost which would be small compared to the benefits which would accrue. If the whole desert lay below the level of the Atlantic the flooding of it would create a sea more than four times as big as the Mediterranean; but, as the Sahara is composed of elevated plateaus, mountain ranges and depressions, only a part would be covered with water when the waves of the ocean were let in, and the new sea thus formed would be an irregular body of water probably of about the same size as the Mediterranean. Great commercial cities would at once spring up on its shores and trade and civilization strike at once to the heart of Africa. The sea of Sahara may never become a reality, but in any event it is a gigantic and pleasing dream.

Killed by Fear.

Frederick I. of Prussia was killed by fear. His wife was insane, and one day she escaped from her keeper and, dabbing her clothes with blood, rushed upon her husband while he was dozing in his chair. King Frederick imagined her to be the White Lady, whose ghost was believed to invariably appear whenever the death of a member of the royal family was to occur, and he was thrown into a fever and died in six weeks.

Comets and Women.

The analogy between comets and women once formed the subject of the following peroration from an evening contemporary: "Comets doubtless answer some wise and good purpose in the creation; so do women. Comets are incomprehensible, beautiful and eccentric; so are women. Comets shine with peculiar splendor, but at night are most brilliant; so are women. Comets are enveloped with a lucid nebula through which their forms are visible; so are those of women in their light and elegant attire. Comets confound the most learned when they attempt to ascertain their nature; so do women. Comets equally excite the admiration of the philosopher and of the clod of the valley; so do women. Comets and women are therefore closely analogous, but, the nature of each being inscrutable, all that remains for us to do is to view with admiration the one and to love the other to adoration."—Golden Penny.

Menelek and the Missionary.

A story is told of an attempt made by a Swedish missionary to obtain a foothold in Abyssinia. No sooner had he begun to preach than he was brought before King Menelek, who asked him why he had left his home in Scandinavia in order to come to Abyssinia. The missionary promptly replied that he had come to convert the Abyssinian Jews. "Are there no Jews in your country?" asked Menelek. The missionary admitted that there were a few. "And in all the countries that you have passed through did you find no Jews or heathens?" the king continued. "Jews and heathens," the missionary admitted, "are plentiful." "Then," said Menelek, "carry this man beyond the frontier and let him not return until he has converted all the Jews and heathen which lie between his country and mine."

An Arab Legend.

"There is none so poor but there is one poorer."

A poor Arab spent his last bara on a handful of dates and went up on a high cliff to eat them and die. As he threw the stones over a lean hand shot out below and caught them.

"Ho!" said he. "Why do you catch my date stones?"

"Because, O brother," answered a weak voice, "I have not eaten these three days, and Allah has sent these stones to save my life."

"Praise be to Allah," answered the first man, "for he has saved me also, for here is one poorer than I."

And both men went into the city.

Malleable Glass of the Egyptians.

Strabo and Josephus both affirm that the Egyptian glass workers were so well skilled in their art that they imitated the amethyst and other precious stones to perfection. Malleable glass was one of the secret arts of the ancients, the formula for making it being now reckoned as lost. Strabo mentions a cup of glass which could be hammered into any desired shape, the material of which it was composed being as ductile as lead.

Too Much Argument.

Dar's a good deal in argyment, but it can also be overdone. As long as Uncle Moses believed in sulphur and brimstone he let my cabbages strictly alone. When I had argyed him into believin' dat no sich place existed he cleaned out my truck patch in one night.—Detroit Free Press.

MARIA OF THE MAVERICK....

By ROTHWELL BROWN

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Pecos Bill lay on the floor cursing a broken arm. Downstairs in the dance hall musicians were twanging their fiddles. The sound came through the boards to the boy. He was a tall, sun browned young fellow. His blue shirt was stained, and his boots were dusty. On the floor by him was his coat rolled up for a pillow.

The door opened, and Maria came in. She was a small girl. Her eyes were as dark as her hair, and her skin was of a rich olive color. She lighted a candle.

"I've been trying to get up to see you all day, Bill, but I couldn't. Where were you shot?"

"In the arm," growled Pecos Bill, "and it's stiff as thunder."

"It's your right one, too," said Maria.

"No matter; my left's just as good. But I've got to get it fixed somehow, and then I've got to go away. When that sheriff's convention finds out I'm here the crowd 'll tear the town down to get me."

Maria bared the boy's broken arm, disclosing a round, purple wound, cut a bandage from her petticoat and bound it.

"I don't see how a little thing like that queered me so," said Bill. "It made me sick all over."

"Now fix my gun," said Pecos Bill. He passed it to her. "I suppose the crowd's all here by this time," he added while he watched her fill the chambers of the six shooter with cartridges. "Curse 'em, why couldn't they go some place else," he growled. "It wasn't my fault anyway. Graham was cheating, and he'd killed me sure if I hadn't got the drop on him first."

Maria clicked the gun playfully. "You'd been all right eef you hadn't got shot," she said.

"Guess I ain't any good any more," whined the boy. "Confound those sheriffs. I wish they'd hold their convention in Jericho."

Maria left the candle on the floor and opened the door. The crowd in the dance hall below was singing. There were loud laughs and the noise of booted men lining up at the bar. She crept down the stairs.

The dance hall was crowded. Dark skinned Mexicans and gayly dressed Mexican girls from across the river, cowboys and gamblers danced and chatted or patronized the games of chance. Three grave looking fiddlers played on a platform. Across one side of the long room was the bar.

Bob Cowan, who ran the El Paso Daily Maverick and was reputed to be the best judge of stock and liquor in west Texas, and who was pointed out to strangers as "El Paso's next mayor," bought Maria a bottle of St. Louis beer, imported at great expense, and later danced with her, to the admiration of all. Maria, whirling over the slippery floor, frequently glanced at the ragged rafters cobwebbed overhead.

"Know that fellow," asked Cowan, pointing to a tall, loose jointed man. "Most prominent man in Texas today, bar none. Sheriff, empire builder, he is. Bill Sopes of San Antone, president of the sheriff's convention."

Maria danced and sang and enjoyed herself with the others until the sun came up. She danced often with Bill Sopes, her eyes shining, her loosened black hair falling around her face, and her white teeth glistening between her parted lips.

"Who's the girl?" asked Sopes, lounging up to Cowan.

Cowan glanced down the long room. Maria stood binding up her hair.

"Oh," said Cowan, "that's Maria; Mexican girl. She's a typesetter on our paper. Ain't she a Jim Dandy?"

"She is," said Sopes.

At 7 o'clock Maria climbed upon her stool at her case in the dingy office of the Maverick and began to set type busily. She could not read English, but she knew the alphabet.

At noon Cowan wrote the story of the sheriffs' convention, then in session in El Paso, and dealt the "takes" to Maria and the other girls. Maria clicked the type merrily until suddenly she saw the only two printed words she knew—Pecos Bill. She found the big capital P with a haze before her eyes. Then she found the small letters, and the big capital B with the other small letters, and set them up mechanically, faint with fear.

The two words were near the end of the take. She finished it, thrusting the remaining bits of type savagely into their places and clinging by the heels of her slippers to the rung of the stool. Lunch time arrived. The girls filed out, followed by Bob Cowan, puffing at a black cigar.

Tommy remained. Tommy was foreman. He set heads, read proof, helped Cowan to "make up" the paper every day, and, when the proper time came, locked the forms and carried them to the press on his shoulder. Maria remembered a report, once current, that Tommy was in love with her, but she had never considered him seriously. He was always so drunk, or had just been drunk, or was in a fair way to become drunk, that she never had cared to go near him. It occurred to her that this was an exceptional case.

She slid from the stool with the stick of type in her hand, dodging between the rows of cases, until she came to the long, narrow shelf where were ink and roller, and struck off a proof.

Tommy was setting the head for the convention story, when Maria touched his grimy sleeve and smiled at him. "Please read this to me, Tommy," she begged.

Tommy took the proof. His eyes rolled wonderingly. "I want to learn to read, and I—want you to teach me," she explained. His face brightened under the ink. He gulped twice and read:

"The morning session was adjourned at 12 o'clock, with twenty-six delegates present. Bill Sopes of San Antonio, president of the convention, made the announcement that a reward of $500 had been offered for the arrest of Pecos Bill"—

"Dias mia," said Maria.

—"a well known and prominent citizen of this place, for the shooting of Harvey Graham near Sheriff Sopes' city some weeks ago. Our fellow townsman is not now in El Paso, although there was a rumor on the streets this morning that he was seen here early yesterday morning and that he was engaged in a slight difficulty with a stranger in a Utah street dance hall."

"Dias mia," cried Maria.

"There," said Tommy. He looked curiously at the girl, who swayed from side to side. She grasped his arm.

"They must be thrown off the track! Do you understand? Oh, Tommy, you will help me! Help me before they come back from lunch. You must set eet up as I tell you."

Tommy followed her meekly and climbed upon her stool. "Word has just reached us," dictated the girl, laying her hand on the man's inky sleeve. Tommy swallowed hard and picked at the type.

—"that Pecos Bill is in hiding at Plume's ranch, about twenty miles from El Paso. He was seen there this morning and was—and was slightly wounded in the arm."

"Eet'll sound natural to say he's wounded," she explained.

Tommy wagged his head. "You're a smart one," he said.

"Tommy, listen. I want you to put that in the paper right after the convention. And don't tell, Tommy."

"It'll cost me my job," said Tommy, with a husky voice; "but, Maria, I will —if you will give me a kiss."

Maria put up her lips without a word, and Tommy kissed her on the mouth.

She toiled through the afternoon, tortured by a thousand fears, until at last Tommy, mallet in hand, pounded down the last form and carried it to the press. The little machine rumbled, and the damp, sticky papers came out.

Maria washed, wound her mantilla around her head, seized a paper and went straight to Pecos Bill.

"Find the end of the convention and tell me what you see," panted Maria.

Pecos Bill spread the sheet on the rough floor and, easing himself on one elbow, read down the column. The fire of knowledge flashed into his eyes. "Why, I ain't out to Plume's," he cried.

She knelt down by the boy and put her arms around his neck. "I put that in the paper," she cried, "to lead 'em off, send 'em out to the ranch, so I can get you away."

He crawled to his feet painfully. His eyes were bright, and the blood was in his cheek.

"Get down, can't you?" snarled the girl. "Don't you know they'll see you?" She looked cautiously out of a window. Many bearded men were lounging on the porch of a saloon across the street. A rider dashed up to the group waving a newspaper over his head. The crowd listened while he read to them from the saddle. Then the men jumped for their horses. Maria went out.

When she came back she beckoned to Bill. He followed her down a side stair. He drank and went out. In front of the dance hall was a horse. The street was deserted. Pecos Bill was climbing painfully into the saddle when Bob Cowan, a crumpled copy of the Maverick in his hand, dashed up the street on horseback. His face was red with anger. Bill's gun was in his belt. Maria drew it out and pointed it at Cowan.

"Get down off that horse," she said.

Cowan dismounted, fuming with rage. "Somebody's sent the whole town away on a wild goose chase. If I knew who meddled with my paper I'd break his neck."

"I did eet," said Maria. "Throw up your hands."

Cowan stood by the horse, with both arms raised above his head. Maria grasped the bridle and swung herself into the saddle. "Hand me your gun," she commanded, still covering Cowan.

He gave his six shooter to the girl. "Now," she said, "everything ees all right."

"I'll get you for this, Bill," stormed Cowan, "and you, too, Maria."

"Just so it ain't now," laughed Pecos Bill, "I don't care."

Before them, through the straggling town, lay the road to Mexico and matrimony.

Modesty of Greatness.

Here the eminent statesman who was dictating the particulars of his early career to the reporter paused for a moment.

"This will be the place, I think," he said, "to insert the statement that I don't like to talk about myself and that I mention these facts with evident reluctance."—Chicago Tribune.

The Best Thing.

"What do you mean by kissing me, Herr Frisch?"

"My aunt told me to. She told me to come and help myself to the best thing I could find in the kitchen."—Fliegende Blatter.

Wherever there is authority there is a natural inclination to disobedience.

Ayer's
Falling hair means weak hair. Then strengthen your hair; feed it with the only hair food, Ayer's Hair Vigor. It checks falling hair, makes the hair
Hair Vigor
grow, completely cures dandruff. And it always restores color to gray hair, all the rich, dark color of early life.
"My hair was falling out badly and I was afraid I would lose it all. Then I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor. It quickly stopped the falling and made my hair all I could wish it to be."
REBECCA E. ALLEN, Elizabeth, N. J.
$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
Falling Hair

WOMEN WHO POSE.

The Secrecy That Is Maintained by Artists About Their Models.

Every artist keeps in his studio a little book that he guards most sacredly. It contains his list of models. In some art studios of New York the "model book" contains 500 names of men and women who earn their living by posing. The betrayal of a single name by the artist would injure his reputation with the craft and make it difficult for him to employ the better class of models.

The chief reason for this secrecy is the fact that the outside world is prone to look askance at professional models. Most of them, however, are perfectly modest and good women, whose business, though apparently violating the letter of morality, preserves its spirit. In fact, behind the model's professional career is little but the commonplace.

American models are characterized by the same qualities of self respect and independence as American art. The principal fault artists and illustrators find with them is their lack of expression, but for beautiful figures and perfect features they are unexcelled.

The best models in the world are found in France and America, where the most general intelligence prevails in the class from which they chiefly come. In America many of them belong to middle class families who have met reverses.

He Had Followed Directions.

A little black boy sat on the soap box which served as a front step to the tumble down shanty. His skin was more than black. Here and there it looked as if it had been varnished. His fingers clung together when he attempted to open his hands, and films of silky sweetness were spun about him as he threw back his head and opened his mouth in epicurean ecstasy. Household Words explains this happy condition:

"Goodness, law!" exclaimed the old mammy, who came suddenly round the corner. "What yo' sittin' dat a-way for when I jes' been tryin' to clean yo' up? Ef yo' ain' went an' molassed yo'se'f f'm head to foot!"

"Dat ain' 'lasses, mammy."

"What's de use o' tryin' ter make yo' look 'spectable, 'd like ter know? I wash yo' an' dress yo', an' den I tells yo' ter go an' use de comb, didn't I?"

"Yes'm. An' I look aroun', an' all de comb I could fin' was dis yere honeycomb. But I don use dat, mammy; I sho'ly did."

The Wonders of Color.

A small and simple experiment can be tried by any reader which will go far to convince him or her what a debt we owe to color and what a good thing it is we have sunlight, which enables our eyes to take advantage of the beautiful hues of nature. Make a room quite dark and then burn some carbonate of soda in the flame of a bunsen gas burner. It will burn with an orange yellow light sufficiently strong to illuminate everything in the room, but you will realize with a sudden shock that, bright though the light is, all distinctions of color have vanished. Only light and shade remain. A crimson carnation, a blue violet, a red tablecloth, a yellow blind—all look gray or black or white. The faces of those present look positively repulsive, for all natural color has disappeared.

No other experiment will so well convince those who have witnessed it how great a loss would be that of our sense for color.

Oriental Weddings.

At wedding festivals in Arabia, Persia and Morocco the women guests hold carnival all day, sometimes several days, but the poor little bride is in a room by herself fasting. She is being "decorated." Depilatories and tweezers remove all superfluous hair. She is scrubbed with pumice stone; her toes, fingers and hair are stained with henna, and her face is daubed with red and bits of gold paper. An oriental maiden has no voice in the selection of her husband. She seldom sees him till she is his wife, and he is not supposed to see her face until she unveils after marriage. Sometimes Cupid gets ahead of parents and guardians, the "wind" blows the veil aside, and the young eyes meet. Then there is some anxious maneuvering that the elders may make the right selection.

Unique Way to Secure One's Pay.

Tattooing is still a favorite personal decoration with some of the natives of Samoa, though not so fashionable there as formerly. Those who practice the art have an effective way of securing their pay. The color extends from the waist to the knees, no other part of the body being marked. In the small of the back the design shades off to a point which is never finished by the tattooer till his bill has been paid. As the incomplete design is public evidence of the wearer's indebtedness the artist seldom has to wait long for his money.

Friends and Relatives.

"So the poor fellow's dead?"

"Yes, and he left all his money to charity. His funeral was very largely attended."

"Ah, yes, he had lots of friends; I don't suppose he had any enemies at all."

"Oh, yes, a few; he had several relatives."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not the Genuine Kind.

"I'm afraid she isn't cut out for a society woman."

"Why not?"

"Well, she seems to have no idea of the pleasures of extravagance."—Detroit Free Press.

The Difference.

Miss Languish—Mercy! You don't mean to say you destroy all your love letters! I save mine religiously.

Miss Pertly—Of course; but, then, you know it makes a difference where one has only a few.—Boston Transcript.

His Mission.

"Yes," said the would be poet, "I started as office boy for an editor. I used to help empty wastebaskets."

"Indeed!" said the girl who had seen some of his effusions, "and now I suppose you help fill them?"—Philadelphia Record.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JULY 31, 1903.

ABOUT GYPSY MOTHS.

Gov. Bates will do well if he wants to save himself further trouble and keep the State treasury out of the clutches of the moth hunters, to pass a strong word to the Board of Agriculture, of which he is a member, that instead of preaching State aid in these matters they had better talk to the people about curtailment under the auspices of the various cities and towns. Unless something of this sort is done, there will be as strong a lobby for the moths next January as there has ever been at the liveliest times.—*Practical Politics.*

It is said that Governor Bates thinks the State is overburdened with Commissions already, and that the real animus of the moth hunters is to increase the number, in order to make berths for politicians, or their friends. He will see to it that some method, rather than a commission, is provided to head off the moth.

☞ Hereafter it is going hard with the Lowell men who come to Woburn to get drunk and are arrested. There have been so many drunken persons arrested of late who hail from Lowell, and there have been so many disturbances, on the cars and elsewhere, created by their disorderly conduct, that Judge Johnson has decided, and announced in open Court, that hereafter the Lowell man who comes to Woburn and is arrested for drunkenness is to have a sentence to the House of Correction, unless he can give a more reasonable explanation for his being found here intoxicated than is usually the case. This may look like discrimination against Lowell, but the fact is, there have been so large a number of Lowell men arrested in Woburn of late that it is plain they think they are a privileged class to come here and do as they please. Numerous complaints have been made about their conduct on the cars, and there have usually been some aggravating circumstances connected with their arrest. Hitherto they have been let off with fines, or with no sentence at all, with the result that they have been coming here in great numbers and making more trouble. If they will come to Woburn and behave themselves we shall be glad to see them, and of course the law will not be set in motion against them until their conduct becomes objectionable. Such, in substance, were the remarks of Judge Johnson expressed in Court the other morning. He followed it up by sentencing two Lowell men to the House of Correction. Lowell papers please copy. The Judge has hinted that Lexington's turn will come next.

☞ The Board of Assessors are nearing the end of their labors on the tax levies for 1903, so that the Collector will not be obliged to wait much longer for the books. The 1903 rate will not be under $19, and may considerably exceed that figure. This is a material increase over the 1902, for which, however, good reasons are given. The levy for city purposes, made necessary by increased appropriations, is $10,000 plus larger than last year, and every $10,000 additional raises the tax $1. Again, the State tax is $8,975, or 50 percent over 1902. These two items taken together fully account for an increased rate this year. The city levy is $172,248.83; County, $11,756 53; Metropolitan Park, $4,572.89. It seems hard, if not unjust, to be compelled to pay so large a sum, or indeed, any sum, for something the city has not yet had, that is to say, the benefits of the Metropolitan Park system; but Woburn is in it and that fact is a justification of the acts of the Metropolitan Commission in levying taxes on the city for its maintenance. The Metropolitan Sewer tax seems like a big charge on our city imposed by the Commission; but if we would have and enjoy "all the modern improvements" we must pay for them.

☞ It is quite safe to predict that Mayor Glines of Somerville will be a candidate for Congress from the 8th District in 1904, and this, too, whether McCall wants to hold on longer, or not. It is believed by some Republicans, the number including many of the ablest men in the District, that McCall, failing to read his title clear, will decline to enter the race again, and gracefully retire to make room for a better Party man. Should this come about, his mantle, so it is said, will be more likely to fall on the shoulders of Mayor Glines than on those of any other person. But Mr. Glines and a great many more sound Republicans think that enough has already been done by the Party for McCall, so that, no matter what course he may decide upon to pursue in next year's Congressional election, it is highly probable that Glines will enter the lists and wage a hot contest for the honors.

☞ A larger appropriation should be placed at the disposal of Commissioner Doherty of the Board of Public Works, who has charge of Public Buildings and Grounds, for use in keeping the shade and ornamental trees of the city in better shape. With the money allowed him this important work cannot be done. The fall of the great elm on Pleasant street near the Railroad Station last Monday brought freshly to mind and emphasized the fact that Commissioner Doherty's hands are tied to an unreasonable extent by lack of funds with which to pay for the removal of decaying trees and keep healthy ones trimmed and properly attended to. This matter deserves the attention of the authorities when making appropriations for city purposes.

☞ In their published responses to invitations for contributions the Protestant clergymen of this city were warmly eulogistic of the late Pope of Rome, Leo 13, and seemed to have been anxious to outdo the Catholic clergy in their praise of the virtues of the "Prisoner of the Vatican." These pastors of local churches, who consented to put their sentiments in print, could see nothing but good in his character and life, and expressed the greatest admiration for him. No recent event in the religious world appears to have made such a profound impression on the minds and hearts of our home ministers as the death of the Pope, and to express their high esteem for him, and sorrow over his passing away, the choicest words in the English tongue were employed by them.

☞ The poor old gypsy moths of Medford have a mortal foe in the *Mercury-Courier* of that city, which fights them gallantly night and day, and in doing so drops into pictures But, like "John Brown's body" the moths "go marching on," and seem to fear not the *M.-C's* paper bullets. They can't be exterminated.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Pettengill—Ferry.
J. W. & E. F. Johnson—For Sale.

— Last Saturday was a hot one.

— Dr. Lewis and family have gone to Centreville.

— Mrs. Harriet C. Blake is at home from her oceanside visit.

— Mr. James T. Freeman is recovering from a severe illness.

— Mrs. E. C. Cottle is at Vineyard Haven, Martha's Vineyard.

— Mrs. D. N. Hood, wife of the organist, is at Sugar Hill, N. H.

— Tomorrow letter carriers Foster and Callahan go out on vacation.

— The family of Mr. Frank Murphy are at Salisbury Beach for August.

— M. Bancroft, Sewing Machines and finding, 410 Main street.—6m

— The Social Workers of Montvale are to take a pleasure trip to Gloucester soon.

— Houses let and rents collected by E. Prior Real Estate agent, 349 Main street.

— The Walnut Hill A. C. take a trolley ride to Crescent Beach tomorrow.

— Mr F. Chandler Parker is enjoying his vacation at Lakeside, Sunapee Lake, N. H.

— Mary E and Charlotte S Cummings of Central Square are visiting at Ossipee, N. H.

— The venerable Marshall Tidd is at his favorite summer resting place, Canaan, N. H.

— Quealy Court, M. C. O. F., will hold their annual picnic on Saturday, Aug 22, at Innitou Park.

— Mr. Charles E. Tripp, the undertaker, is recovering from a severe illness of about 3 months standing.

— Bethlehem, N. H., is the place where Mr. Fred H. Burdett and wife are having their vacation outing.

— Mr. George Alexander and family sailed for Scotland last Tuesday, to be gone until some time in October.

— Miss Ellen Caddigan of Salem street sailed Tuesday on the Saxonia for a visit to her home in Ireland.

— T. Marvin Parker and wife and Miss Laura Tibbetts are at Lebanon, Maine, the old home of Mr. Parker.

— Mrs. D. F. McIntosh has been entertaining her cousin, Miss Alice G. Black, a Malden teacher, at her home lately.

— The South Border A. & O. Club are to give a lawn party on August 7. A large gathering is confidently expected.

— Sunday night and Monday last the weather was cold enough for overcoats and winter clothing. Such a season!

— Numerous Beach Parties go from this city and vicinage every day and almost every evening, and report that it is fun.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— Mr. Parker T. Poole and Miss Helen Rickey are to be united in the bonds of wedlock in the course of a few weeks.

— Mr. William Alexander Durward is chief cutter and salesman at Mr. George Durward's popular market on Main street.

— Miss Gertrude M. Heartz of 9 Bennett street, has gone to Campton Village, New Hampshire, for a few weeks sojourn.

— Mr. and Mrs. Julius F. Ramsdell are at home from Yellowstone Park, Uncle Sam's playground in the far Northwest.

— Special attention is asked for the new card of Edward E. Parker, gas, water and steam fitter, in this paper. He is an expert at the business.

— Mrs. Henry Martin Eames has about recovered from the illness she lately experienced at Gloucester and is again at her home in this city.

— "Our Folks' Trolley Party" had a most enjoyable trip to Revere Beach Monday evening under the efficient chaperonage of Mr. M. W. True.

— Mr. Andrew Dobbins, the tinsmith, and family went to Nantasket Beach last Wednesday for some clams, salt air, a sea bath, and a good time.

— Librarian Cutter thinks it will be safe to open the Public Library for the delivery of books tomorrow, August 1. Scarlet fever has about had its run here.

— Lawyers George W. and Grace L. Norris go to their summer cottage at Nahant, where other members of the family are tarrying, whenever the spirit moves them so to do.

— Miss Sarah S. Waterman, teacher in the High School, is passing her days of rest and recreation in New Hampshire. She is regarded as one of Woburn's best instructors.

— North Woburn people have concluded that they do not want the name of that most desirable section of the city changed. N. W. is good enough for them, and it will stick.

— August 5 has been fixed on for Merchants Day in this city. Business places will be closed all day. We do not learn that any programme has been determined on for its observance.

— A fine colt belonging to Mayor Feeney, valued at $500 because of his promise of great speed, died of lockjaw a few days ago, the result of stepping on a nail a short time previously.

STRAW MATTINGS
FOR SUMMER HOUSES

Our new importation includes all grades from China and Japan, many patterns of which are exclusive. Always cool, cleanly, and sanitary.

RUGS

Royal Wilton, Saxony Axminster, Seamless, and other Axminster and Brussels rugs, in sizes 9 x 12, 8.3 x 10.6, and 6 x 9. Hundreds of small rugs—Smyrnas, Wiltons, Axminsters, Japanese, etc., etc., at exceptionally low prices.

RUGS

Heavy Brussels Art Squares, many of them in Oriental designs and all reversible, sizes 7.6 x 9, 9 x 9, 9 x 10.6, and 9 x 12; price about $1.00 per square yard.

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All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

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NEW SPRING GOODS!
Latest Styles in Pattern and Cloth,
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G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street. - - - - - - - Woburn

FLIES! FLIES!

Do you want to get rid of those flies in your house? You can do it by using our sure kill

Dalmation Powder 29c lb 17 1-2 lb

We also sell the sticky and poison Fly Paper. Joss Sticks 5c. package. They stop the buzzy sing and bite of the musquito. You can get an exterminator for Water Bugs, Cockroaches, and all kinds of insects at Cut Prices, from

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
THE STORE WITH THE GREEN SIGNS. GREEN STAMPS.

— Bertha B. Smith is at Northport, Me.

— Dr. and Mrs. S. W. Kelley are at Northport, Me.

— Clarence Stetson goes to Canada on business next week.

— The family of C. M. Munroe go to Ipswich Neck next Monday.

— Labor Day will occur on the first Monday in September, or the 7th day of that month. It is a legal holiday in Massachusetts.

— E. Prior, 349 Main street is agent for the New York Life Insurance Co. Call and see him before placing any life insurance.

— The Boston Branch proprietors, Fitz & Stanley, aver that pork and lard are cheaper, and to substantiate the statement give prices in another column of the JOURNAL.

— Mr. Fred Stanley, of Fitz & Stanley, proprietors of that staunch old grocery establishment, the Boston Branch, and wife will take their summer outing in August.

— J. W. & E. F. Johnson advertise for sale the residence of the late John Johnson on Arlington Road. It is one of the best dwellings on one of the best streets in this city.

— Misses Aileen and Geraldine Hagerty, daughters of Mr. T. F. Hagerty, Arlington Road, are spending Old Home Week with their aunt, Mrs. John F. Towle, at Wareland.

— It is generally thought that Mayor Feeney put the right man in the right place when he appointed Mr. Lyons to succeed Mr. William C. Kenney on the Board of License Commissioners.

— In a couple of weeks, or as soon as Mr. Knapp returns from the wilds of Maine, Mr. Arthur B. Wyman, clerk of the Woburn Gas Light Co., is to start out on his annual vacation.

— Dr. Callahan, City Physician, is doing Nova Scotia. He should tour Acadie, "The Land of Evangeline," Poet Longfellow's heroine in "Evangeline," for it is a great treat to do so.

— Miss Margaret Feeney and Miss Mary Mahoney, two as likely girls as we have in this town, are disporting themselves at Hampton Beach, an ancient, but beautiful, summer resort.

— Yesterday, Mrs. Mary E. Eaton sailed by the North German Lloyd Line from New York for Bremen. She expects to spend the greater portion of her time in Switzerland and in Italy.

— Mr. John C. N. Parker, of the firm of Moore & Parker, book-sellers and stationers, is hoping to get away for a season of vacation pleasures, to be accompanied by Mrs. Parker and the children.

— The St. Charles C. T. A. S. have concluded to give their lawn party at Dow's Lawn on Friday evening, Aug 14. If bad weather prevents an open-air gathering, the party will come off in Lyceum Hall.

— Miss Alice Williams, the courteous and efficient clerk in the City Treasurer's office, is out on her vacation, which she will take among the beautiful places to be met with on the delightful North Shore.

— The water pipe on Mishawum Road near Eaton Avenue was broken by a bolt of lightening entering the ground at that point during the shower Wednesday evening, causing a temporary water famine in that neighborhood.

— George Smith, son of C. Willard, is canvassing for the best scrapbook extant.

— Mr. and Mrs. Chester Cotton are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Francis at the Public Library.

— Mrs. M. E. Putney has arrived from her Georgia home and established headquarters at 37 Arlington Road.

— Phil. M. and Herrick Brown arrived from Berlin, N. H., last night. Phil sails from N. Y. to his post of duty next Tuesday.

— If the new trolley line from Lowell to Boston, for which franchises are now prayed for by promoters, is ever built it will not touch Woburn. Its proposed location is too far west for that. It would be a good thing for Burlington and some other towns.

— St. Charles church was draped in deep mourning last Sunday for the lately deceased Pope. At 10 45 was solemn high mass to his memory. A very large congregation filled the church. The ceremonies were solemn and impressive.

— Mr. and Mrs. Richmond of Chattanooga, Tenn., are visiting Mrs. Lesquesеux at Mrs. Taylor's, 23 Pleasant street, this city. They are old friends of their hostess, and make a point of coming North every summer for comfort and pleasure.

— FIRES—The alarm from box 66 at 9.20 last Sunday evening was for a fire that badly damaged the Melendy house on Sturgis street. The alarm from box 56 at 4.25 last Monday morning was for slight fire in the saloon of Richard Reynolds at the South End.

— It cannot be truthfully remarked that the weather since July 25 has been of the typical Dog Days variety. That, every candid person must readily admit. The fact has impressed itself with great force on the minds of observing people, and it has been made a note of.

— The business of roofing, plumbing, and kindred pursuits, is carried on by the firm of C. M. Strout & Co. in all its varied phases, and to the satisfaction of their employers in the quality of work, promptness, and charges. They are leaders in that branch of business.

— The National Postmasters Association are to hold their annual convention in Boston beginning on Aug. 4. Several prominent officials of the P. O. Department at Washington will attend. Postmaster Wyer of this city will doubtless be there. It will last several days.

— Smith's Real Estate Agency has sold the Nathaniel Jenkins estate, 850 Main street No. Woburn, to Adam Fisher who buys for a home and will improve the same. Mr. Smith says there is a great demand for property in Woburn, he expects to close four more sales at an early date.

— McGrath, "The Hustler," has under construction a tennis court on his new homestead recently purchased of the Eaton estate, that will take the wind out of the sails of all other courts in this city. Capt. J. M Ellis's men are doing the work, which is a warranty that it will be all right.

— The north bound Lowell electrics were filled to their utmost capacity early Wednesday afternoon with people going up to see the havoc produced by the disastrous explosion in the United States cartridge factory at Tewksbury, near Lowell. It attracted an immense number of people from miles around.

— Miss Mary Feeney, stenographer at the Woburn L. H & P. Co.'s office on Lake avenue, and her sister Katherine go to Old Orchard on August 12 for a fortnight's vacation. It is expected that their brother Thomas J. and family will take their summer outing at that famous seaside resort.

— Last Monday morning the JOURNAL was favored with a call from Mrs. J. C. McGarrey, Matron of Winning Farm, Lexington street, and enjoyed it highly. She was accompanied by her husband, who is connected with the Tremont Theatre, Boston, but there was no "political significance" in his visit.

— Mr. James Linnell, General Manager of Linnell's Market, and family; Mr. Daniel B. Bond and family; and Mr. Henry H. Leathe and family, returned from Southport, Maine, last Saturday after a most delightful outing at that popular seaside resort. Mr J. Q. A. Brackett and family, who were of the Linnell et al. party, are still at Southport.

— Mr. Leon L. Dorr, head salesman at Copeland & Bowser's, a gentleman who stands high up in the councils of the Epworth League, has returned from the National convention of the Order lately held in Detroit, Mich., which be participated in as a representative of Massachusetts, or certain divisions of it.

— It seems that it was a great Sunday School picnic at Pinehurst Park in Billerica that drew so many colored people to this city yesterday forenoon. Besides the Sunday School of St John's Baptist church of Woburn, five carloads came in over the East Middlesex line and changed over to the Lowell & Boston line for Pinehurst.

— The old and highly respectable firm of G. R. Gage & Co., Merchant Tailors, the manager of which is Mr. Fred A Flint, an honorable gentleman, advertise "Light Weight Prices for Light Weight goods during the heated term." Which affords a fine opportunity to buy a firstclass suit of clothes cheap, or money refunded.

— By the exercise of good judgment and fair deal Mrs. Jennings, 419 Main street, this city, successfully conducts the most popular Employment establishments within a circle of a dozen miles. She does a large business in providing young women places to work and housewives with domestics, and is looked upon as a perfectly reliable agent.

— Mr. James W. McDonald, the leading piano tuner in this city, and Mrs. McDonald will repair to their old summer stamping grounds at Salisbury, N. H., next Monday, where, it is proposed by them, to put in a solid month or more in doing nothing but taking comfort, for the enjoyment of which James affirms that there is no spot on earth that surpasses Salisbury, N. H.

— A large number of single houses, with modern conveniences, well located, costing, with the land, from $2,500 to $4,000 would be snatched up by purchasers and renters as soon as finished. Investments of such a nature would pay a good interest and greatly increase the population of our city. Real estate agents here are longing for some rich parties to go into this sort of an enterprise.

— Acting Mayor J. W. Johnson of Woburn, and President of the City Council, and family are taking their vacation outing at Megansett, No. Falmouth, Cape Cod, their cottage being contiguous to that of Mr. Benjamin Hinckley and family, according to the testimony of Judge E. F. Johnson, Charlie A. Jones, and Editor Harold Johnson of the Harvard College *Crimson.*

— One of the finest concerts of this or any other season was given by the National Band on the public bandstand last Friday evening by postponement from Wednesday evening. The audience was smaller than it would have been had a more extended notice of the concert been spread abroad, but, as it was, there was quite a large crowd out, and they seemed to enjoy the fine musical treat very much.

— At 10 a. m. yesterday there arrived in this city, enroute for the groves and brooks of lovely Billerica, an electric car containing about 150 colored men, women and children from Medford, and a merrier crowd were never before seen in these parts Colored people are the happiest mortals on top of the earth, and the Medford crowd, with their horns, whistles, tambourines, and songs, beat them all.

— The end of Old Home Week in Massachusetts will be reached tomorrow, August 1. According to reports it has been an immense success. During the week thousands of the sons and daughters of the Old Bay State have returned from their Western and Southern homes to the homes and scenes of their early days to find the "fatted calf" and a warm welcome awaiting them on every hand. Celebrations and happy family reunions have been the order of the Week all over the State.

— A large elm tree standing at the Pleasant street entrance to the B. & M. depot grounds blew down about noon last Monday, and created quite a surprise. There need not have been a surprise, the only wonder being that it stood as long as it did. It had a remarkable slim hold on life, there being scarcely any live wood in its trunk, and yet no tree around the Common made a better show of foliage. There are others in a dying condition and will soon blow down.

— It will be worth ones while to read the advertisement in this paper respecting the sale of lots in "Riverdale" by Mr. E. P. Sellew, Civil Engineer, and to consider the question of investing some money in a home there. "Riverdale" is the pleasantest part of the pleasant town of Billerica; located on Shawsheen River; a couple of miles from the centre of the old town; close to a fine trolley line; and near several populous and business communities. Write to Mr. Sellew at Billerica for circulars.

— Basing judgment on a picture of it received from Master L. Herbert Owen of the High School last Monday, we are prepared to express the opinion that his summer house at Monmouth (Me.) Lakes is all that any reasonable person could desire, and as a hot weather retreat it has our unqualified approval. Having finished his school programme the Master is now devoting considerable time and patience to the pleasing occupation of fishing.

THE MOTHERS KNOW

A growing, active boy puts clothing to its supreme test. It is the mother of such a boy who understands, as nobody else does, whether materials hold their color, are properly put together, and stand wear as they should.

Hundreds of mothers have told us how absolute is the satisfaction which

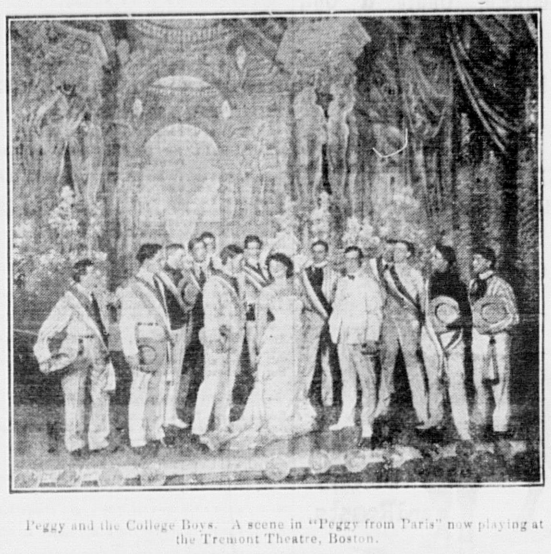
Our Clothing

gives to them, in all respects, as worn by their sons.

We cannot conceive of a higher endorsement—can you?

Macullar Parker Company
400 Washington Street
BOSTON

VACATIONS ARE HERE
SECURE YOUR
KODAK and FILMS
—AT—
Whitcher's KODAK AGENCY
The New Size No. 3A For Sale.
Picture 3¼ x 5½



Peggy and the College Boys. A scene in "Peggy from Paris" now playing at the Tremont Theatre, Boston.

— Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Knapp and Misses Dora and Mildred Knapp, all of 17 Church avenue, left Boston at 8 a. m. today by the Boston & Maine railroad, for the town of Blanchard, Piscataquis county, Maine, near Moosehead Lake, the native place of Mr. Knapp, where they will visit for a couple of weeks. The family party were chaperoned by Miss Mildred Knapp, and when they left here it was with the highest expectations of having a great time down there fishing, strolling over the hills and picking huckleberries.

— Politics in this city is in a quiescent state just now both in a municipal and general sense. It is somewhat too early in the season to begin to stir things up, and, besides, a considerable share of the active and working politicians are away on their vacations and cannot, therefore, be expected to do much logrolling until near the end of Dog Days. About a month hence they will wake up, and electioneering may become lively in the political arena, although the prospect for hot work is not discovered in any direction. The masses will patiently wait for the wire-pullers to get a move on.

— As respects roads and streets Woburn is rapidly acquiring firstclass rank among neighboring towns and cities for their excellence and full returns for money expended on them. Commissioner Kelley and Superintendent Hugh Martin may well "point with pride" to the work they and their crews and steam rollers have done this summer, for nowhere can better be found, or more satisfactory results of well directed skill and honest labor be shown. There has never been any valid reason why this city should not have the best roads in the State, and if we have not, at last, got them, we have come mighty near to it.

— Major Henry C. Hall has it strongly in mind to spend his vacation in Portland, Maine, and thereabouts. The winding up of his school days was passed at Westbrook Seminary, an ancient seat of learning of high character and repute located just out of Portland, proper, and when "Old Abe" called on the boys of Maine to come on and help him save Washington and lick the Rebels Henry C. Hall, student, was the first one in the Seminary to respond and enlist in the defence of the Union. The first one in Westbrook Seminary to enlist! That was an honor indeed. So, on a cordial invitation from its present Principal the Major has about concluded to pass August at Portland, the finest city on the Coast, and near the "Academic shades" that are still fondly remembered and cherished by him, and take comfort.

— Capt. John Gilcreast and wife, and Mr. Charles F. Stiles, brother-in-law, and wife, took a carriage last Monday morning for a visit to the boyhood and girlhood home of the Captain and Mrs. Stiles in Andover, and passed a pleasant day. They journeyed leisurely and enjoyed the scenery and places familiar to them in earlier times, and when dinner time came drew from under the carriage seat a good luncheon, with trimmings, and partook of it on the greensward under the trees at the old homestead. It proved to be a delightful visit and picnic, keenly relished by the party. After a pleasant call on an old acquaintance in the neighborhood the quartet returned to Woburn well satisfied with their day's outing. The next day Captain and Mrs. Gilcreast took a trolley trip to Salem Willows and greatly enjoyed a bangup fish dinner, returning by the way of Lynn, Wakefield, etc.

— It may not be generally known, but is a fact, all the same, that Miss Belle Menard, a music teacher and composer, and one of the most talented young women in this city, has been a Franciscan Nun since last September, when she took the vows, irrevocable, of the Order at Montreal, Canada, and the religious name, "Mary Cecilia" While her duties compel her to remain here and walk about the world for the present, she hopes to be able to enter the Franciscan convent at Montreal soon, her remaining out of it being unusual with those who have taken the vows. Miss Gertrude, a younger sister of Belle, is also a Franciscan Nun, but "of lesser degree," and will, sooner or later, probably, enter the convent at Montreal. These smart sisters have recently published a Franciscan Hymn Book, which is highly commended by musical critics. The words and tunes are the work of the Misses Menard, with a very few French reproductions

— We'll venture to say that in no pulpit in the Old Bay State was a better, more interesting, or more entertaining, Old Home Week sermon preached than that by Rev. Daniel March, D. D., 87 years old, at the First Congregational church in this city last Sunday morning. Besides being blessed with an especial aptitude for the composition of a sermon treating of the olden times, and possessing a deeply seated affection for the theme, the materials for it were all safely stowed away in his memory, and he had, therefore, nothing to do but to marshal them, bring them out, arrange and trim them up into presentable shape, to produce an essay of incomparable beauty, and such an one as no man in the profession, or out of it, could possibly excel. The Doctor has, before now, more than once, given evidence, in sermons and lectures, of his superior skill in treating the subject of primitive living in New England, picturing the habits and customs of the hardy people; their hard lines and their simple pleasures, away back in the early years of the 19th century, of which he was a sharer; but each additional instalment which he makes to that pleasing branch of literature seems to his listeners brighter, better, and more enjoyable than any of its predecessors, if such an achievement were possible. The foregoing remarks may serve as an index to the Doctor's sermon last Sunday, in subject and treatment, and as the reproduction of extracts from it in the JOURNAL would fail utterly to do it justice, we end our report of it right here.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

Cholera Infantum.

This has long been regarded as one of the most dangerous and fatal diseases to which infants are subject. It can be cured, however, when properly treated. All that is necessary is to give Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and castor oil, as directed with each bottle, and a cure is certain. For sale by all druggists

A Deadly Explosion.

A few minutes past 9 o'clock Wednesday morning, July 29, 1903, an explosion occurred in a dynamite magazine at a hamlet called Wigginsville in the north edge of Tewksbury, just across the Lowell line, which resulted, according to last accounts, in the instant death of 19 persons, 6 of whom were blown to atoms, more than a hundred injured, between 70 and 80 buildings wrecked, 13 of which were burned, and a property loss of some $100,000. It was one of the most terrible catastrophies that has taken place in this State in recent years. The scene of the disaster was a terrible sight to behold.

The report was distinctly heard in this city. At North Woburn the concussion was more sensibly felt than at the Centre. At Wakefield window glass and dishes were broken; at Stoneham the shock was quite severe, and in Lowell an immense amount of damage was done to windows. The report was heard 50 miles away.

Many victims of the terrible accident are lying in the Lowell hospitals, some of whom are not expected to recover from their wounds.

It caused great excitement in Lowell and neighboring towns and cities and the trolley lines had all they could do to take people to the wrecked village of Wigginsville. Every visitor described the situation and scene as sickening and terrible in the extreme.

"Riverfall," Albert Ross' New Novel.

A novel by the widest read of American writers of fiction, the sales of whose books have reached more than 2,000,000 copies, is to be one of the chief attractions for some weeks in The Boston *Sunday Herald*, commencing Sunday, Aug. 2, which is sparing no expense to keep the position it has long held as the foremost newspaper in New England. This story is called "Riverfall," and is written by Albert Ross. It deals with a long strike in a Massachusetts factory town, where the cotton spinners contend against a reduction in wages by a corporation that is earning large dividends. The arguments for and against the reduction, and on the usual questions that affect capital and labor, are put into the mouths of the representative of the mill owners and of a beautiful woman at the head of the employes' union. Several love stories are interwoven in the tale, for Cupid laughs at lockouts. After a bitter and prolonged contest, a happy solution of the trouble is found, and an ideal picture is presented of what a cotton manufacturing town might be with selfishness and greed eliminated. Thrilling scenes abound in the novel, and it has that absence of dullness for which Albert Ross is famous.

Will Buy It Back.

You assume no risk when you buy Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. All druggists will refund your money if you are not satisfied after using it. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful remedy in use for bowel complaints and the only one that never fails. It is pleasant, safe and reliable.

Thomas D. Hevey.

He had been critically ill about a month, and his suffering ended in death at 9 o'clock Thursday morning, July 30, 1903, at 6 Lawrence street. His age was 57 years.

He had been Secretary of the Overseers of the Poor and City Almoner many years, and was a faithful public officer. He had many warm friends.

The funeral is to be held at 9 o'clock tomorrow forenoon, August 1, at St. Charles church.

Friends are requested to bring no flowers.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—There will be no services during August. Reading room closed during August.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—8th Sunday after Trinity.
Holy Communion at 10.30.
Evening Prayer at 7.
No Sunday School during July and August.
Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by Rev. W. B. C. Merry of Somerville. Subject: "Judging God's Dealings."
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Christian Endeavor Meeting.
7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "Why I Believe in a Future Life."
7.45 P. M., Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev Norman E. Richardson, Acting Pastor. Subject: "What Constitutes Human Nature?"
12 M. Sunday School. All departments.
6.30 P. M., Public Service. Subject: "The Ninety and Nine."
Mid-week Service changed to Wednesday evening during July and August.

Married.

In this city, July 22, by Rev. N. E. Richardson, Everett Leon Dickinson and Estella E. Ayer, both of Woburn.

In Boston, July 22, by Rev. Charles L. Page, George Albert Cammall of Woburn and Mary Ann Brisco of Boston.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, July 24, Martha, wife of Charles A. Sturtevant, aged 80 years, 4 months, 18 days.

In this city, July 30, Thomas D. Hevey, aged 57 years.

Pork AND Lard Are Cheaper

Best Pure Lard,	10c per lb.
Pork,	10c " "
Peanut Butter,	15c " "
Queen Olives,	35c per qt.

We are headquarters for
Kennedy's Biscuits.
Call and see the great variety we keep.

DO YOU USE SALADA TEA?
☞ We sell it.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

For Sale.

THE RESIDENCE of the late John Johnson on Arlington Road, Woburn. Terms reasonable. Inquire of
J. W. or E. F. JOHNSON.

TO LET.

No. 635 Main street, next to Mr. S. F. Trull's residence, near Mishawum Road, contains 10 rooms, bath, furnace, and 2 acres of land. Rent reasonable. Enquire of C. E. COOPER & CO., Mechanics Building.

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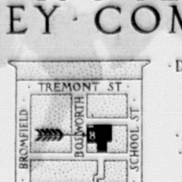

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8 BOSWORTH ST BOSTON MASS

SEMI-ANNUAL

Remnant Sale

During the Week commencing Aug. 3, at 9 A. M.

Following our usual custom we shall offer our Remnants, Short Lengths, Soiled and Shopworn Goods at very low prices.

Our customers know that it is our purpose to close out these goods very promptly, and in consequence we make this sale a Special Bargain Week for our trade.

First Come! First Served! No goods reserved for future sale.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

COURT OF LAND REGISTRATION.

To Martha A. Vining, Albert H. Munroe, Charles M. Munroe, John Maloney and Ada T. Munroe, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and said Commonwealth, and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Anne Connolly, of said Woburn, to register and confirm her title in the following-described land: A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situate in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises on Main street at land of Ada T. Munroe; from thence the line runs northerly on and by said Main street forty feet to Broad street; thence turning the line runs easterly on and by said Broad street one hundred and sixty-five feet to land of John Maloney, formerly of Alonzo T. Young; thence southerly by land of last named sixty feet to land of said Ada T. Munroe; thence westerly by land of said Ada T. Munroe one hundred and sixty-five feet to the point of beginning:

You are hereby cited to appear at the Court of Land Registration, to be held at Boston, in said County of Suffolk, on the tenth day of August, A. D., 1903, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, LEONARD A. JONES, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of July in the year nineteen hundred and three.

Attest with Seal of said Court.

[SEAL]

CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

The Boy with a BROWNIE

has the jolliest vacation.

Ever tried making pictures from start to finish yourself? It's fun with the right material.

Let us show you!

Brownie Cameras, $1 and $2.

Brownie Developing Machine, $2.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.

Mortgagee's Sale.

Pursuant to a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by James F. McKenna to the Stoneham Cooperative Bank dated August 5, 1902, and Recorded in Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds, libro 2986, folio 9, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises on

Saturday, the fifteenth day of August, A. D., 1903,

at five o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises therein described, to wit: a certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn and bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a point on the westerly side of Wade avenue one hundred and two and four tenths (102.4) feet southerly from the southerly side of Salem street; thence the line runs westerly by a line parallel with said Salem street bounding on land of the Trustees of Tufts College et als., one hundred and two and four-tenths (102.4) feet; thence running southerly on land last named by a line parallel with said Wade avenue fifty-one and two-tenths (51.2) feet; thence running easterly still by land last named by a line parallel with said Salem street one hundred and two and four-tenths (102.4) feet to Wade avenue; thence northerly on the westerly line Wade avenue fifty-one and two tenths (51.2) feet, containing five thousand and twenty (5020) square feet, more or less.

Terms at time of sale.

STONEHAM COOPERATIVE BANK,
By George N. Green, its Treasurer, Mortgagee.
J. A. STOCKWELL, Attorney,
10 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
349 MAIN STREET, - WOBURN.
Tue., Thur., Sat., 7.30 to 9 P. M.

JOSLIN & MENDUM,
10 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
Tel. Main 3908-3.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Patrick Kelley, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Bernard McLaughlin of Woburn, in said County, or to some other suitable person:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of September, A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirteenth day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

..Are..
You Particular

About your laundry? Let us try it. We please particular people.

Woburn Laundry
26 Montvale Ave.
Telephone 29 4.

RIVERDALE
BILLERICA, MASS.
Farm Plots on Easy Terms.

Half acre River Lots $10 down and and $5 per month, larger lots in proportion. Excellent location on the Shawsheen River, in Billerica, near Pinehurst Park, only 6 miles from Woburn; fine soil for fruit, vegetables and poultry; great opportunity to obtain small farms for homes, summer residences, or for outing purposes at a small expense. Canoeing, fishing, bathing and hunting. Take electrics from Woburn via Burlington, or address for plans and particulars,

E. P. SELLEW.
Billerica, Mass.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co.

On and after June 1, 1903, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Burlington and Billerica at 5.45 a. m.

Leave Woburn for Burlington, Billerica and Lowell, at 6 45 a. m., hourly till 11.45 a. m, half hourly till 9.45 p. m., 10 15 and 10 45 p. m. to Billerica only.

Leave Lowell at 5 45 a. m., hourly till 11.45 a. m. half hourly till 9 45 p. m.

Leave Billerica for Woburn or Lowell, at 6 30 a. m,, and hourly till 12 30 a. m, half hourly till 10 30 p. m. Also 11 and 11 30 p. m. for Woburn.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6 55 a. m., hourly till 12 55 p. m., half hourly till 11 55 p. m.

Cars arrive at Woburn 7.15 a. m., hourly till 1 15 p. m., half hourly till 12.15 midnight, connecting at Woburn with B & M trains for Boston at 7.12, 8 14, 9 06 a. m. and 4.11 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

First car leaves Woburn at 6 45 a. m., hourly till 9.45 a. m., half hourly till 10 45 p. m.

Leaves Billerica at 7.30 a. m., Lowell at 6.45 a. m.

For special cars or other information address C. W. E. HARRISON, Supt., Woburn, Mass.

Tel. 112-4.

RICHARD A. WHITE
Successor to E. A. Brooks,
Undertaker
— AND —
Funeral Supplies
Boarding and Livery Stable.
12 Park St., Woburn.
Telephone 54 - 3.

For a lazy liver try Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They invigorate the liver, aid the digestion, regulate the bowels and prevent billious attacks. For sale by all druggists.

Winning Farm Notes.

A new telephone has lately been put into the house, which is found to be of great utility, and Matron McGarrey is pleased with it.

The Woburn Reading Club recently generously gave the Matron $5 for the benefit of the children, which was wisely expended for outdoor games for the children. The present was gratefully received.

On July 13 the children were given a fine concert. The Christian Endeavor Society of the Lexington Congregational church brought over and presented to the Home a fine Harvard upright piano, the value of which to the children can hardly be estimated. The pastor and choir accompanied the gift and Endeavorers, and a firstclass musical treat was provided. Everybody enjoyed it to the utmost, and hearty thanks were returned to the generous donors.

A change in the children visitors is made every Tuesday morning. The boys, about 25 in number, left for their homes in Boston on July 28, and their places were taken by a like number of girls, who will give way to boys on August 4. Under the kind care and judicious management of the Matron, Mrs. McGarrey, the children live happy, if brief, lives at the Farm, and the outing does them good. It should be borne in mind that they are not from the "slums" of the great city, but are of respectable, although poor, parentage.

Very Remarkable Cure of Diarrhoea.

"About six years ago for the first time in my life I had a sudden and severe attack of diarrhoea," says Mrs. Alice Miller, of Morgan, Texas. "I got temporary relief, but it came back again and again, and for six long years I have suffered more misery and agony than I can tell. It was worse than death. My husband spent hundreds of dollars for physicians' prescriptions and treatment without avail. Finally we moved to Bosque county, our present home, and one day I happened to see an advertisement of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with a testimonial of a man who had been cured by it. The case was so similar to my own that I concluded to try the remedy. The result was wonderful. I could hardly realize that I was well again, or believe it could be so after having suffered so long, but that one bottle of medicine, costing but a few cents, cured me." For sale by all druggists.

Burlington.

Everything is prosperous and lovely in this charming old town. The farmers have got about through harvesting a fairly large crop of excellent hay, and other field and garden crops are wall nigh up to an average yield, and are of excellent quality. Our farmers have nothing to complain of.

A street railway association, styling itself the Middlesex Street Railway Company, was given a hearing by the Burlington Selectmen Saturday evening on a petition for approval of a location of a double track line through the town along the easterly side of the old Middlesex turnpike. The Directors are George E. Morgan, Charles F. Remington, Fernald E. Ham and Dana M. Dutch. There was opposition to the petition and on account of a question as to the legal form of the petition the hearing adjourned.

WINCHESTER.

Mr. Thomas W. Lawson gave three prize cups to be competed for by the Boston Yacht Club this week. Lawson has a big heart and an enormous purse, and besides that, he's a genuine sportsman, horse and yacht.

The Mystic Valley Trolley Club are cutting ice these days. Its able and accomplished President and General Manager, Judge Geo. S. Littlefield gives considerable thought to parties and trips, and furnishes the best of both that there is in the market.

Our people are flocking to summer resorts in great droves. Your correspondent has to stay at home because he can't scrape together money enough to pay his carfare out of town. It is honorable, but mighty inconvenient, to be poor. But even poor folks can go afishing.

This town was never more excited in its life than it is just now over the gypsy moth. It leads all other themes of converse in all sorts of meetings, and to hear the talk one would conclude that all the Egyptian plagues had visited this place to destroy it. The g m never killed a hardy tree in his whole course of existence.

Winchester people feel proud of the promotion of one of their most prominent and highly esteemed citizens, Mr. Frank Barr, to the office of General Manager of the Boston & Maine Railroad, vice T. A. Mackinnon, deceased, for he is a gentleman every way worthy of the honor. Mr. Barr began railroading pretty near the lowest rung of the ladder, and his present honorable and highly responsible position as Third Vice-President and General Manager of the B. & M. Company has been earned by rare business ability, fidelity and strict integrity. He began as a freight clerk on the Worcester, Nashua & Portland Railroad, and step by step, each one fairly earned, he has reached a position of which anyone might well feel proud. He is eminently a self-made man—the kind that all sensible people like—a man capable of making points in life, and makes them. Everybody congratulates Mr. Barr on his well earned promotion.

No man or woman in the state will hesitate to speak well of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets after once trying them. They always produce a pleasant movement of the bowels, improve the appetite and strengthen the digestion. For sale by all druggists.

Worked Both Ways.

Jaggies—Are they good divorce lawyers?

Waggles—Best in the business. They've originated over a hundred different ways of collecting alimony and as many more for evading the payment of it.—Judge.

In one of the Howe islands, off Australia, is a banyan tree the branches and trunks of which cover nearly seven acres.

A critic in noticing a disclosure on "The Sayings and Doings of Great Men" remarks, "It is sad to observe how much they said and how little they did."

SCIENCE AND OLD AGE.

Man Should Live Long Enough to Welcome, Not Dread, Death.

From twenty to fifty a man should live for himself and his family, from fifty to 100 for science and humanity and after a hundred for the state. Honored, useful, in full possession of all his faculties at sixscore years and ten, the graybeard of the approaching future will be among the most enviable of mankind, for the fear of death is an aberration.

The fact is that only one man in a million at present dies a natural death. We should live till 140 years of age. A man who expires at seventy or eighty is the victim of accident, cut off in the flower of his days, and he unconsciously resents being deprived of the fifty years or so which nature owes him. Leave him a little longer and in due time he will desire to die, as a child at dusk desires to sleep. The sandman will pass!

All our instincts drop from us one by one. The child cries for mother's milk. The idea of such an ailment is repugnant to the adult. The desires for sweets, for play, for love and lovemaking, for long walks and adventures are all impulses that have their day and pass, and the wish to live is an instinct which fails also with satiety. Only at present none of us lives long enough to be satiate with days.—Professor Metchnikoff's "Studies In Human Nature."

The Day After.

It is a strange omission that the day after, supreme and epoch making period of time, should have failed to receive the homage which is its just prerogative.

De Quincey, in his powerful bit of word painting entitled "The Knocking at the Gate," dwells on the thought that in "Macbeth" the climax of the tragedy, the moment most truly fraught with terror, is not the one in which occurs the murder of Duncan, or when the guilty pair nerve themselves for its accomplishment, but the moment when the first knocking at the gate is heard. With that summons from without comes an instant and terrible realization of what has taken place. In that moment of horror is condensed all the meaning of past crime and future retribution as in a lightning flash.

The magnitude of what has happened cannot be measured until the first touch of reaction has been felt. We cannot tell what has really occurred till the day after.—Atlantic.

Too Small to Obey.

When a certain couple were married the wife was sixteen years old and big and buxom. The husband was two years her senior, but slim to thinness and not up to the average in height. Ten years passed, and the couple got along as well as many couples do, but the wife was hard to manage. With the flight of time she became larger, while her theoretical lord and master added not an inch to his stature nor an ounce to his weight. One day he wanted her to do something, and she refused, at first quietly, then vehemently and finally explosively. "I'll not do it," she declared, "and I'd like to see you make me."

"But, Maria," expostulated her husband, "when you married me didn't you promise to obey me?"

"I did," she replied. Then, sizing up his diminutive proportions, she added, "But I expected you'd grow."

How to Make Pine Woods.

Farmers in the White mountains have discovered, or learned, what farmers elsewhere are slow to ascertain. It is that if you lop off the lower limbs of balsams when they are young the limbs will not grow again. Thus the tree as lumber will be improved. It will be freer of knots.

Certain hotel owners, desiring pine lands near their hotels on account of healthfulness, asked a government forester how to get them. The reply was: "Cut off the hard woods, then turn the cattle in to pasture for three years. That will keep down the shoots of the hard woods, and the pines, which cattle avoid, will grow up, and their needles will keep down other growths."

Tricky Dynamite.

"Perhaps nothing is more uncertain in the line of accidents than dynamite," said a dealer in the dangerous stuff. "You might drop a cartridge out of your hand, and it would explode and tear your body to atoms. Another cartridge taken out of the same case might be hurled from the top of a tall building and would land on the pavement like so much harmless wax, to be ground up under the wheels of heavy trucks and to be exploded with frightful havoc by the soft cushion tire of a bicycle."

Painful.

"As a general thing," says a lawyer, "one doesn't expect to find a sense of humor in the employees of a prison. Yet I know of a rather catchy reply made by a prison guard to the query of a visitor whether the existence of the guards was not a painful one.

"'Painful!' echoed the guard. 'I should say it was when you consider what a number of felons we have on our hands.'"

An Ingenious Woman.

The limit of masculine humiliation has been worked in the case of a Wichita man. His wife makes him wear tucks in the sleeves of his nightgowns, trimmed with pink ribbon so that the baby won't know the difference when he walks the floor with it in the night. —Kansas City Journal.

Quaint Logic.

A bit of reasoning a la mode de Dumas ascribed to Rossini, "I don't like spinach, and it is very fortunate I don't, because if I did like it I should eat it, and I can't endure it."

Wouldn't Show.

Mistress (greatly shocked)—Is it possible, Mary, you are making bread without having washed your hands?

New Girl—Lor', what's the difference, mum? It's brown bread.

A man is at his best when he is attending to his own business.—Dallas News.

An Ingenue.

Miss Boston—Ah, yes; your verses are charming. And have you never written a novel?

Miss New York—No; for if I did my mother would never let me read it.—Life.

Some people who jump at conclusions lose sight of the hurdles.—Philadelphia Record.

The reward of one duty done is the power to fulfill another.—Eliot.

The way to avoid the imputation of impudence is not to be ashamed of what we do, but never to do what we ought to be ashamed of.—Dryden.

CITY OF WOBURN.

City Collector's Sale

Sidewalk and Edgestone Betterments.

WOBURN, MASS., July 7, 1903.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the betterments thereon severally assessed December 26th, 1901, and approved by the Mayor December 28, 1901, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the City Council for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of each estate sufficient to satisfy said betterments with interest and all legal costs and charges or the whole of said estate if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, August 22, 1903**, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the paayment of said betterments, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the betterment assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

JARIUS H. FOSTER.—About 5,080 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 39 Winn street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northeasterly by land of Wood, land of Carr and land of Buxton; southeasterly by land of Given; southwesterly by said Winn street; northwesterly by land of McDonald.
Amount of Assessment, 66 57

MARY J. WYMAN.—About 5-16 of an acre of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 67 Winn street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Hubbard; easterly by land of O'Connor; southerly by land of Cammall; westerly by Winn street.
Amount of Assessment, 57 11

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn

CITY OF WOBURN.

City Collector's Sale

— OF —

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., July 7, 1903.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1901, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of said land sufficient to satisfy said taxes with interest and all legal costs and charges or the whole of said land if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, August 22, 1903**, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

WARD 2.

LAURITZ LAWSON.—About 5,759 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 66 Eastern Avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of L. H. Allen, 91.45 feet; easterly by land of Luke W. Fowle 65 feet; southerly by land of Luke W. Fowle 85.77 feet; westerly by a private way about 65.15 feet.
Balance of tax of 1901, 12 88

Non-Residents.

WILLARD WELSH.—About 6,050 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 15 on Plan of Mary P. Foster land on Vernon street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Harvard street 110 feet; easterly by lot 33 on said plan 55 feet; southerly by lot 16 on said plan 110 feet; westerly by Vernon street 55 feet.
Tax of 1901, 5 55

WILLARD WELSH.—About 9,375 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 25 Hawley street on Plan of Mary P. Foster land, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Hawley street 50 feet; easterly by lot 26 on said Plan; southerly by land now or late of J. B. Sawtelle; westerly by Vernon street.
Tax of 1901, 4 63

WILLARD WELSH.—About 11½ acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land late of Samuel O. Pollard; easterly by land of Hastings and land of Flagg about 928 feet; southerly by Green street about 715 feet; westerly by Eastern avenue about 930 feet, excepting from said description lots 39 and 37 shown on plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 116, Plan 15.
Tax of 1901, 92 50

ALONZO V. LYNDE, HEIRS—About 9,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 3 west side of Vernon street, shown on plan of land of Mary P. Foster, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 2 on said plan; easterly by Vernon street; southerly by lot 4 on said plan; westerly by land of John G. Flagg.
Tax of 1901, 5 55

A. SELWYN LYNDE.—About 6,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 10 west side of Vernon street on plan of land of Mary P. Foster, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot No. 9 on said plan 100 feet; easterly by Vernon street 60 feet; southerly by lot No. 11 on sa'd plan 100 feet; westerly by land of John G. Flagg 60 feet.
Tax of 1901, 5 55

A. SELWYN LYNDE.—About 18,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Laurel Street being lots numbered 25, 26 and 27 on Assessors Plan of Mary P. Foster land, Book of Plans No. 1, Plan 7A, bounded as follows namely:—Northerly by lot No. 28 on said Plan; easterly by Laurel street; southerly by Hawley street; westerly by lots No. 21, 22, 23, 24 and 24A, shown on said Plan.
Tax of 1901, 3 70

A. SELWYN LYNDE.—About 5000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being part of Lot No. 10, on plan of Emerson Lots, recorded with Middlesex South Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 5, Plan 23, bounded as follows namely:—Northerly by lot No. 9 on paid plan, about 100 feet; easterly by part of Lot 10 on said plan 50 feet; southerly by the rest of Lot 10 on said plan 100 feet; westerly by Nashua street 50 feet.
Tax of 1901, 2 78

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 2¾ acres of land situated in said Woburn bounded as follows namely:—Northerly by Montvale avenue and land of Tobin; easterly by land now or late of Jennison; southerly by Green street; westerly by Wood street and land of Tobin.
Tax of 1901, 5 55

LUTHER HOLTON.—About 5 acres of land situated in said Woburn, on Green street, bounded as follow, namely:—Northerly by Green street; easterly by land formerly of Reed and Tweed; southerly by land formerly of Dunklee and Holton; westerly by land formerly of Joseph B. Sawtelle.
Tax of 1901, 4 63

WARD 3.

HANNAH A. PLYMPTON and ELLEN J. HARRINGTON.—About 8,378 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on southerly side of Plympton street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Plympton street; easterly by land of Naven; southerly by land of Vinal; westerly by land of Griffin and land of Crocker.
Tax of 1901, 16 65

WARD 4.

Non-Residents.

A. SELWYN LYNDE.—About 6,485 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, at No. 78 Montvale Ave., bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises at land of James B. and Hugh D. Murray; thence the line runs northerly by land last named about 122.5 feet to Broad street; thence westerly by and with said Broad street about 150 feet to land of Buss; thence southerly by land of said Buss to land now or late of Barrett; thence easterly by land last named to a corner; thence in a southeasterly direction about 120 feet to Montvale Avenue; thence easterly by and with said avenue about 126.6 feet to the point of beginning.
Tax of 1901, 58 24
Street Watering for 1901, 2 53

WARD 5.

Non-Residents.

JACOB W. WILBUR.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lots 665 and 666 shown on Plan C of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book of Plans 59, Plan 5 bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lots 639 and 640 on said plan; easterly by lot 667 on said plan; southerly by Floyd street; westerly by lot 664 on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 1 85

A. SELWYN LYNDE.—About 11,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 1, shown on Plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 89, Plan 48, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Mill street 75 feet; westerly by Lot 2 on said plan 61 feet; southerly by land now or late of John H. Ponce 72 feet; easterly by other land now or late of said Ponce 150 feet. Same premises conveyed to Weiss by John H. Ponce by deed dated May 28, 1895, recorded with said Deeds, Book 2369, Page 379.
Tax of 1901 19 61

A. SELWYN LYNDE.—About 5½ acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at southwesterly corner of the premises at land of Joseph Marshall; thence north 12° west, 10 rods, 19 links; thence north 17° west, 23 rods, 19 links by land of Heirs of John Hart Bancroft to stake at land of Erskine Ames; thence north 72° east 6 rods; thence north 84° east 3 rods; thence south 83° east 4 rods 6 links; thence south 70° east 3 rods 10 links; thence 82° east 2 rods 18 links; thence south 35° east 10 rods; thence north 85° east 8 rods 23 links, all by land of Ames to stake at land of Heirs of Barnabus Richardson; thence south 31° east 15 rods 10 links; thence south 41° east 6 rods 22 links by land of said Heirs of Barnabus Richardson; thence south 78° west by land of Joseph Marshall 37 rods 1 link to point of beginning.
Tax of 1901, 5 00

A. SELWYN LYNDE.—About 6 acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, namely: Beginning at southeasterly corner of premises at land of Mrs. Reuben Weston; thence northerly by said land 64 rods; thence westerly by land of Marshall 10 rods; thence southerly and thence westerly by land of Holden; thence again southerly by land of Heirs of James Brooks; thence easterly and southerly and again easterly by land of Isabella E. Wiswall to point of beginning.
Tax of 1901, 8 51

ANDREW GRIFFITH.—About 6070 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 190, 191 and 192 on plan of lots of Walnut Hill Park owned by J. W. Wilbur, dated Oct. 22, 1898, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 113, Plan 25, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Olympia avenue; easterly by lot 193 on said plan; southerly by lot 189 on said plan; westerly by Oregon avenue.
Tax of 1901, 83

WARD 6.

RHODA G. RICKER.—About ¼ acre of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 52 Pearl street, bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning on westerly side of Pearl street; thence southerly by same street 12 rods 7 links; thence westerly by land of Uriel Sevrens 12¼ rods; thence northerly by land of Baldwin 6 rods, 8 links; thence easterly by land of Baldwin 5 rods, 8 links; thence east of north still by same land 7 rods 1 link; thence easterly across a bar 17 links to point of beginning.
Tax of 1901, 18 50

Non-Residents.

LUCIA A. PORTER.—About 9,472 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Merrimac street, being Lots 1, 14, 15 on Plan of Park Hill Lots, shown on Assessors Plan, Book of Plans 2, Plan 80, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Merrimac street; easterly by land of Wm. Hall; southerly by Hillner Avenue on said plan; westerly by Nichause street on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 2 03

LUCIA A. PORTER.—About 2,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 12 on Plan of Park Hill Lots, shown by Assessors Plan, Book of Plans 2 Plan 80, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by lot 2 on said plan; easterly by lot 13 on said plan; southerly by Hillner avenue; westerly by lot 11 on said plan.
Tax of 1901, 93

LUCIA A. PORTER.—About 5,916 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 18 and 19 on Plan of Park Hill Lots, shown by Assessors Plan, Book of Plans 2, Plan 80, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Hillner Avenue on said plan; easterly by lot 17 on said plan; southerly by land of Wm. Hall; westerly by lot 20 on said plan.
Tax of 1901 1 48

CARLO BASSO.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 10, Block 30, Section E, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1, and on Assessors Plan 13 in Book 1.
Tax of 1901, 56

WILLARD WELSH.—About 15,600 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14, Block 24, Section A, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Longwood avenue; easterly by Prescott street; southerly by lots 8 and 15 on said block; westerly by Wilson street.
Tax of 1901, 2 22

ALONZO V. LYNDE, HEIRS.—About 3,300 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 3, Block 10, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1901, 19

ALONZO V. LYNDE, HEIRS.—About 5,400 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 11 and 12, Block 26, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1901, 74

ALONZO V. LYNDE, HEIRS.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 14 and 15, Block 9, Section E, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1.
Tax of 1901, 93

CORA E. WATT.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lot 11 block 14 section B shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Midsexdle So Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 57 Plan 1.
Tax of 1901, 37

CORA E. WATT.—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lots 5 and 6 block 29 section B shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 57 Plan 1.
Tax of 1901 37

CORA E. WATT.—About 2400 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lot 31 block 28, section B shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 57 Plan 1.
Tax of 1901 56

CORA E. WATT.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lot 33 block 28, section B shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 57 Plan 1.
Tax of 1901, 37

CORA E. WATT.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn being lot 34 block 28, section B shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans 57 Plan 1.
Tax of 1901, 37

CORA E. WATT.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 37 and 38, Block 28, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1901, 1 02

CORA E. WATT.—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 13, Block 35, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 60.
Tax of 1901, 19

CORA E. WATT.—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 4, Block 14, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1901, 28

CORA E. WATT.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 6 and 7, Block 19, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1901, 74

CORA E. WATT.—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 and 24, Block 2, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1901, 93

CORA E. WATT.—About 7,350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 19, 20 and 37, Block 3, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1901, 1 39

CORA E. WATT.—About 14,700 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 4, 5, 7, 8, 12, 13, Block 17, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1901, 1 85

CORA E. WATT.—About 9,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 1, 2, 3, 4, Block 29, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1901, 93

CORA E. WATT.—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 14 and 15, Block 32, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1901, 74

CORA E. WATT.—About 3,300 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 1, Block 2, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1901, 56

WARD 7.

ELLEN LEONARD, ET AL.—About 8,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 47 Bedford street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Leonard Thompson; easterly by land of Corry; southerly by Bedford street; westerly by Shields street.
Tax of 1901, 33 30

CHARLES L. O. DOHERTY.—About 12251 square feet of land with bld'gs thereon situated in said Woburn off Bedford Street bounded as follows namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Bishop, easterly by land of Emery; southerly by land of John J. and Patrick H. O'Doherty, etal., westerly by land of Merrow.
Tax of 1901, 34 69

MARY E. PIERCE.—About 1 acre of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 185 Lexington street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land formerly of Ephriam Colburn; easterly by Lexington street; southerly by land formerly of Ephriam Colburn; westerly by land formerly of Ephriam Colburn.
Tax of 1901, 34 23

Non-Residedts.

FRANK MOORE.—About 1¼ acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Bedford street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by the Pond; easterly by Burlington street; southerly by Bedford street; westerly by land of Ellard and also by the Pond.
Tax of 1901, 127 45

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn

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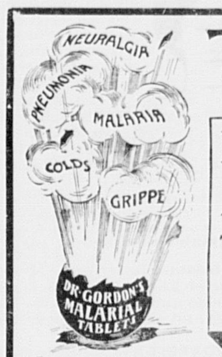

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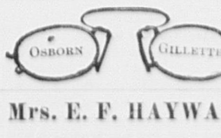

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A MIDAIR ROMANCE

By MARIAN GRANT

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They both worked in the clouds, she on the top floor of a great factory building, he amid the iron framework of a huge skyscraper.

He did not know of her existence, but she felt quite sure that she should recognize him if ever they met in the street, whose noisy, busy life swept on far below their feet. She could always single him out among the mechanics working there in midair. No other workman trod the iron beams with such assured poise or squared his shoulders just as he did to the day's work. He did everything with an air of absolute confidence which thrilled and mastered her.

He was too far away for her to scrutinize his features, but she was quite sure that he had honest, clear blue eyes and brown curly hair, and his eyes could twinkle merrily. This she knew by the jovial way in which he signaled his fellow workmen.

Not that she had much time to study his mannerisms, for Ellen Mulvihill was a designer in the factory of Johnson & Co., makers of ladies' shirt waists and neckwear, and a very busy woman. Perhaps it was well for the firm, however, that while she designed stocks and fancy boas she wove in the thread of her romance, for this strangely one sided love affair seemed to beautify the whole world for her, and while her heart sang her fingers worked deftly, and the firm reaped the profit.

If she had not been so absorbed just at this juncture she might have noticed that she was rising in the favor of her employers, but she was quite amazed one day when they voluntarily raised her salary. Quite naturally they did not offer the explanation that they feared their competitors and gave the increase as a precautionary meas...e. Ellen accepted it as a part of the rose color which had suddenly enveloped her entire life scheme. The extra salary had come just in time, she argued, for Trixie, the idol of her heart, or, rather, the one person who divided heart space with the hero of her midair dreams, had been wanting to go to dancing school these two months—to a wonderful hall where children all in white frocks and velvet Fauntleroy suits tripped to fairy music.

Ellen lived with her married brother, and knowing ones would say that she paid a high price for the privilege. Mulvihill's wife was something of a shrew, while Ellen was of more gentle birth and breeding. The sister-in-law loved neighborhood gossip and was not above a quarrel with the other dwellers in the flat house. Ellen enjoyed her books, the hall bedroom, furnished and decorated with the dainty simplicity which marked her designs at the factory, and the championship of Trixie. The girls at the factory were kind to her, too, and then there was the quiet, shadowy church midway 'twixt home and work where she stopped each day to say innumerable "all hails" to the Blessed Mother, who must have interceded to secure for her so much happiness.

It was about a month after the memorable advance in salary that an ominous silence fell upon the Mulvihill supper table. Ellen knew instinctively that some domestic problem was coming up for discussion.

At last John Mulvihill pushed back his empty teacup and lighted his pipe.

"Ellen, the Shamrock association are after givin' their annual ball a week this Tuesday night, an' the wife an' mesilf think you'd best be goin' along"—

Ellen raised startled eyes to her brother's face.

"I'm no dancer, as you well know, John, an' crowds like that give me the headache. I'd rather stop at home with Trixie."

John Mulvihill's face darkened.

"You're always stoppin' at home with the child, an' it is time you went out an' met the boys an' had steady company. You're the first Mulvihill girl that ever passed twenty-five without havin' her offers to marry. You'll never marry if you stay cooped up here night after night an' not even visitin' our friends of a Sunday afternoon."

Going to the Shamrock association's ball in search of a husband! Ellen's face flamed, then turned pale. But, then, they did not know about him. The very thought seemed like treason to the strong, erect figure which never passed out of his mental vision.

"It's well enough off I am, John, without a husband, an' I see no reason why you an' Mary should want to marry me off. I'm thinkin' Trixie would miss her old auntie sorely." And she drew the child close as if to ward off with her innocent childhood some impending disaster.

Mrs. Mulvihill blazed forth on the instant.

"Yes, an' that's what the neighbors are all sayin'—that I use you as nursegirl for the child an' dance an' go to the theater with John an' my child would suffer if it wasn't for you. They talk like you was a sort of Cinderella, an' it's tired I am of their long tongues. Did I ever ask you to spend money on Trixie when you needed it for your own clothes? Did I ever ask you to stay home with the child? It's an ungrateful lot, that's what you are, to bring me in disrepute with me neighbors just because you're that uppish our friends ain't good enough for you!"

And that was how Ellen happened to go to the ball of the Shamrock association. She gave her sister-in-law carte blanche in the matter of a new dress, and that personage, restored to good humor, reveled in the purchase and making of a real white satin frock.

But the day of the ball Ellen could hardly keep her mind on her work. Her glance would wander toward the skyscraper where he was working. She felt that he was whistling, his movements were so brisk. And John was trying, with the best intentions, to marry her off solely to maintain the honor of the Mulvihill family. She had thought of a day when she should marry, when the skyscraper was done perhaps and he become a contractor. She would not wear those nasty high stocks which she designed for other women, but dresses turned in at the neck and edged with soft lace, and he would tell her that she had the throat of a lily. Young husbands in novels always said that.

At night John led her the length of the hall with pride stamped on his face and his walk. Men were introduced to her and asked her to dance, but she became possessed of a strange terror and slipped back among the wallflowers. Mrs. Mulvihill watched her with rising anger. What was the use of worrying over a real satin dress for a stupid girl like Ellen?

Ellen was thinking of Trixie and how late they would reach home and how loud the music was when she heard a hearty voice at her elbow:

"Sure, I'd be glad to meet the sister of John Mulvihill, an' it's odd I never knew you had one."

She swung around, and suddenly the lights in the room leaped into bewildering flames, the dancers mingled strangely as in a broken kaleidoscope. In the confusion one fact stood forth clearly. There was just one man in the world who could stand like that, one man who had such a pair of shoulders, and he was the man who wrought every day in the skeleton of the skyscraper.

She heard her brother say it was Dennis Gallagher, president of the Shamrock association. That was quite real to her. Of course he would be the president. Then John drifted away, and Gallagher sat beside her. It was quite awhile before she glanced up into his face. She was trying to realize the beautiful truth—that they were no longer parted in midair, but sitting side by side in a noisy, heated ballroom. She was glad it was noisy, otherwise he might hear her heart beating.

When she looked into his eyes she started, and the color came and went prettily in her cheeks. Dennis Gallagher smiled. He had seen girls look like this before. But Ellen was utterly ingenuous in spite of her twenty-five birthdays. He did not speak, and finally she said almost breathlessly:

"I thought they would be blue, an' they are brown—no, hazel."

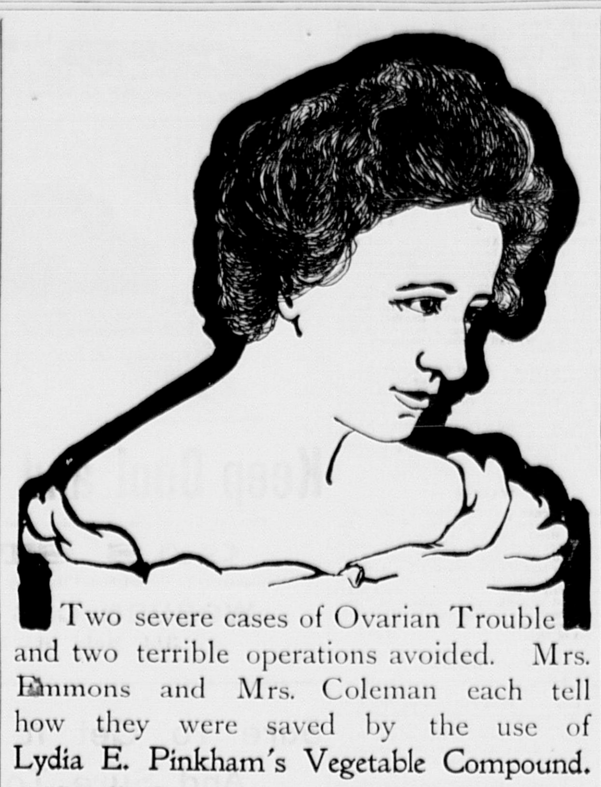
So of course it came out. She didn't mean he should know all, and he didn't know all—just enough to make him linger through two dances and set John Mulvihill's heart swelling with pride.

* * * * * * *

A month later Ellen dropped into the quiet, shadowy church on her way to work. There were so many "all hails" to say this morning, and the church was quite empty, so with clasped hands and eyes full of happy tears she looked into the benign face of the Woman of Many Sorrows and murmured:

"Blessed Mother, do I deserve so much happiness? Am I good enough for him? He is comin' every Wednesday an' Sunday night to see me, an' by an' by it will be every night. He said so. Every day an' every night we will be together so long as we live. You who have suffered much, teach me to be strong an' brave for him."

And all that day a man working far above the din of the mighty city looked across the gap to the great factory building where he knew she bent over her work. His heart sang within him, and his blows fell full and clear, for a wonderful light and happiness had come into his life.



Two severe cases of Ovarian Trouble and two terrible operations avoided. Mrs. Emmons and Mrs. Coleman each tell how they were saved by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am so pleased with the results obtained from **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** that I feel it a duty and a privilege to write you about it.

"I suffered for more than five years with **ovarian troubles,** causing an unpleasant discharge, a great weakness, and at times a faintness would come over me which no amount of medicine, diet, or exercise seemed to correct. Your Vegetable Compound found the weak spot, however, within a few weeks—**and saved me from an operation**—all my troubles had disappeared, and I found myself once more healthy and well. Words fail to describe the real, true, grateful feeling that is in my heart, and I want to tell every sick and suffering sister. Don't dally with medicines you know nothing about, but take **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,** and take my word for it, you will be a different woman in a short time."—MRS. LAURA EMMONS, Walkerville, Ont.

Another Case of Ovarian Trouble Cured Without an Operation.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For several years I was troubled with ovarian trouble and a painful and inflamed condition, which kept me in bed part of the time. I did so dread a surgical operation.

"I tried different remedies hoping to get better, but nothing seemed to bring relief until a friend who had been cured of **ovarian trouble,** through the use of your compound, induced me to try it. I took it faithfully for three months, and at the end of that time was glad to find that I was a well woman. Health is nature's best gift to woman, and if you lose it and can have it restored through Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I feel that all suffering women should know of this."—MRS. LAURA BELLE COLEMAN, Commercial Hotel, Nashville, Tenn.

It is well to rememember such letters as above when some druggist tries to get you to buy something which he says is "just as good." That is impossible, as no other medicine has such a record of cures as **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound;** accept no other and you will be glad.

Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything about your sickness you do not understand. She will treat you with kindness and her advice is free. No woman ever regretted writing her and she has helped thousands. Address Lynn, Mass.

$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Music Hath Charms.

Ignaz Pleyel, a musician held in high repute in his day and a Viennese by birth, was appointed kapellmeister at Strassburg in 1783. During the troubled times of the French revolution he lost his post, and his life was in grave danger.

He escaped death and satisfied his accusers that he was not an aristocrat by writing music to some most revolutionary stanzas, which were placed before him for the purpose, while beside stood two gendarmes with fixed bayonets.

Another instance, proving that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," is that of Alessandro Stradella, an Italian composer of the seventeenth century, who carried off a lady named Ortensia from the home of a nobleman of high rank. Two assassins who were hired to kill him followed them to Rome. Entering a church where an oratorio of his was being performed, they were so moved by the music that they warned Stradella of his danger and allowed him to escape.

Modern Athletic Training.

The trainer of a generation ago would simply have stood aghast at the sweets and other savory food stuffs eaten by your modern rowing or running collegians. Yet it may be doubted if the physique either of the individual athlete or of the nation ever stood at a higher general standard of "fitness." One pertinent fact with regard to training is that both past tradition and present practice condemn with emphatic voice the use of tobacco and alcohol and other indulgences to which healthy man—wonderful animal that he is—is unhappily prone. So long as the main principles of temperance, plain living and abundant exercise are carefully applied to the man in training so long will the results be likely to succeed. Every human being living under reasonably good conditions of environment ought to be, like the healthy schoolboy, always in a state of "training."—Medical Press.

Tragic Joking.

Oswald's friends were always on the lookout for some ruse. He once notified them that on New Year's day he should get the best of them all in some joke, and New Year's morning each received this notice, "Remember." They were on their guard.

As they were leaving a house where they had breakfasted Oswald slipped on the steps and fell on his back on the sidewalk. His friends rushed to his assistance, but paused before they reached him.

"This is his ruse," some one said.

Clearly the man who was so proud of his talent for mimicry was bent on deceiving them all into thinking him a dying man, for he lay there moaning pitifully, his face drawn and twisted as if with terrible pain.

His friends stood around and made jokes and puns and hummed lines of comic songs, assuring him all the while that they were not deceived by his acting. At last he gave a hoarse, mournful cry, looked at them sadly and then ceased to moan or writhe. In a never to be forgotten moment of horror and sorrow his friends realized that Oswald was dead. — "Souvenirs d'un Vieux Libraire."

Scotland Insulted.

A highland waiter once refused to serve Max O'Rell at dinner, and when reproved explained: "It's no' to be expected that a self respecting Scotsman could serve him with ceeveelity. Didn't he say we took to the kilt because our feet were too large to get through trousers?"—St. James Gazette.

Where the Work Came In.

D'Auber—I only got $25 for that painting.

Friend—Well, you didn't put much work on it.

D'Auber—What! I guess you never saw me trying to sell it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A BIT OF PANTOMIME.

Max O'Rell's Opinion of Four Peoples Given In Gestures.

"When Max O'Rell came to Montreal some years ago," said a man from that city to a Detroit Journal contributor, "we fixed up a little joke on him. We had noticed how gracefully he could unite a caustic criticism with a compliment, a faculty that enabled him to say the sharpest things without offending the people he was criticising. We were going to put the faculty to a test.

"We had him lunch with us, and there were at the table besides himself an Englishman, a Scotchman, an Irishman and a French-Canadian. When we got our guest off his guard we demanded an honest opinion of the different races we represented. As the opinion had to be given in the presence of all four, the situation for him was a rather delicate one. But it never seemed to trouble him, and he gave his opinion without a moment's hesitation.

"'The Scotchman,' he said, and he clinched his right hand tightly and pretended to try to force it open with his left. 'The Englishman'— and he went through the same performance, opening the hand at the end after an apparent struggle. 'The Irishman'— and he held out his hand wide open, with the palm upward. 'The Frenchman'— and he made a motion with both hands as if he were emptying them on the table.

"There was not a word of explanation, but we all understood thoroughly and had a hearty laugh. Max O'Rell had maintained his reputation."

A Lincoln Joke.

One of Lincoln's visitors in the early days of his administration says:

"He walked into the corridor with us, and, as he bade us goodby and thanked —— for what he had told him, he again brightened up for a moment and asked him in an abrupt kind of way, laying his hand as he spoke with a queer but not uncivil familiarity on his shoulder, 'You haven't such a thing as a postmaster in your pocket, have you?'

"—— stared at him in astonishment and I thought a little in alarm, as if he suspected a sudden attack of insanity. Then Mr. Lincoln went on: 'You see, it seems to be kind of unnatural that you shouldn't have at least a postmaster in your pocket. Everybody I've seen for days past has had foreign ministers and collectors and all kinds, and I thought you couldn't have got in here without having at least a postmaster get into your pocket.'"—"The True Abraham Lincoln."

Enormous Strength of Mushrooms.

A curious instance of the wonderful force exerted by growing vegetation is related in the Gardeners' Magazine. This force seems all the more remarkable when exerted by light and unsubstantial mushrooms, but does not appear so extraordinary when caused by the expansion of a hard wood tree. Some half hardy annuals were sown in a frame just cleared of a winter crop in the gardens of an English park and the lights closed to hasten germination. Some days afterward signs of cracking were observed in the brickwork, and gradually a block weighing in the aggregate one and one-half hundredweight was pushed out of position. After cutting out several bricks a mass of mushrooms was found 3 pounds 3 ounces in weight growing in the center of the wall. The mycelium had run freely in the mortar and on the inner face of the bricks.

The Frog's Feeding.

Mr. Frog has an enormous mouth for his size, and if we were to put a finger inside it we would find that he has a row of teeth in the upper jaw and that his soft white tongue, unlike our own, is attached in front and is free behind. When he wishes to catch any insect he throws out the free end of the tongue, then draws it in so rapidly that it is difficult to see whether he has been successful or not. As the tongue is coated with a gummy fluid, the insect sticks to it and is carried back into the mouth, which closes upon it like the door of a tomb. Frogs, however, are not limited to one mode of feeding. They often leap open mouthed upon larger prey, which includes besides insects small fish, mice, small ducklings, polliwogs and tiny frogs.—Woman's Home Companion.

Friends.

Put your heart into the search for a friend, freely offer assistance to any of the crowd who needs it, and, sooner or later, you will find a hand outstretched toward yours, and your soul will meet its likeness. Do not imitate those who, shut up in their individuality as in a citadel, indifferent to all passers by, yet send forth on the four winds of heaven the melancholy cry, "There are no friends!" They do exist, be sure of it, but only for those who seek, for those deeply interested in the search and for those who do not remain content to spin out the thread of life in a corner like a spider's web, intended to catch happiness.

Misunderstood.

"Sir, you look like an optimist. You have a happy countenance. Lend me a dollar."

"My friend, do you know why I look happy? It's because I haven't any wealth to bother me."—Exchange.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

PIT BROW WOMEN.

Hard Lot of Female Workers About English Coal Mines.

Pit brow women are among the most remarkable women workers in the world. They work as hard as men and dress almost like them. Five thousand of these women find employment in Lancashire, England, in the coal mines. Their work lies on the pit brow at the surface and not down below. Once women were employed in the coal seams, but in 1842, in the face of great opposition from colliery owners, an act was passed prohibiting women and children from being employed below the surface in coal mines.

At present the duties of the pit brow women consist in dealing with the coal as it comes up the shaft to the pit head. When the cargo reaches the top they haul out the wagons, which contain several hundredweight of coal each, and run them on the rails to a sort of tipping machine, which shoots the coal down below to the screen of the riddling machine. Among the other duties of the women is the leveling of the coal on the wagons which receive it as it drops from the screen.

They start work at 6 o'clock in the morning and finish at 4 in the afternoon. They receive 2 shillings or less a day, and men that do the same work get 4 shillings. Their costume consists of trousers and clogs and often enough a cape which has at one time been worn by a brother. When going to and from work the girls and women wear petticoats, which they roll up around the waist while engaged on the pit brow. The hair is closely covered with a handkerchief, on top of which is a soft bonnet.

A Valley of Death In Bolivia.

There is a valley in Bolivia, South America, which might well be called the Valley of the Shadow of Death. It has been inhabited for an indefinite period of years by the Kanaa Indians, who are kindred to the various South American tribes and number now only a few hundred souls. That they were once a very powerful tribe is indicated by the condition of the land which they as a tribe still inhabit. One cannot travel any distance through their land without coming upon the old and forsaken burial grounds of the Kanaa dead. These places cannot be called graveyards, for the bodies are not buried, but rather placed upon elevated platforms, wrapped in the garments of death and bound to the crossbeams that they may not be displaced.

In one of these burial grounds there will be probably fifty high skeleton platforms and on each will lie from three to five of the Kanaa dead. The air in that part of Bolivia is very pure and preservative, for it is one of the highest plateaus of the continent, although Kanaa valley is just a little below the plateau's height. A traveler passing through that land at night and by moonlight would be awestricken at the gloomy vision those graveyards present.

An Affair of Letters.

We are much surprised at meeting little Polly Contossel, formerly of Bowersville, in England.

"Why, Polly!" we say. "How is it we find you here?"

"Polly!" she repeats, with a dignity we never knew she possessed. "Lady Oledebts, if you please."

An apology on our part establishes friendly relations once more, and she tells us that she really has won and wedded Lord Oledebts and that her father's dollars are being expended in the refurbishing of the Oledebts castle.

"But," we say, "it was rumored in Bowersville that you were hesitating in your choice between three honest farmer lads in the vicinity. How was it, then, that you married his lordship?"

"Oh," she titters, "he came to Bowersville one day. When I saw him I dropped my eyes and he began dropping his h's, and it wasn't long until he induced me to drop my j's, and now we are both making papa drop his v's and x's."—Judge.

He Won Her.

"She has promised to marry you, has she? Did she accept you right off?"

"Oh, no. I had to propose to her four times."

"Four times! Gracious, but you were persevering! What did she say the first time?"

"She said if there wasn't another man in the world but me she wouldn't marry me."

"That was pretty strong. What did she say the second time?"

"She said she liked me pretty well, but she couldn't think of marrying me, for she might see some one she liked better."

"Humph! And the third time?"

"The third time she asked me if I wanted to tease the life out of her."

"Ha, ha, ha! And the fourth time?"

"Oh, the fourth time she said if I insisted upon it she supposed she would have to say yes."

A Trick In Letter Writing.

"If you are compelled to write a letter in lead pencil because there is no ink in the house blow your breath on the page after it has been written," said a woman who evidently had tried the experiment. "It will prevent blurring after the letter has been folded. It moistens the graphite and makes it adhere more closely to the paper. Of course you can make it blur by rubbing it with the tip of the finger, but for all practical purposes the words will be as legible as if they had been written in ink."—New York Press.

A Sad Case.

The cynical man was staring through the window at the chesty man swinging down the street. "Does Chesty know anything?" asked his companion.

"Know anything!" said the cynical man. "He doesn't even suspect anything."—New York Times.

Why Kipling Wouldn't Lecture.

Major Pond, the lecture manager, was long anxious to secure Rudyard Kipling as a platform star, and Kipling took the assaults of the persistent manager in good part. Here is his reply to a proposition:

Brattleboro, Vt., Sept. 30, 1896.

Dear Mr. Pond—I am much obliged to you for your letter, but I can't say that I can see my way to the entertainment you propose. There is such a thing as paying 125 cents for a dollar, and though I suppose there is money in the lecturing business it seems to me that the bother, the fuss, the being at everybody's beck and call, the night journeys and so on make it very dear. I've seen a few men who've lived through the fight, but they did not look happy. I might do it as soon as I had two mortgages on my house, a lien on the horses and a bill of sale on the furniture and writer's cramp in both hands, but at present I'm busy and contented to go on with the regular writing business. You forget that I have already wandered over most of the states, and there isn't enough money in sight to hire me to face again some of the hotels and some of the railway systems I have met with. America is a great country, but she is not made for lecturing in. With renewed thanks for your very kind letter, believe me, yours sincerely,

RUDYARD KIPLING.

—Boston Transcript.

WAYS OF WINGED WOOERS.

Incidents Illustrating the Comical Side of Bird Life.

Wooing time brings to the front the comical side of bird life, and methods are as varied among our feathered neighbors as among ourselves. The extremes of dignified courtship and disreputable scrimmage were shown by two well known birds, when the presence of a rival intensified affairs.

Two purple finches, suitors for the favor of the same sparrowlike maiden, placed themselves on each side about a foot from her and offered a musical contest. First one burst into rapturous song, flying up into the air, feathers fluffed out and snowy breast and rosy shoulders more lovely than ever. The solo finished, he dropped back to his perch and politely waited, while his rival poured out his madrigal. This alternate display continued several minutes, and apparently the umpire found it hard to choose, for she evaded decision by taking flight—both suitors following.

Different was the method of two orchard orioles, one in the immature plumage of the second year, the other in the full glory of maturity. This was a wrangle, accompanied by scolding and avian vituperation from beginning to end. If the theory of selection by fine dress be true, decision should have been easy, but after a whole day's trial the fair one ended it by a truly feminine scorn of theories, eloping with her plainer suitor, leaving the gorgeous elder to console himself with another bride—which he did before the sun went down.—Collier's Weekly.

War.

There is, besides a pleasure in order, a very real fear of disorder. A mob, a fire or a runaway horse arouses a sensation of terror in the spectator quite apart from their potentiality of harm to himself. Mere force is not, as is supposed, the last argument of man. A civilized war would have more terrors for the stockjobber than the cottager were it not for the threat of ungoverned force veiled behind the punctilio of Christian fighting. We are never quite certain of an army. The disciplined brigade which nowadays captures the enemy's capital as tenderly as it would guard its own has, nevertheless, the same badges on its buttons as those which were fouled with the rape of San Sebastian and the murder of Bazeilles. It may drown its manners at any moment in a torrent of blood and tears, and statesmen and others never forget the fact. War is but the crust of the volcano. Fires of unutterable horror hum beneath. The very perfection of the discipline which controls them is evidence of man's dread of disorder, for it is only fear that welds so strongly the furnace doors.—Blackwood's.

Diplomatic Permanency.

It is likely to be the case in America that as time goes on and our relations with foreign powers become more and more complicated and pressing permanence in consular and diplomatic office, based upon knowledge and proved fitness, will be the rule. This may mean that it will not be so common a practice to take scholars and authors from private life and place them suddenly in foreign consulates and missions. But even then it is likely that our literature will be enriched by the work of men who have become authors while enjoying the opportunities for new studies and broader observation afforded by the foreign service of their country, so that if hitherto literature has contributed to diplomacy hereafter we shall see our diplomacy contributing to our literature, as has not infrequently already been the case.—Century.

The Roman Lupetto.

The Roman lupetto, which is almost indistinguishable from the so called Pomeranian dog, invariably tries to bury or cover over any food given him which he does not like. If fed on a loose drugget he will skillfully cover up the obnoxious food; if the carpet is nailed down so that he cannot do this he goes through the exact process with his nose which would turn over the plate if it were movable. The lupetto has a general contempt for any but meat diet, and, though he may condescend to accept bread and milk out of deference to his owner (many of them would not make this concession), he is sure to go through the form of protest first.

Birdskin Garments.

Eskimo women wear the most curious kind of underclothing, its peculiarity being that it is made of the skins of birds. These skins, before being sewed together, are chewed well by the women in order to make them soft. About a hundred skins are required to make a shirt, and the labor of chewing the skins which form their garments is quite enough to account for the massive, well developed jaws of Eskimo women.

No Divination Needed.

He—The astrologer described you exactly and said that I would marry you.

She—Don't you think it was a waste of money to consult him?

"Why?"

"I could have told you the same thing myself if you had asked me."—Stray Stories.

Couldn't Think of Pillar.

Teacher—And what happened to Lot's wife?

Scholar—She was turned to salt.

Teacher—Into a what of salt?

Scholar—Why—er—a sort of job lot of salt, I guess.—Exchange.

His Art.

"Why do you say he's a wonderful actor?"

"He sat through an amateur dramatic entertainment and actually made people think he enjoyed it."—Chicago Post.

The Face of Verlaine.

An anonymous writer in To-Day tells an interesting anecdote of a visit paid by Gladstone to a little bookshop near the Odeon in Paris. As he entered Gladstone saw a strange looking man in conversation with the bookseller and carrying an old copy of Villon's poems. "His dress was ragged and dirty, his face was matted with hair and he had the eyes of an archangel, with the mouth and jaw of a baboon. Nevertheless the respectful attitude of the bookseller showed that the man was a personality. Gladstone entered into conversation with him about Villon and for an hour they talked about early French poetry. Then the stranger shuffled out of the shop. 'Who is that gentleman?' asked Gladstone. 'He has an extraordinary knowledge of French poetry.' 'Monsieur, he himself is our greatest poet. C'est Paul Verlaine!'"

Just about the time you conclude you are down and out your feet strike something that will hold you.—Atchison Globe.

The most nutritive portion of the best grains is blended in The H-O Co.'s Horse Feed. The horse likes it and it is good for him.

No Sick Horses Now.

Having given the H-O Co.'s Horse Feed a thorough trial, we are fully convinced it is the best Feed we have ever used. It keeps our horses in perfect condition, and since using same we have never had a sick horse in our stable or one off of its Feed, and we cheerfully recommend the same.

THE LION BREWERY, OSCAR P. ROCHEVOT, Sec'y, Buffalo, N. Y.

Agents for Woburn and Vicinity:

JAQUITH & CO.

WRITER'S THOUGHT CRAMP

The Way the Flood of Inspired Ideas Ebbs and Flows.

If the fiction writer has his delicious moments, when he tastes the joys which come with the excitement of creative composition—and these he undoubtedly has—also he knows distressing periods of mental apathy.

He has been working away at top speed, full of gladness in that subtle fabric which his pen weaves in the warp and woof of paper and ink. His head is packed with inspired ideas, like a gift box from the gods. His hopes ride high. His ambitions scrape the clouds.

Then something happens. It is not a snap, a break, a crash—nothing so tangible. It is just a ceasing. Abruptly, unexpectedly, all his fine thoughts vanish. No longer is life a country of majestic, white robed heights and alluring purple toned valleys. All is flat and gray and bleak.

Just about now, if the writer only knew it, is a most excellent time to go fishing.

At last, baffled, discouraged, heartsick, he sits with his head in his hands, contemplating with foolish self pity the melancholy spectacle of himself.

But, like drought and flood, war and pestilence and all other ills great and small, it passes. And he knows not how or when it goes. Days after he wakes up to find himself, pen in hand, hard at work again. Of its own accord apparently the machine has set itself in motion.—Sewell Ford in The Reader.

Saved Ann a Ducking.

A colonial shrew who was threatened with the ducking stool was once saved by this plea:

"You wish to duck Ann Willott to cure her!" her defender declared. "Now if she be not cured where is the gain in ducking her? And if she be cured all the women who now keep a guard over their tongues through distaste to be likened to such a known, notorious and contemptible scold as Ann will do so no longer; but although it is not like any should become such as she, yet all will scold a little more than now they do, the check of her example being removed. Now, it is better that Ann, being a single woman without family to afflict, should go unpunished and unducked, but despised by all, and wag her tongue as she will, standing therein for the whole town, than that she should be silenced and the tongues of other women run more free."

This argument seems to have prevailed, for Ann Willot was never ducked.—Youth's Companion.

Stephenson's Birthplace.

In a red tiled two story house on the road between Newcastle and Hexham, England, was born George Stephenson, the inventor of the first practical locomotive, on June 9, 1781. He earned his first regular money—a shilling a week—for looking after cows, and he was eighteen before he learned to read. The modeling of engines in clay was his favorite occupation as a boy, and when he grew up toward manhood he had charge of engines and displayed his inventive genius in their improvement. At last, in 1813, he produced his first locomotive, which he called a traveling engine. Lord Ravensworth was called a fool for advancing money for the construction of a locomotive. A few years, however, proved that Lord Ravensworth was not so foolish as people supposed, for in 1825 the Stockton and Darlington line was opened for traffic.

The Electrical Current.

The path traversed by a heavy current of electricity in passing through the body is a matter of great importance. The most dangerous is from one hand to the other, because the resistance of the path is low and because the current passes near the heart. Hence it is a good rule in handling live conductors to use but one hand. An important rule to observe in rescuing a person in contact with a live wire and when it is impossible to cut off the current is to push the victim off with one foot. Even should the current pass from one foot to the other through the rescuer the resistance of the path is considerable, and as the current does not pass near the heart serious injury is not likely to result.

Proof of a Conspiracy.

The following story is told in explanation of the reason why the teaching of chemistry in Turkish schools was forbidden some years ago. It had been proposed that this science should be added to the curriculum, but the first thing that struck the eyes of the ruler of the faithful on opening an elementary textbook of chemistry was the formula for water, H2 O. "Here," said the sultan, "is proof of a conspiracy to undermine my authority in the eyes of my subjects. H two O! That's nothing but a sly way of intimating that Hamid II. is a naught."

Beyond Belief.

Mr. Hunter (reading)—Huh! This advertisement says "roomy flat to let." Talk about your "condensed lye!"

Mrs. Hunter—How do you mean?

Mr. Hunter—Well, if it's roomy it surely can't be a flat; if it's really a flat it can't be roomy, and if by some miracle it should be a roomy flat it wouldn't be "to let."—Philadelphia Press.

Business Cards.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASS WARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.

SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

CENTRAL HOUSE

Sale, Hack, Livery and Boarding Stables.

438 MAIN STREET, - - WOBURN

G. F. JONES, Proprietor.

Telephone 39-2.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers

Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.
Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by

JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS

Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

THOMAS SALMON,
Foreign Steamship Agent,
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The Allan	Dominion
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Cunard	White Star

LINES.

Drafts on the above lines and the American Express Company, Foreign and Domestic, at the lowest prices.

Knife, Fork and Spoon Experience

Over half a century of it is one of the reasons why goods stamped

"1847 Rogers Bros."

the product of this long experience are best. They are sold by leading dealers. For catalogue No. 6, explaining points of interest to buyers, address the makers

International Silver Company. Meriden, Conn.

Take no substitute Remember 1847

His Businesslike Way.

Young Mr. Bizz (briskly, to fair proprietor of the photograph gallery)—I've dropped in, Miss Frame, without much preparation, in the style I usually do when I make up my mind I want anything. Can you take me just as I am?

Miss Frame—Certainly, Mr. Bizz. What style do you wish—cabinet or carte?

Mr. Bizz—What style? Great Cæsar! Did you think I'd come with these clothes on to have my photograph taken? I'm asking you to marry me, Miss Frame."

His Tide of Fortune.

"'There is a tide in the affairs of men,'" said the man who habitually quotes Shakespeare, "'which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune.'"

"Yes," replied the man who had married an heiress, "I remember the tide that led to my fortune well."

"What tide was that?"

"It was eventide, and we were sitting in the garden."—San Francisco Wasp.

Conspicuous.

"You have been conspicuous in the halls of legislation, have you not?" said the young woman who asks all sorts of questions.

"Yes, miss," answered Senator Sorghum blandly; "I think I have participated in some of the richest hauls that legislation ever made."—Washington Star.

Jesting at Scars.

Upgardson—I was sorry to hear that Skimmerhorn has had the smallpox. Did it disfigure him much?

Atom—Disfigure him? No; it improved him. It changed his expression.—Chicago Tribune.

Plain Lying.

"Professor, I know a man who says he can tell by the impression on his mind when his wife wants him to come home to dinner. Is it telepathy?"

"Not at all, miss. I should call that mendacity."—Exchange.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 22, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 6.55, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY-To Boston** ,9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P.M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.

For Nashua ,Manchester and Concord,N.H.at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23 7.50, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y
Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30 , p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham ,5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m.. and every 30 minutes until 11.05. p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.
In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 8.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin Sts.

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Boston & Northern St. Railway
WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 26, 1903, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6.37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2.37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M.; every half hour to 12.07; then 12.30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
712	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.
MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

5 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

PRIVATE JOHNSON'S LOVE AFFAIR

By EDWARD MARSHALL

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

Private Johnson of G company was much in love. But although he daily for a blissful hour or so did sentry duty within a few feet of her, he had not been able to disclose his love. He could not speak Spanish nor she English. They had been forced to confine their evidences of affection he to smiles and sighs, she to the same, supplemented by languid movements of her fan. Private Johnson could stand it no longer; so that night after he had "biked" with the others of his guard to the barracks he confided his troubles to his "bunkee," Mike Nolan.

"I'm stuck on the slickest little Spanish girl that ever waved a fan."

"What is she—Spigady?" asked Mullins.

"No, she ain't," said Johnson; "and that's the trouble."

Now it must be explained that when the American army took possession of Havana there were few men in it, either officers or privates, who could speak Spanish. Therefore the residents of the Cuban capital, black, yellow and white, who found it for many reasons absolutely necessary to communicate with the Americans created a new language.

It was and is more involved and intricate in its futile imitations of our mother tongue than the "pidgin English" of the Chinaman. And any Cuban who can speak this strange patois announces with much pride, "I spigady Inglis." The quick witted Americans christened all these "Spigadies."

"I've got to take her home with me," Johnson said gloomily. "I'd rather go up San Juan hill again than go home without her."

Private Mullins puffed reflectively on a long cigarette. Private Mullins had had his own love affair since he had been in Cuba, and it had not turned out well. He had been imbittered by it. It had merely made him sympathetic.

"Tell me about it, Johnson," he said.

"Well, it was this way: When I was put on sentry duty down there by the bank I couldn't help but look in the windows next door, and I saw her. And, oh, Mullins, boy, she's the wonder of the age. And I smiled, and she smiled, and I'm in love with her, and she's in love with me."

"Why don't you write it, you idiot?" asked Mullins.

"You've as much brains as a turpentine mango, Mullins, or less," said Johnson. "If I could write it I could talk it, too, couldn't I?"

"Well," said Mullins reflectively, "I meant that you could get some of the fellows to write it for you."

"You're trying to let me in," said Johnson, eying him suspiciously. "Is there a man in this regiment you'd trust to write such a letter for you?"

"No," said Mullins, "there ain't. But I'll tell you what. I know an officer in the rurales (rural police) who speaks English and who'd do it. You've got to hurry, though."

"Why?" asked Johnson.

"We're ordered home," said Mullins. "I heard the general tell the colonel so today. I was on orderly duty at headquarters, you know."

"Hooray!" shouted Johnson, and some one who was trying to go to sleep threw a canteen at him.

That night the two friends devoted an hour to the composition of the great letter which the lieutenant was to translate into Spanish.

It was a plain, straightforward recital of the young soldier's love and circumstances. It described his home and told her, much to Mullins' amazement, that Private Johnson's family was well to do.

"Is that straight?" asked Mullins doubtfully.

"Sure," said Johnson. "I wouldn't lie to her, you chump."

Mullins said he thought the letter would be all right after the lieutenant had thrown some hifalutin Spanish phrases into it.

The next day Mullins took the letter to his friend the lieutenant of rurales, whose name was Linares. The lieutenant, loving intrigue as all Spaniards do, said that he would be delighted to serve Mullins' friend.

"Shall I address the letter also?" asked the lieutenant.

"You'd better," said Mullins. "Then it will be all in the same handwriting."

"You must first give the address," said the lieutenant.

And Mullins gave it to him. If he had been quick witted he would have noticed an instantaneous change in the quality of the smile upon the lieutenant's face, but he missed it.

"The taste of your friend is sublime, superb, quite worthy of an American soldier."

"You know her, then?" asked Mullins.

"I have seen her," said the lieutenant as he rolled a fresh cigarette. "She is beautiful, very. I will have the letter in an hour."

In an hour Mullins went back. The lieutenant rapidly translated it to him. The long, dignified and flowery declaration of Private Johnson's love poured from his lips in sonorous sentences. Mullins wrote them down in English. When he read them to Johnson that night the latter heaved a sigh of satisfaction.

"It takes these dagoes," he said finally, "to sling language."

Next day when Private Johnson took his place on sentry duty his heart beat faster. It seemed an age before the shy but smiling face of the charming Spanish girl appeared behind the bars of the big window. Her head was coquettishly covered by a mantilla of black lace, and in her hand she held the dainty fan which she knew so well how to use. The wonderful letter was in the inner pocket of his blouse. He saluted blushingly; she waved her hand toward him and smiled. He glanced up and down the street. The coast was wholly clear; so, with his cheeks flaming, he approached the window.

"Buenos Dios, senorita," he said falteringly.

"Buenos Dios, senor," she replied, with blushes.

With a military gesture he took the letter from his pocket and presented it.

She seemed to be much surprised. Her flush grew deeper, and she placed her hand upon her breast as if to say:

"Is this for me?"

He bowed assent. She quickly thrust the letter into the bosom of her bodice. Then she turned away, but before she wholly vanished she blew him a bashful kiss from the tip of her fan.

All morning Private Johnson watched for her in vain. During his afternoon tour of duty his eyes were on the window whenever he could keep them there.

He was greatly disappointed when the night relief came on and he was picked up by the retiring squad for the return to barracks. He had not seen her again. But the memory of that smile was with him still.

Next morning at roll call the lieutenant who inspected glanced approvingly at Private Johnson's shoes and buttons and speckless uniform. But just before dismissal he called out:

"Private Johnson, fall out and report to the colonel."

Johnson was amazed, but with soldierly decision did as he was told. The colonel seemed in bad temper.

"Johnson," he said sharply, "you have a good record."

Johnson looked pleased.

"You know that you're going home next week, don't you?"

"I have heard so, sir."

"Well, then, why didn't you try to keep your record clean?" asked the colonel pettishly. He was a martinet, but he was really fond of his good men.

"I have tried to, sir," said Johnson proudly.

"Do you know what the orders are about insulting the citizens of Havana?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why did you gratuitously insult the Senorita Mercedes y Bordoza?"

Johnson was aroused. "I have not insulted her," he said firmly.

The colonel picked up an envelope which had been lying on his table and produced the letter which had been hidden in the senorita's bosom on the day before. "Did you not give this letter to her yesterday? She says you did, and your name is signed to it."

"I did, sir," said Private Johnson.

The colonel was getting red in the face. "And don't you consider it insulting?" he demanded.

Private Johnson's face was pale. "No, sir," he said very firmly. "I do not think it an insult to any woman on earth for an American citizen and soldier to ask her to be his wife."

The colonel gasped. "Your wife!" he exclaimed. "Did you ask her to marry you?"

"I did, sir."

"In this letter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you write it?"

"No, sir; I had it written."

"Did you tell the man who wrote it for you to address her as "My Dear Turnip," to speak of her father as a blackguard?"

Johnson was speechless. The colonel saw his real distress and slowly and even mercifully translated the perfidious lieutenant's composition to him. He was sorely tempted to shout with laughter, but he was merciful and did not.

La Lucha is a newspaper in Havana which has two pages in Spanish and two pages containing an English translation of them.

In the English of La Lucha that very day was announced the engagement of Lieutenant Jose Linares of the rurales to Signorita Mercedes y Bordoza.

And Private Johnson understood why he had been fooled.

ALWAYS INSIST UPON HAVING THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

Emigration of French Capital.

One of the serious matters which face the French government is the vast amount of French capital which has left that country in the last few years and continues to do so. The last returns of the government savings banks show an excess of $2,000,000 francs in the withdrawals over the deposits. Much of this has gone to England, some to this country and a very considerable part to German rentes. It is this withdrawal of capital to which the fall in French rentes may be attributed rather than to the controversy between the church and state, which has generally been regarded as the cause. The causes of the withdrawal of the capital are several. One important one is the impending income tax. The feeling is that if the Socialists continue to grow in power they will not be satisfied with the income tax, but will demand further imposts on the revenue from private investments.

Mortuary Red Tape.

The following incident is related as having occurred in South Africa: One of the soldiers who had been reported killed in a certain battle and against whose name in the regimental books a note to that effect had been made afterward turned up and reported himself. Then the sergeant made another note in the book: "Died by mistake." The man was placed in the hospital and a few weeks later succumbed to the injuries he had received. This fact was communicated to the sergeant through the colonel of the regiment, and then a third note was made: "Redied by order of the colonel."

A Daring Eskimo Lover.

A young Eskimo had secretly courted the daughter of an enemy. The huts of the lovers were not far removed, but one night the terrific cold ripped a great crevasse in the ice, and the young man's house was left isolated. A gorge 100 feet deep and twenty feet wide separated it from the igloo, or hut, containing his sweetheart, but there was a narrow bridge of ice left across the crevasse, and this, the young man found, would bear his weight. Eskimos sleep in bags. The lover decided that he would that night cross the ice bridge, steal the maiden he loved, bear her to his hut and then break down the bridge so that he and she together might enjoy their honeymoon unmolested. He planned very successfully. He crept in the dead of night into his enemy's hut, he snatched up the maiden in her sack without awaking any one, he bore her over the ice bridge safely, and then he opened the sack to embrace his bride; but, beholding its contents, he gave a loud cry. It was not the maiden, but her father, that he had stolen.

Hairdressing In Japan.

Hairdressing is an elaborate study in Japan, where the style of the coiffure generally indicates the position and age of the lady. Thus girls of eight or nine wear their hair in a bow at the back bound round with red crape, the front left bare except for two locks dangling at the side, and the marriageable damsels comb their tresses high in front and arrange them either in the shape of a butterfly or a half opened fan. A widow looking out for a second spouse twists her locks round a long shell hairpin placed horizontally across the back of the head, while she who vows to remain faithful to the dear departed cuts her hair short and combs it plainly back without any parting.

Carlyle and His Home.

When the great writer Carlyle was engaged to Miss Welsh the latter induced her mother to consent that Carlyle should live with both of them and share the advantage of an established house and income. But Carlyle answered Miss Welsh's proposal by saying that two households could not live as if they were one and that he would never have any right enjoyment of his wife's company till she was "all his own," adding that the moment he was master of a house the first use he would make of it would be to slam the door against nauseous intruders.

The Word "Ragging."

The word "ragging" is more common in England than in this country, even if the custom is not. An English paper asserts that "rag" is not a slang word, but is a real old verb, also to be found in use among Icelanders, meaning to banter or irritate. In Lincolnshire and doubtless other counties to provoke a boy is called "getting his rag out." "Bullyrag" is an elaboration of the elementary term, and here also the meaning is clear. A ragamuffin originally meant a kind of demon.

Evidences of Friendship.

She—Yes, you men have what you call friends, but your friendship is so superficial, so calculating, so watery—

He—Oh! But don't you remember David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias, Goethe and Schiller—

"Yes; but you never brush each other's hair, nor show each other your new hats, nor discuss what is best for baby's throat, nor how to make up an old frock, nor anything."

A BERTH JACK SHIRKS.

Nova Scotia Ships Are Said to Be the Worst Afloat.

The worst case in the way of a ship into which Jack can go is a Nova Scotian. A certain Nova Scotia ship came into port at Santos one day with a crew that was little short of mutinous owing to the fact that the captain was too sparing of the rations. The ship had a bad name among sailors at the best, and as soon as she was anchored the entire crew cleared out. For three weeks after she had discharged and got her new cargo she lay there with no crew to take her to sea. At last the captain went to some of the crimps on shore and told them to round up a crew under any pretext. The crimps sent men around the docks offering big wages to any of the loungers who would go aboard the vessel to rig some new sails. Some twenty men were quickly picked up, many of them in their shirt sleeves, and were taken aboard. They were then covered with revolvers and rifles by the officers, and the anchor was weighed, and the Nova Scotia ship stood out to sea, her unwilling crew leaving families behind without even a chance to let them know what had happened. The next port was Sydney, and the next Yokohama, then San Francisco, then Valparaiso, then Lisbon, and for those men who stayed with the ship it was just two and a half years until she went to Grande du Sul, the nearest port home. Many of them, however, had cleared out and gone home in other ships long before that.—Broughton Brandenburg in Leslie's Monthly.

Cicero and His Daughter.

History abounds with examples of the love that has existed between father and daughter which proved superior to the changes of time and fortune, defying even death itself, and entering into the records of humanity, imperishable and immortal.

One of the most beautiful instances was the love of Cicero for Tullia. She was a woman of high attainments and exalted character, with qualities of heart and mind that peculiarly fitted her to be her father's intimate companion.

After her death he could find neither consolation for her loss nor distraction for his grief. Affairs of state, weighty matters of political and personal interest, even the sympathy of Brutus and Cæsar, could not dispel the melancholy that settled down upon his soul and forced him for a time into retirement. He wrote of her in these touching words: "A daughter I had in whose sweet conversation I could drop all my cares and troubles. But now everything is changed." "It is all over with me, Atticus. I feel it more than ever now that I have lost the only being who still bound me to life."

An Exclusive Elevator.

There is perhaps no elevator in the world more exclusive than that provided at the capitol for the supreme court of the United States. That elevator can be used by exactly eleven people, and no one else would for a moment consider entering it except as the guest of one of these eleven privileged gentlemen. The fortunate eleven are the nine justices of the United States supreme court, the clerk and the marshal of the court. The elevator goes from the ground floor of the capitol to the main floor, on which is located the supreme court of the United States. It is a small elevator, so that, with its conductor, three portly forms of justices of the supreme court of the United States would fill it. It is one of the very latest designs of electric elevators and is finished in magnificent style.—Washington Star.

Superstitions.

If two persons raise their glasses to their lips simultaneously they are indicating the return of a friend or relative from foreign parts. The same intimation is conveyed by bubbles in coffee or by the accidental fall of a piece of soap on the floor.

A flickering flame in the fire or an upright excrescence in a burning candle is interpreted as predicting the arrival of a guest, whose stature is judged by the length of the flame or excrescence.

If one drains a glass of the contents of which some one else has partaken he will learn the secrets of the latter.

Mighty Cheerful.

Mamma had told her little daughter that she could not go out to play, but the little maiden determined to make one more plea. "Please, mamma, it isn't very wet."

"No, you cannot, Dorothy," said mamma pleasantly, smiling a little at her daughter's persistency.

Dorothy regarded her mother aggrievedly and then said, "Well, seems to me you're mighty cheerful about it."—New York Times.

Bureau of Publicity.

Mrs. Nagguss—What an odd, interesting piece of furniture! It looks like an antique. Is it a chiffonier or a bookcase?

Mrs. Borus (wife of struggling author)—Neither. It's my husband's writing desk. He calls it his bureau of publicity.—Chicago Tribune.

His Part.

The Doctor—You regard society as merely a machine, do you? What part of the machinery do you consider me, for instance?

The Professor—You are one of the cranks.—Exchange.

Returned His Love.

Friend—What's the matter, old man? Doesn't she return your love?

Jilted One—That's just the trouble. She returned it and told me to give it to some other girl.—Princeton Tiger.

One man makes a fortune to eight that become bankrupt in England.

Man's Fearful Mechanism.

Every time a man eats he has to masticate, insalivate, chymify, chylify and sanguify. No wonder his system is out of order so often.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Brave Man.

Ethel—Do you really think the lieutenant will propose to Beth?

Edith—Oh, yes. He has several medals for bravery, you know.—Puck.

Ayer's

Don't try cheap cough medicines. Get the best, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. What a record it has, sixty years of

Cherry Pectoral

cures! Ask your doctor if he doesn't use it for coughs, colds, bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles.

"I have found that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best medicine I can prescribe for bronchitis, influenza, coughs, and hard colds."
M. LODEMAN, M.D., Ithaca, N. Y.

25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for **Bronchitis**

Correct any tendency to constipation with small doses of Ayer's Pills.

RUSSIA'S ARGUS EYE.

The Keen Watch That Is Exercised Over All Postal Matter.

In the Russian post office a watchful eye is kept on all newspapers and magazines, and any matter officially considered objectionable is ruthlessly "blacked out." A similar surveillance is extended to private correspondence. The task thus undertaken is a gigantic one, but the Russian official system has proved itself equal to the undertaking.

In every post office of importance there are officials constituting the "black cabinet," whose duty it is to examine the letters received. According to the system followed in the Moscow post office, all the letters are handed over to the "black cabinet." Then one official sorts out all those which are addressed to suspected families, another all those addressed in suspected handwritings, while a third arranges the remainder in little heaps and then draws at random several letters from each heap. All the letters selected in these various ways are then opened and examined.

In this ingenious way the Russian government strives to keep a continual check on the free intercourse of its subjects, and it is not surprising that "underground" means of communication have been developed.

The Judgment of Years.

A significant bit of wisdom, to be pondered over by the very young, whose griefs and disappointments seem so tragic, was that uttered by Mrs. Dolly Madison when she was over eighty years old and near her death.

Her life had been fortunate and beautiful not only because circumstances had proved kind to her, but from the brightness and buoyancy of her temperament.

She harbored no bitterness over past experiences, but life had taught her the unimportance of most trials which loom so gigantic in approaching.

Not long before her death one of her nieces went to her for sympathy in some slight trouble.

"My dear," she said, "do not trouble about it. There is nothing in this world really worth caring for. Yes," she repeated, looking intently out of a window, "I who have lived so long repeat to you that there is nothing in this world below really worth caring for!"

Buttons.

The Elizabethan era gave vogue to the button and the buttonhole, two inventions which may fairly be regarded as important, since they did much to revolutionize dress. The original button was wholly a product of needlework, which was soon improved by the use of a wooden mold. The brass button is said to have been introduced by a Birmingham merchant in 1689. It took 200 years to improve on the method of sewing the cloth upon the covered button. Then an ingenious Dane hit upon the idea of making the button in two parts and clamping them together, with the cloth between. Buttons are now made of almost everything, from seaweed and cattle hoofs to mother of pearl and vegetable ivory. Excellent buttons are made from potatoes, which, treated chemically, become as hard as ivory.—Boston Transcript.

The Glory of California Scenery.

As long as there remains the love of beauty in the human soul so long will the glory of California scenery and that of the whole Pacific coast prove a source of inspiration to the poetic mind. Descriptive verse has been from the beginning a marked feature of the literature of this region. In fact, the term "landscape poets" may be properly applied to this bevy of song birds which seemed to the late Maurice Thompson to have taken "complete possession of the entire western seaboard." Suffice it to say that if a volume of verse were written by a Californian which reflected nothing of the state's scenic beauty or its warmth of color it would not only come as a surprise to most reviewers, but the loyalty of the poet might be seriously questioned. While all this display of local color may seem too apparent an effort on the part of Californians to place upon their work the stamp of a definite locality, and may be considered by some a cheap form of art, it is this very sensitiveness to beauty and grandeur with which nature has clothed the west that offers the most promise of its rapid literary advancement—a sensitiveness, moreover, that will become more and more acute with the cultivation of the higher faculties through increasing educational growth.—Herbert Bashford in Atlantic.

Easy to Make Talk.

Mrs. Closefist—Oh, do give me a new bonnet, my dear! It will set all my friends talking.

Mr. Closefist—If you're after notoriety why don't you get the old one made over? That will make your friends talk twice as much.—Judge.

The Jordan's course in a straight line is only sixty miles. Along its stream it measures 213 miles.

FUNERALS IN GREECE.

They Are Somewhat of a Shock to the American Tourist.

"One thing sure to shock the American tourist is a Greek funeral," said a recently returned traveler. "It is a spectacle which most persons of convention governed decency desire to avoid, because the body of the dead is exposed in an open hearse. The coffin is shallow, so that not only the face and head, but the hands and much of the body, can be seen from the sidewalk as the procession moves through the streets.

"The lid of the coffin, frequently richly upholstered and decorated with garlands and wreaths, is carried on the hearse by the undertaker. The priest, the relatives and other mourners follow, and as the ghastly spectacle moves along it is customary for bystanders to remove their head gear and cross themselves.

"In the Athens cemeteries graves are rented for a term of years, just like the habitations of the quick. Only the wealthy own burial lots. This is invariably an evidence of wealth or aristocracy. The poor seldom dream of buying a lot or tomb. Such purchase would be deemed among them an unnecessary luxury.

"At the end of the term for which a grave is rented the bones are dug up, placed in a bag, labeled with the name and date and deposited in a general receptacle."—New York Herald.

Rewards For Lost Property.

"More lost and stolen articles would be recovered if the losers would adopt different methods in advertising for their property," said a headquarters detective the other day. "Of course honest persons do not haggle over the remuneration for returning a locket, a dog or anything else. But every one is not built along those lines. It may sound very nice to say, 'Liberal reward if returned to owner,' but there are different ideas of liberality. The sum usually dwindles in the mind of the owner when he sees his property before him, and no one knows this better than the finder.

"It is far more effective to set forth a definite sum in the advertisement. Five or twenty-five dollars means more than a vague promise to be real generous. Of course there are cases when it is not wise to be too explicit, but in nine cases out of ten a stated sum will bring better results than an indefinite offer. This is nearly always true with watches with the owner's monogram engraved on the case, as the pawnbroker refuses to loan so much on articles so easily identified."—New York Press.

Read Less, Think More.

The average person of so called culture who has leisure to read reads too much and thinks too little, and in consequence his conversation lacks freshness and spontaneity. An exchange, after saying that people generally read too much and read more than they carry, tells a story of a man who had been a great reader, but had changed his ways, and people, after he read less, finding him much more interesting, exclaimed: "How entertaining John was today! He must have been reading a good deal."

Mere reading is a waste of time. To conduce to intelligence the reader must train the mind to concentration on the subject in hand, and to concentration must be added the effort to clothe and transmit thought in appropriate phrase.

The Sailors' Psalm.

How many people—landsmen, at all events—are aware that one of the Psalms is often called the sailors' psalm? It is of course Psalm cvii, wherein occur the beautiful and familiar words, "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters—these see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep." The psalm is usually read as part of the simple services which take place on Sundays on ships at sea. For that reason it is known as the sailors' psalm.—London Chronicle.

The Road to Success.

It is well for the young man to remember that if he finishes his education as a skilled farmer or stockman or fruit grower there are plenty of places open waiting for him at good pay, while if he becomes a minister, lawyer or doctor he may have to hunt long and far to find a place and wait long before a good living is assured.—Rockford Register.

The Retort Courteous.

Smart Passenger—Here, conductor, is my fare. I had no desire to beat the company, but I thought I would just see if I could fool you by getting busy with this newspaper.

Conductor—I saw you, but you looked as if you needed information a good deal worse than the company needs money, so I just let you read.—Baltimore American.

As It Was Printed.

There is one woman poet in New York who will read proof carefully until the edge of a recent error wears off. She spent two days on a touching poem, the pivotal line of which read:

My soul is a lighthouse keeper.

When the printer finished with it the line read:

My soul is a light housekeeper.

Not Encouraging.

"Do you know," remarked the pessimist, "I think I have experienced every kind of hard luck on the list except hanging."

"Well, you shouldn't be discouraged," remarked the optimist. "Remember the old adage, 'While there is life there is hope.'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

There is no man so friendless but what he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths. —Bulwer Lytton.

He Worked On.

Wife—George, this burning of the candle at both ends means an untimely grave. It is nearly 12 o'clock. Come to bed.

George—But I'm doing this night work in order to find money enough to buy you a birthday present.

Wife—Well, if you will persist in working of course I can't stop it. Good night, dear.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, AUG. 7, 1903

☞ Last Friday morning Arthur E. Gage, Esq., received notice from Secretary of State Olin of his reappointment to the office of Clerk of the Fourth District Court of East Middlesex for the term of five years from July 30, 1903. The salary is $1,000 a year. The reappointment is a well deserved recognition of the eminent fitness of Lawyer Gage for an important judicial position by Governor Bates, and an act that will receive the cordial approval of those who have business with the District Court. He is amply qualified for the discharge of the duties of the office, as several years of efficient service in it has abundantly demonstrated. Not only is Mr. Gage a careful and well posted Clerk, but he is courteous and obliging to all comers, and is spoken of by the public as an urbane and gentlemanly official. He is to be congratulated on the receipt of papers which entitle him to the office for another five years, with which no one will be better satisfied than Judge Johnson of the Court.

☞ Mr. Daniel W. Lane, who is a member of the Boston Common Council from Ward 11, has announced himself a candidate for the Republican Senatorial nomination in the 9th Suffolk District and bids fair to get it. He is the son of Mr. Daniel H. Lane, a Boston merchant, former resident of Woburn, a gentleman of wealth and honorable standing. The mother of candidate Lane was born and bred here, her father having been the late Timothy Winn, a large leather manufacturer and one of the wealthiest, most prominent and highly respected citizens of Woburn in his day. Mr. Daniel W. Lane resides at 294 Beacon street, and is engaged in the investment brokerage business. He was educated in the Boston public schools, and graduated from Harvard with the class of 1894 He has served two years in the Common Council, and has lined up with the Republicans on all occasions.

☞ Late last week the Board of Assessors gave the taxpayers of this city an agreeable surprise. On the authority of some of the members the JOURNAL announced in its issue of July 31 that the tax rate for this year would not be less than, but probably in excess of, $19 on $1,000, and submitted a few reasons for the increase of over $1. This was setting the figure too high, for the 1903 rate, as finally figured out by the Board, is only $18.50, or 60 cents on $1,000 more than last year. This is a reasonable rate and more favorable to the Woburn taxpayer than that of a majority of the towns and cities in this part of the State. It certainly shows that people who contemplate moving to this city for permanent homes need not be deterred from doing so by excessive taxation.

☞ Maine comes up smiling with an Old Home Week from August 10 to 15, inclusive, and everywhere among her hills and vales, and in her cities and towns, the sounds of preparation for it are heard. At Portland there is to be a grand celebration, and in other places public receptions, and Old Home greetings, and oratory and music, are numbers on the week's programme. We suspicion that some Woburn people will visit their old homes Down East during the grand festival season, for there are a great many of that sort living here who still love the spots and scenes of their birth and childhood.

☞ Mayor Feeney, after "doing" the Continent, returned to London on August 5, where he was to remain several days before making a trip through Ireland and visiting the home of his ancestors. He will probably reach the "Land of the Free and home of the Brave" somewhere in the neighborhood of Aug. 20, perhaps a shade later. Then the reins of government will be resumed by him, and matters will sail smoothly on.

☞ On the seventh ballot Guiseppe Santo, Patriarch of Venice, the son of an Italian peasant, was elected Pope on August 4, 1903, to succeed Pope Leo XIII. He took the name of Pius X, by which he will hereafter be known to the world. There was immense rejoicing in Rome and in all Italy over the election.

LOCAL NEWS.

— Labor Day comes on Sept. 7.

— 8 A. M., Aug. 8. Temp. 60; cloudy; wind S. W.

— The South Border Club give a lawn party this evening.

— The blacksmiths and barbers closed up on Merchants Day.

— Lawyer S. W. Mendum and family vacate down in Maine.

— S. B. Goddard and family take their vacation at Swampscott.

— Miss Grace M. Bryant has returned from York Beach, Me.

— M. Bancroft, Sewing Machines and finding, 410 Main street.—6m

— Mr. Benjamin Hinckley has been with his family at Megansett this week.

— The last rainstorm continued from Tuesday evening until well into Thursday.

— Mr. John Cummings is going out of the grocery business at Cummingsville.

— Houses let and rents collected by E. Prior Real Estate agent, 349 Main street.

— Miss Kate Morey is at Southport, Maine. Her native place is near Bangor.

— Miss Edith L. Flagg, teacher, left here for Boothbay, Maine, last Tuesday.

— Edith and Ethel Smith are enjoying their vacation hugely at Lebanon, N. H.

— Last Saturday was one of the most delightful days that anybody ever went anywhere.

— Everything slick and clean and up to date at George Durward's provision market.

— E. Prior, 349 Main street is agent for the New York Life Insurance Co. Call and see him before placing any life insurance.

— Mr. James T. Freeman has so far regained his health as to be able to get around again.

— Last Saturday the St. Charles baseball team beat the Maldens in fine shape in a hotly contested game.

— Miss Mary G. Kenney, conductor of the Commercial Dept. of the High School, is in Vermont.

— Supt. John Connolly of City Hall feels that he lost a good friend in the death of Mr. Thomas D. Hevey.

— Mr. A. V. Haynes is giving his large house a new coat of paint and shining it up in real city style.

— City Hall officials intend to go fishing next week. The party will be conducted by City Auditor McColgan.

— Miss Ella Moore who has been visiting with Miss Hannah Hudson has returned to her home at Champlain, N. Y.

— Mr. Charles Richardson of Arlington Road has a badly bruised and sprained ankle, the result of an insecure staging.

— Miss Nellie Moore is taking her vacation at Portland, Maine, the choicest spot on the Maine Coast for a summer outing.

— Scarlet fever is pretty well played out in this city. There were but a few serious cases of the disease, although many mild ones.

— The Davis-Defriez combination of this city and Brookline go to Webb Pond in Weld, Maine, tomorrow for rest and recreation.

— Mr. Frank C. Goddard of 156 Pleasant street, a Boston business man, is spending his vacation at the Ocean House, Swampscott.

— Rev. James F. Doherty of St. Charles church has got back home from Atlantic City where he passed a pleasant vacation season.

— The St. Charles C. T. A. S. will give their lawn party on Friday evening, Aug. 14. If it rains it will be given in Lyceum Hall.

— If the Clinton Street Hose Company, No. 6, are not to have a new house before snow flies they would be justified in disbanding.

— Mrs. Dr. H. G. Blake and Mrs. A. T. Hubbard, and the children, went to Kennebunk Beach last Tuesday for their vacation pleasures.

— Mr. and Mrs. Tapley, and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred F. Richardson were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Richardson on Sunday last.

— Prior's Real Estate Agency reports the sale of land and dwelling-house, 107 Main street, to George Weafer, who buys for occupancy.

— Secretary of State Olin has received 11 applications for coal licenses from Woburn. The large number comes in the nature of a surprise.

— Officer John A. Walsh is seen on upper Main street now and then and seems to be bearing the burdens of life in a peaceful and contented manner.

— The owner of a golf badge who lost it on, or near, Davis street, can obtain the same by calling at this office, proving property, and paying charges.

— Mr. Chester R. Smith of Newark, N. J., is visiting his former home here and receiving cordial handshakes from many friends and associates of other days.

— Mr. D. J. McDonald of the B. & M. Co. ticket office in this city has been sick with scarlet fever at his boarding house, Bennett street, about a week.

— Mr. Aden Murphy has been appointed City Almoner in place of Mr. Thomas D. Hevey, deceased, to serve until Mayor Feeney returns from Europe.

— It is reported that Mr. Herbert B. Dow, Actuary of the New England Mutual Life Insurance Co. of Boston, is sick at his home 46 Warren avenue of scarlet fever.

— As fine a luncheon as anybody need ask for can be had at Estabrook's bakery on call and for a reasonable amount of money. Everything is as neat as a pin there.

— Woburn would make a poor fist at keeping house were it not for Hagerty's little *Times*. Its bright hits and saucy sayings keep blood stirring in the veins of the people.

— Annie, wife of Mr. Claude Thompson, died at her home in North Woburn last Saturday, August 1. The funeral was held on Monday afternoon. She was only 21 years old.

— Last Tuesday morning it was only 56 degrees above and overcoats were really necessary for comfort. This season beats them all for strange and unaccountable weather.

— Gateman Callahan's flowerbeds on the Railroad Station grounds are looking fine these days, as are also the others. The plants are well arranged, thrifty, and laden with bright bloom.

— Mr. Thomas Begley returned from New Hampshire last Saturday firmly believing that no person in Woburn could boast of a finer vacation than he enjoyed in the Old Granite State.

— The Maine Central Railroad Company have awarded two large contracts for stonework to Ellis & Buswell of this city, one at Rumford Falls and the other at Auburn, both on the Androscoggin.

— Mr. Fred H. Rogers, Teller of the First National Bank of Woburn, after a charming outing passed on delightful Cape Cod, has got back to the bank and is now doing business at the old stand.

— Postmaster Wyer left Woburn last Monday morning for Northern Vermont where he has enjoyed his summer vacation regularly for quite a good many years. His family have been there several weeks.

— Mr. Fred A. Flint takes his vacation this year, as in the last 25, at Camden, Maine. Not to be able to make a yearly visit to that beautiful town on Penobscot Bay would be a great and sore cross to him.

— Fr. Keegan had poor weather for his seaside picnic last Tuesday. It was cold and a heavy rain set in towards night. He and his Sunday School teachers, choir, etc., had a similar experience at last year's picnic.

STRAW MATTINGS
FOR SUMMER HOUSES

Our new importation includes all grades from China and Japan, many patterns of which are exclusive. Always cool, cleanly, and sanitary.

RUGS

Royal Wilton, Saxony Axminster, Seamless, and other Axminster and Brussels rugs, in sizes 9 x 12, 8.3 x 10.6, and 6 x 9.
Hundreds of small rugs—Smyrnas, Wiltons, Axminsters, Japanese, etc., etc., at exceptionally low prices.

RUGS

Heavy Brussels Art Squares, many of them in Oriental designs and all reversible, sizes 7.6 x 9, 9 x 9, 9 x 10.6, and 9 x 12; price about $1.00 per square yard.

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Dalmation Powder 29c lb 17 1-2 lb
We also sell the sticky and poison Fly Paper. Joss Sticks 8c. package. They stop the buzzy sing and bite of the mosquito.
You can get an exterminator for Water Bugs, Cockroaches, and all kinds of insects at Cut Prices, from

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
THE STORE WITH THE GREEN SIGNS. GREEN STAMPS.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— Mrs. Bertha Taylor and daughter Marion have returned from their cottage at Salisbury Beach. The Woburn Colony who have been guests at the cottage for a month past came back for good and all with Mrs. Taylor.

— Miss Nellie McCarthy, Assistant P. M. in the Woburn P. O., has returned from her vacation outing in the Green Mountains to her post of official duties. She claims to have enjoyed a refreshing season while in Vermont.

— Messrs. Winfield R. Lang and Willard F. Carleton of this city successfully passed the Bar examination and were notified to that effect by the Board of Examiners last Monday. They will be admitted to the Bar of the State on August 21.

— There will be a dedication of Union Chapel at Cummingsville at 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon by the Young Peoples' Society Christian Endeavor of that place. Rev. Dr. March, Rev. Dr. Norton and Rev. Mr. Thompson will assist in the exercises.

— The huckleberry crop this year is a sore disappointment to many persons who every year make quite a spec in gathering them and were lotting on pocketing considerable money from the sale of the delicious berry this summer. But the crop is a failure.

— Last Wednesday evening Mr. Edward A. Brooks died at his home 30 Mishawum Road. He was born in 1867. He left a widow and two children to mourn his loss. Mr. Brooks was a popular young man and many friends deeply regret his death.

— A note from F. Percyval Lewis written in New York City on July 31, says: "My mother and I sail tomorrow, Aug. 1, for London. After a short stay there we go to Ilsanbury, Hart Mt's, Germany." Later they go to Leipsic for the study of music.

— It is rumored that Mr. Griffin Place will be a candidate for Representative to the Legislature this fall and if it turns out to be true he will make it hot for somebody. He will certainly go in to win, and when he makes up his mind to that he is a tough customer to run against.

— The report of the Lowell explosion disaster which appeared in the Boston *Traveler* on the same afternoon, written by Mr. William Feeney, was one of the best given to the public. Feeney is also doing some fine work for the Sunday *Journal* in the shape of special articles.

— Mrs. Susan E. Harvie, a teacher in the Goodyear school, and her daughter Cora B., who for a year past has been connected with the Chicago Bureau of Correspondence and is now on a home vacation, left here last Monday morning for their favorite summer resort, famous York Beach.

— Police Officer Austin G. French and wife returned from their outing last week and the Officer will go on duty next week. They were up in Vermont when 3 inches of snow fell on Mt. Washington, and the temperature where they were visiting was only 16 above zero. Pretty tough for July.

— Mr. Alfred Willoughby of Rockland, Maine, was here last Tuesday en route for Hollis, N. H., to attend the annual Willoughby Family reunion held there yesterday, Aug. 6. He was a resident of Woburn many years and still cherishes a warm regard for the old town and his former fellow citizens.

— Careful observers of passing events declare that Woburn Merchants Day is as sure to bring a rainstorm as the sun is to rise and set morning and evening. The rule held good last Wednesday, for a wetter, colder, more disagreeable day for an outing, or anything else, except the pleasure of ducks, it would be hard indeed to scare up.

— The 5th Regiment, of which Co. G (Woburn Phalanx) are a component part, are to go into camp tomorrow, Aug. 8, for a week of drill, in the ancient town of Duxbury, Cape Cod, Massachusetts Bay. The balance of the Brigade to which the 5th Regiment belong mustered at So. Framingham.

—Miss Carrie W. Thmopson is taking her summer outing at Orr's Island, a quiet retreat a little way north of Portland, Maine, made famous by Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Pearl of Orr's Island." She is not "a stranger in a strange land" there, having passed some vacation seasons on the Island in years agone.

— Last week's issue of *The Congregationalist* contained an interesting communication from Rev. Dr. Scudder, former pastor of the Woburn First Congregational church, written at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, his present home. The *Missionary Herald* for August had an article from him illustrated with a fine portrait of the beloved pastor.

— Many thousands of people visited the scene of the late great disaster at Lowell last Sunday, and Woburn furnished its full quota. The North Woburn and Lowell & Boston trolley lines were put to their trumps to furnish cars enough to accommodate the big crowds that went from here and below just to look at the grounds where the awful explosion of July 29 occurred.

— Thursday, Aug. 13, is to be Woburn Day on the Boston Floating Hospital. Many people in this city are deeply interested in that sensible and highly beneficial charity. Not a large number of them will however be able to accompany the Hospital down the Harbor next Thursday because it will be occupied almost wholly by sick children and their mothers and nurses.

— Mr. Benjamin H. Nichols arrived at his home on Warren avenue last Sunday from Hope and Northport, Me., where he enjoyed a short vacation. Mrs Nichols and the son Benjamin H., Jr., are at Northport, but will reach home tomorrow. Mr. Nichols was on the steamer Rockland when she met with the accident at her wharf published in the Boston papers Monday morning.

— Miss Gertrude L. Campbell who has been visiting the family of Hon. A. S. Wood on Warren Avenue has returned to her home in Fort Dodge, Iowa. This was her first visit to Massachusetts. Miss Campbell is Assistant Librarian in the Carnegie Library at Ft. Dodge, and her visit East was partly to observe and acquire knowledge respecting Library methods of conduct.

— It is confidently expected and sincerely hoped that Chairman Riley will in the near future, if he has not already done so, call a meeting of the School Board to take action on the decision of the City Council concerning a site for the new schoolhouse. The people would like to know, as soon as the Board find it convenient to inform them, whether or not the Dow farm is to be accepted

— Mr. Julius F. Ramsdell feels quite sure that to appreciate the beauties and grandeur of Yellowstone Park one must visit that vast National reservation, for they cannot be described in words. He and his family lately returned from a tour through the Park, with which they were as greatly delighted as President Roosevelt was with his late visit to it. It is a grand place for a summer outing, growing popular year by year.

—[From] this time on until every woman in this city has her cupboard shelves groaning under the weight of canned peaches Mr. Angelo Crovo intends to pay especial attention to trade in that delicious fruit, and to give the women the best that can be procured in the market at the lowest possible prices. He will make the peach business a specialty for the season and his fine, handy and popular store is headquarters for the sale of the genuine article.

— Miss Gertrude Wood, daughter of Ex Ald. James R Wood of Salem street, will leave here on Tuesday next, Aug. 11, for Gardiner, Maine, to visit relatives there, her mother's people, and on her return she intends to pass some days at Lookaway Inn, Pine Point, Scarboro', Maine. The young lady expects to be away from home four or five weeks. The Kennebec Valley, to which Miss Gertrude will betake herself on the 11th, is the most delightful part of the Pine Tree State.

— Mr. John C. Andrews of this city is a partner in the firm of Whipple & Andrews who have bought the Charles E. Smith Real Estate Agency in Winchester, and are now doing business there. They buy, sell and lease houses and lands. So far as Mr. Andrews is concerned the JOURNAL can recommend him as an honest, straightforward young man, with whom it will be perfectly safe to entrust business. We do not know Mr. Whipple, but presume he is equally reliable and capable.

— Soon, very soon, the summer outers will be flocking back from seaside and mountains, and their friends are waiting and anxious to greet and embrace them. A vacation is a great institution, and as often as any way the home coming is the pleasantest part of it. The world would be puzzled to get on without a summer season of rest and pleasure, although some people yet alive distinctly remember when such a custom had no existence, or was even dreamed of; and, yet, the world managed to wag on.

— Smith's Real Estate Agency has sold the estate of Mrs. M. B. Mudgett, No. 36 Clinton street. Purchaser buys for investment. Same agency has sold to J. T. Maloney of Arlington, small farm at Cummingsville. Buyer will erect greenhouses and later a residence. Also sold for the So. Framingham Co-operative Bank, the business block corner of Porter and Main streets to Mrs. Edward McDonald. Property consists of 5 stores, 2 tenements, stable, &c. Purchaser buys for investment and will improve.

— Such was the degree of cold last Wednesday, or so low the temperature, that artificial heat, such as is provided by furnaces, steam and hot water boilers, was absolutely indispensable to comfort in many dwellinghouses and other buildings in this city. And it should not be forgotten that the date was August 5. Mr. Daniel H. Richards, the Fairmount street meteorologist, says that last Wednesday was the first time in his life that the cold compelled him to wear an overcoat in August.

— Today, August 7, the annual meeting of the American Canoe Association is held on Sugar Island in the St. Lawrence River, Canada. The Innitou Canoe Club of this city is represented by E. F. Wyer, W. K Fowle and W. W. Crosby. Sugar Island, containing about 35 acres of land, has been purchased by the Association, so Mr. Edward T. Brigham, member of the Innitou, informs us, for a permanent meeting place, which obviates the necessity of looking up new locations every year.

— According to the compact and notices issued thereon only three more Wednesday afternoons remain on which the stores in this city will be closed, for the agreement was to cover only July and August. The half holiday on Saturday afternoon will likewise come to an end at that time. It is doubtful if the first named move has proved a monumental success, but as a starter it has done more than fairly well and will probably result in a permanent Wednesday afternoon and evening closing of the business houses of the city. Mr. Winthrop Hammond, Leading Clothier, was the originator and motor that set the plan in operation.

— We are constrained to believe that if the Congregational Parish Committee would go to the small expense of purchasing a few minor pieces of machinery their church clock could be made to strike the hours with exact regularity both day and night, to the credit of the Committee and infinite delight of the people generally. This conclusion is based on trustworthy information obtained by a JOURNAL reporter through the medium of interviews with expert watch and clock makers and repairers in this city and is therefore deemed to be sound and eminently just. In this view of the case is it reasonable to expect that the clock will some time go to striking again?

— A great many people attended the funeral of the late City Almoner, Mr. Thomas D. Hevey, last Saturday morning. It was held at St. Charles church, of which he was an attendant, where appropriate religious services were performed. The procession from the church to Calvary cemetery consisted of 26 hacks filled with sincere mourners, showing that the deceased enjoyed the esteem of hosts of friends, and nowhere had he a greater number, or better ones, than among the poor people of this city. He will be missed, especially from the office of Almoner, which he had filled many years to the satisfaction of the entire public. City Hall, too, will deeply feel his loss

— In the matter of picnics, games, trolley trips, or beach parties the Woburn Merchants Day last Wednesday was a failure, so far as anybody could learn. For several years past it has not been the practice of the Guild to celebrate in a body or large parties, the habit having been to flock singly or in small groups, and to follow individual bents in seeking pleasure. It was the intent and purpose of the tradesmen, mechanics and professional men to follow such a course this year, but a heavy rain, chilly atmosphere, and other serious obstacles vetoed the arrangements, and they would have spent the day more comfortably in their stores, shops and offices than they did. But it is the fashion to have such "Days," and, you know, "it is better to be out of the world than out of fashion."

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A growing, active boy puts clothing to its supreme test. It is the mother of such a boy who understands, as nobody else does, whether materials hold their color, are properly put together, and stand wear as they should.

Hundreds of mothers have told us how absolute is the satisfaction which

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TOILET REQUISITES
are a special feature this week.
SEE THEM—LOWEST IN TOWN.
Mennen's Talcum 19c. Colgate's Violet Talc. 19c.

— To one at all familiar with the subject it is tremendously tiresome to read the assinine prattle of the newspapers, and hear people gabble, about the pugnacity of English sparrows and their constant warfare on other birds. It makes one tired all over and wonder if Editors ever see things and think. Now, the simple fact is the English sparrows never fight or meddle with other birds. A case can't be produced where they ever attacked the robin, thrush, groundsparrow, oriole, or any other of the feathered tribe, nor do they fight among themselves, as many contend; and to make their erroneously supposed warlike nature an excuse for slaughtering the lively little fellows is as wicked as anything can be. The gypsy and browntail moth has no greater enemy on the face of the earth than the English sparrows, and for the good they render the farmer and orchardist, if for no other reason, their innocent lives should be spared.

— Mr. L. Waldo Thompson, a large real estate owner, as well as merchant, and Mr. E. Prior, Real Estate Agent, are authority for the statement that a greater number of dwellinghouses has been sold in this city since Jan. 1, 1903, than during the entire three years immediately preceding that date all put together. The statement is highly encouraging. This year, so far, Mr. Thompson has sold 5 houses, two by himself, and three through the Prior Agency, and both gentlemen say that the number would be greatly increased if the dwellings were to be had. Mr. Prior has on hand quite a batch of applications for purchase of real property in Woburn, and Mr. Thompson is absolutely certain that many houses, of the right kind and price, not cheap 8 and 10 dollar ones, would quickly find buyers were they here to sell. This certainly looks like prosperity for our city and an increase of population. The authority which we give for the above statements will be recognized as competent and of the best kind.

— Is it safe to predict that caps, after the lapse of 50 years, are to return and become a staple article in men's headgear? The present prevalence of them would seem to justify such a conclusion. Prior to the visit of the great Hungarian Patriot and Exile, Louis Kossuth, to America in 1851, the universal cutom was to wear fur and silk hats of the "plug" or "stovepipe" pattern, and cloth caps, with straw and palmleaf in the summer. The caps were more common than the hats, although without one or two of the latter, a choice one for Sunday, a man did not consider himself fully equipped with the necessaries of life. With the landing of Kossuth on these shores all this was changed. He introduced what was subsequently called the "Kossuth" hat into this country, which was a soft piece of masculine head furniture, with a single feather stuck in the band, a feature which failed to become Americanized. The "Kossuth" became exceedingly popular, so much so, indeed, as to drive caps out of use and give the "plug" a close shave for existence; in fact, there was a tremendous falling off in the use of that article, the fur going completely out of fashion, and the silk variety holding on barely by the skin of its teeth. In various shapes, and one or two kinds of materials, the "Kossuth" has held its ground for 50 years, and bids fair to continue to do so indefinitely. But the question is, are caps coming into general and permanent use again?

— On Wednesday, July 8, 1903, the *Addie Lawrence*, one of the only three 6-masted schooners afloat, sailed from Portland, Maine, light, for Newport News, Virginia, for a cargo of coal. She was manned by a Captain, first and second Mates, and 10 seamen of about as many nationalities. Her only passengers, and these complimentary, were Miss Mary L. Newhall and Miss Jennie Eaton of Fairfield, some of the citizens of which pleasant town on the Kennebec have considerable financial interests in the schooner, and whose master, a true sailor and courteous gentleman, has his home there. It was a 10 days sail, or more, from the Maine to the Virginia coast, blessed for the most part with bright skies and favorable winds, and it was especially pleasant for the young lady passengers to be accompanied for several days by the only 7 masted schooner ever launched from the stocks. Four days were spent at Newport News loading the vessel with 4,800 tons of coal, during which period officers, crew and passengers had a great time. The *Addie Lawrence* reached Boston, with her cargo of coal and passengers intact, early last Saturday evening, and shortly after striking the wharf Miss Newhall was with her friends in Woburn, a welcome guest, and as perfect a specimen of the poet's "nut brown maid" as any person ever laid eyes on. Salt water and briny breezes had done the business for her; but it will soon wear off. She and Miss Eaton enjoyed the voyage immensely, at least it was so reported to the JOURNAL.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

Not Over-Wise.

There is an old allegorical picture of a girl scared at a grass-hopper, but in the act of heedlessly treading on a snake. This is paralleled by the man who spends a large sum of money building a cyclone cellar, but neglects to provide his family with a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy as a safeguard against bowel complaints, whose victims outnumber those of the cyclone a hundred to one. This remedy is everywhere recognized as the most prompt and reliable medicine in use for these diseases. For sale by all druggists.

The Public Library.

The Trustees of the Woburn Public Library, at a meeting on Tuesday last, authorized the Librarian to open the Library for business, when permission was given by the Board of Health. In the meantime those persons having out books are requested to keep them until the time of opening. Owing to the scarlet fever epidemic the Library was closed during the whole month of July, and from the continuance of the epidemic may be closed for some time longer. Fines are not charged to those having out books overtime, as the Library is not open for business.

This notice is authoritative and is given in answer to many inquiries.

During the winter the Library was closed for two months on account of the coal famine. Never before in its history of nearly fifty years has it had so unfortunate a time about opening as in the past year.

The Figures.

The Woburn Board of Assessors closed up their work last Friday and the showing is a good one. We desire to put on record right here the fact that the Board is a good one; an intelligent one; and a working one. Let the figures talk:

City Tax—Appropriations $126,536; fixed charges $45,712.83; total $172,248.83; County tax, $11,756.53; State tax, $8,975.00; Metropolitan sewer, $9,939.86; Metropolitan parks, $4,572.87; State highway, $101.65; Executions, $1,015.00; grand total, $208,609.74.

Valuation figures:—

Personal estate: Ward 1, $405.076; ward 2, $558,904; ward 3, $119,024; ward 4, $575,930; ward 5, $279,876; ward 6, $73-781; ward 7, $29,632; total, $2,042,243.

Real estate—Ward 1, $1,650 054; ward 2, $1,506,300; ward 3, $1,478,243; ward 4, $2,128,061; ward 5, $691,690; ward 6, $960,-843; ward 7, $481,115.

Total personal, $2,042,243; total real, $8,895,806; total valuation, $10,938,049.

Polls by wards: Ward 1, 709; ward 2, 811; ward 3, 739; ward 4, 702; ward 5, 316; ward 6, 513; ward 7, 287.

Number of Polls, 4077; increase over last year, 22.

Tax rate, $18.50.

Tax rate 1902, $17.90.

Boston Theatres.

MUSIC HALL.

That popular Boston play house, Boston Music Hall, reopens its second season under the management of Stair and Wilbur this Saturday evening and the coming season promises to eclipse even last season in the number of excellent attractions which will be presented there during the season. Since Music Hall closed three weeks ago many extensive alterations have been made, the most conspicuous being the beautiful new Washington street entrance which has just been constructed and which now makes a direct connection between Washington and Tremont streets. The opening attraction at Music Hall will be Phil Hunt's powerful comedy drama, "Down by the Sea." This play is new to Boston but it has met with great success on the road and was selected as the opening attraction on account of the interesting story it tells. The usual daily matinees will be resumed on Monday afternoon and the same popular scale of prices will prevail. "Down by the Sea" will be followed on Monday August 17, by Howard Hall in "The Man Who Dared."

Local Notes.

— Double stamps at Copeland & Bowser's next week. See ad.

— Arthur K. Smith, jeweler at Hanson & Co's. and family, and Bert Stevens and family are taking their outing at Foster's Pond

— Rev. H. C. Townley, a former pastor of the First Baptist Church, will conduct the morning and evening services there next Sunday, Aug. 9.

— The star baseball game of the season was played by the Jones Court team against the Hudsons on Soule's Field last Tuesday afternoon. The Jones Courts won it by a score of 12 to 11, with a battery consisting of Brett, p; Olson, c; Larson, ss; Helfberg, 1b; Foy, 2b; Noyes, 3b. The feature of the game was the batting by D. Noyes.

Dysentery Cured Without the Aid of a Doctor.

"I am just up from a hard spell of the flux" (dysentery) says Mr. T. A. Pinner, a well known merchant of Drummond, Tenn. "I used one small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhoea Remedy and was cured without having a doctor. I consider it the best cholera medicine in the world." There is no need of employing a doctor when this remedy is used, for no doctor can prescribe a better medicine for bowel complaint in any form either for children or adults. It never fails and is pleasant to take. For sale by all druggists.

Resolutions.

At a regular meeting of the St. Chas. C. T. A. Society the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Supreme Architect of the Universe, to remove from our midst our late brother and honorary member, Thomas D. Hevey,

WHEREAS, The intimate relations held by the deceased, with the members of the Society render it proper that we should place on record, our appreciation of his services, therefore be it

Resolved, That while we bow with humble submission to the will of the Most High, we mourn the loss of our brother, who has been called away from our midst to rest.

Resolved, That in the death of Thomas D. Hevey, this Society loses a brother who was always active, zealous in his work as a member, ever ready to advance the interests of the Society, and to devote to its welfare and prosperity.

Resolved, That this Society tender its heartfelt sympathy to his sister, Mary E. Hevey, in her affliction, and of having these Resolutions suitably engrossed, framed and presented to the sister of the deceased, with the assurance of the most heartfelt sympathy of each and every member of this Society, and by having them printed in the Woburn *Daily Times*, The Woburn *News*, and WOBURN JOURNAL.

JOHN O'DONNELL,
CHARLES E. SMITH,
JAMES F. MCGOVERN,
WILLIAM E. ROONEY,
THOMAS J. JONES,
Committee on Resolutions.

Boy Cured of Colic After Physician's Treatment Had Failed.

My boy when four years old was taken with colic and cramps in his stomach. I sent for the doctor and he injected morphine, but the child kept getting worse. I then gave him half a teaspoonful of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and in half an hour he was sleeping and soon recovered.—F. L. WILKINS, Shell Lake, Wis. Mr. Wilkins is bookkeeper for the Shell Lake Lumber Co. For sale by all druggists.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—There will be no services during August. Reading room closed during August.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—9th Sunday after Trinity.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Evening Prayer at 7.
No Sunday School during July and August.
Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev. Norman E. Richardson, Acting Pastor. Subject: "Salvation by Faith in a Divine Personality."
12 M. Sunday School. All departments.
5.45 P. M., Mission Study Class.
6.30 P. M., Young People's Missionary Rally. Subject: "Our Work in Manila."
Monday, 7 P. M., Probationers Class.
Wednesday, 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by Rev. H. C. Townley, of Peeksill, N. Y.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Christian Endeavor Meeting.
7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching.
7.45 P. M., Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, July 30, William H. Juby, aged 29 years.

In this city, July 30, Margaret Flaherty, aged 21 years.

In this city, Aug. 1, Annie M. Thompson, aged 21 years, 5 months, 16 days.

In this city, August 3, Margaret Donahoe, aged 1 year.

In this city, August 6, Edward A. Brooks, aged 35 years, 8 months, 21 days. Services Sunday, Aug. 9, at 3 o'clock at 30 Mishawum Road.

Pork AND Lard Are Cheaper

Best Pure Lard,	10c per lb.
Pork,	10c " "
Peanut Butter,	15c " "
Queen Olives,	35c per qt.

We are headquarters for
Kennedy's Biscuits.
Call and see the great variety we keep.
DO YOU USE SALADA TEA?
☞ We sell it.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

For Sale.

THE RESIDENCE of the late John Johnson on Arlington Road, Woburn. Terms reasonable.
Inquire of
J. W. or E. F. JOHNSON.

TO LET.

No. 635 Main street, next to Mr. S. F. Trull's residence, near Mishawum Road, contains 10 rooms, bath, furnace, and 2 acres of land. Rent reasonable. Enquire of C. E. COOPER & CO., Mechanics Building.

Get Your Printing Done
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PAINTING · SPECIAL · FURNITURE · CARPETS · FABRICS · PAPERS · CRETONNES · TAFFETAS · LACES · RUGS

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8 BOSWORTH ST BOSTON MASS

An Opportunity To Fill Out Your Green Stamp Book.

Double Stamps for the week commencing Aug. 10.

2 Stamps instead of 1.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

The Boy with a BROWNIE

has the jolliest vacation.

Ever tried making pictures from start to finish yourself? It's fun with the right material.

Let us show you!
Brownie Cameras, $1 and $2.
Brownie Developing Machine, $2.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.

Mortgagee's Sale.

Pursuant to a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by James F. McKenna to the Stoneham Cooperative Bank dated August 5, 1902, and Recorded in Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds, libro 2986, folio 9, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises on

Saturday, the fifteenth day of August, A. D., 1903,

at five o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises therein described, to wit: a certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn and bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a point on the westerly side of Wade avenue one hundred and two and four tenths (102.4) feet southerly from the southerly side of Salem street; thence the line runs westerly by a line parallel with said Salem street bounding on land of the Trustees of Tufts College et als., one hundred and two and four-tenths (102.4) feet; thence running southerly on land last named by a line parallel with said Wade avenue fifty-one and two-tenths (51.2) feet; thence running easterly still by land last named by a line parallel with said Salem street one hundred and two and four-tenths (102.4) feet to Wade avenue; thence northerly on the westerly line Wade avenue fifty-one and two tenths (51.2) feet, containing five thousand and twenty (5020) square feet, more or less.

Terms at time of sale.

STONEHAM COOPERATIVE BANK,
By George N. Green, its Treasurer, Mortgagee.
J. A. STOCKWELL, Attorney,
10 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

RIVERDALE

BILLERICA, MASS.

Farm Plots on Easy Terms.

Half acre River Lots $10 down and and $5 per month, larger lots in proportion. Excellent location on the Shawsheen River, in Billerica, near Pinehurst Park, only 6 miles from Woburn; fine soil for fruit, vegetables and poultry; great opportunity to obtain small farms for homes, summer residences, or for outing purposes at a small expense. Canoeing, fishing, bathing and hunting. Take electrics from Woburn via Burlington, or address for plans and particulars,

E. P. SELLEW.
Billerica, Mass.

..Are.. You Particular

About your laundry? Let us try it. We please particular people.

Woburn Laundry
26 Montvale Ave.
Telephone 29 4.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
349 MAIN STREET, - WOBURN.
Tue., Thur., Sat., 7.30 to 9 P. M.

JOSLIN & MENDUM,
10 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
Tel. Main 3908-3.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co.

On and after June 1, 1903, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Burlington and Billerica at 5 45 a. m.

Leave Woburn for Burlington, Billerica and Lowell, at 6 45 a. m., hourly till 11.45 a. m, half hourly till 9 45 p. m, 10 15 and 10 45 p. m. to Billerica only.

Leave Lowell at 5 45 a. m., hourly till 11.45 a. m half hourly till 9 45 p. m.

Leave Billerica for Woburn or Lowell, at 6 30 a. m,, and hourly till 12 30 a. m, half hourly till 10 30 p. m. Also 11 and 11 30 p. m for Woburn.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6 55 a. m, hourly till 12 55 p. m., half hourly till 11 55 p. m.

Cars arrive at Woburn 7 15 a. m., hourly till 1 15 p. m., half hourly till 12.15 midnight, connecting at Woburn with B & M. trains for Boston at 7.12, 8 14, 9 06 a. m. and 4.11 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

First car leaves Woburn at 6 45 a. m., hourly till 9 45 a. m., half hourly till 10.45 p. m.

Leaves Billerica at 7.30 a. m., Lowell at 6.45 a. m.

For special cars or other information address C. W. E. HARRISON, Supt., Woburn, Mass.

Tel. 112-4.

RICHARD A. WHITE
Successor to E. A. Brooks,
Undertaker
— AND —
Funeral Supplies
Boarding and Livery Stable.
12 Park St., Woburn.
Telephone 54 - 3.

Literary Notices.

The title of Maurice Hewlett's new historical romance, which is appearing serially in THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE, has aroused discussion in literary circles Mr. Hewlett calls his novel The Queen's Quair, and people are asking the meaning of the word quair. The Century Dictionary defines quair as an obsolete form of quire. In the author's prologue, which appeared in the July number of THE METROPOLITAN, together with the early chapters of this remarkable story, Mr. Hewlett explains the unfamiliar term thus: A quair is a cashier, a quire, a little book. In one such a certain king wrote fairly the tale of his love business; and here, in this other, I pretend to show you all the tragic error, all the pain, known only to her that moved it, of that child of his children's children, Mary of Scotland. Published by The Metropolitan Magazine Company, New York. $1.50 a year; single copies, 15 cents.

An American residing in Rome secured for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE a magnificent collection of photographs—portraits of the Holy Father at different periods of his career, his relatives, scenes in Carpineto, Perugia, Rome; Papal Functions in the Vatican and St. Peter's; the existing Sacred College of Cardinals; the Holy Father's immediate entourage; the Noble, Swiss and Palantine Guards, in undress and gala uniform; and pilgrim groups of many types suggesting the world wide charge of the Sovereign Pontiff. This unique collection appears in the Memorial Number (issued with the regular August edition) as illustrative features of an exhaustive review of the Holy Father's life, supplemented by articles on the personnel of the Sacred College of Cardinals; the Modern Conclave; the Intervention of the Veto; and opinions of great men on the personality and pontificate of the late Leo XIII. Among the leading features of the regular August number are: Dispossessed Americans, by James Connolly, a description of the Compulsory Abandonment of Warner's Ranch; The Dramatic Year Reviewed, by John Talbot Smith; Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's Unpublished Letters, by Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.; Parliamentary and Extra Parliamentary Agitation in Ireland, by R. Barry O'Brien; and The Irish Party in the House of Commons, by Michael MacDonagh, who for sixteen years has reported the proceedings of the House.

WINCHESTER.

No decent minded case of malaria would think for a moment of bucking against Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets. They are sure death to grip or malaria.

The Chairman of the Building Committee having returned from Europe it is expected that work on the new schoolhouse will now go ahead at a 2.40 gait.

Last week it was the "Garbage Question" that agitated the public mind here. The town is divided into two strong warring factions, one of which favors town control and work, and the other is "agin it." The consensus of present opinion is that the work is poorly done under the present management.

Whipple & Andrews is the name of a recently formed firm of real estate dealers in this town, the members of which seem to have the elements of success in their makeup, and will, therefore, no doubt, do well. They have bought the C. E. Smith Agency, and stand ready to transact all kinds of real estate business.

Last week's instalment of Mr. Abijah Thompson's "Town History" gives a complete and highly interesting account of the Richardsons who were among the first settlers of Woburn, and have been more numerous than families in general. There still exist many people of that name in Winchester, which was until 1850 a part of Woburn. They have not only always been noted for their good sense and honesty, but for solidity of character. Mr. N. A. Richardson is one of the oldest of the passing generation and a reliable historian of the Clan.

In the issue of the *Star* of July 31, ult., appeared a reproduction from the *Christian Register* of an able and interesting review of the career of one of the most prominent and most public spirited citizens of this town, Mr. Edwin Ginn, from the pen of L. A. Maynard. Mr. Ginn is a reformer and philanthropist, as well as an enterprising and successful business man in Boston. He is a native of the little rural town of Orland, Maine; one of the smart, wideawake, get-up-and-get boys that can't be stopped from achieving success; a graduate of Tufts College; and a big hearted, open fisted, high grade man, of whom Winchester is very properly proud.

Mrs. Mollie Allen, of South Fork, Ky., says she has prevented attacks of cholera morbus by taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets when she felt an attack coming on. Such attacks are usually caused by indigestion and these Tablets are just what is needed to cleanse the stomach and ward off the approaching attack. Attacks of bilious colic may be prevented in the same way. For sale by all druggists.

When you want a physic that is mild and gentle, easy to take and certain to act, always use Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. For sale by all druggists.

Birds That Exercise Ingenuity.

Birds building on high trees are not so wary about the concealment of their nests as hedge builders and those that seek the springing corn or grass land for the shelter of their homes, trusting to the loftiness of situation for security. A nest placed upon the ground is in constant danger of exposure. A browsing animal might destroy it. Then the scythe with one sweep occasionally lays bare one or more nests, thereby endangering the eggs or callow nestlings. This renders the parent birds very wary and causes them to practice great ingenuity in their efforts to protect the young birds.

The skylark has been known to carry its egg or offspring to a place of safety after an exposure of the nest, and it has been said its long hind claw—the use of which has puzzled many naturalists—is specially adapted by nature for more easily grasping and transporting its treasures from the source of danger. When the young birds are too bulky to be thus removed the parent bird carries them on its back, though this mode of removal is a somewhat difficult one.—London Tit-Bits.

Jefferson and the Patent Office.

The first patron of our patent system was Thomas Jefferson, who during three years gave his personal attention to every application for a patent. He used to call the secretary of war and the attorney general to examine and scrutinize with him, and they did it so thoroughly that in one year—the first—they granted only three patents. The very first patent of all was given to Samuel Hopkins in 1790 for pearl ashes. Mr. Jefferson held that the patent system was not one for creating revenue, but for encouraging a production of that which is to be of benefit to the whole people. In the first twelve years a single clerk in the state department and a few pigeonholes were all that the business of the office required. Then a Dr. Thornton took charge of it and devoted himself to it as to a hobby.

Spiders Like Music.

A violinist says spiders are notoriously and historically fond of music. At one of his performances the concert hall was made disagreeable by a sudden invasion of spiders, which were drawn by his violin out from the cracks and crannies of the ancient building. They crawled about the floor and on to the stage, and he could see the annoyed audience stamping on the insects. The writer adds that he has known a small garden snake to be attracted by piano playing and a young calf to whisk his tail and prance about most gleefully at the first notes of a French horn. His neck would curve about proudly, his hoofs tread lightly and his ears wag joyously when the tooting began, and he never quieted down till the music ceased.

Peculiar Privileges.

The speaker of the house of commons has several peculiar privileges. Every year he receives a gift from the master of the buckhounds of a buck and doe killed in the royal preserves. This custom goes back so far that there is no record of it. Later in the year the speaker receives another tribute from a different source. The donors on the second occasion are the Cloth Workers' company of London, who send to the speaker of the house of commons and to several of his majesty's ministers a generous width of the best broadcloth to be found in England.

Her Audience.

"How are you getting on with your music, my dear?" inquired a lady of her niece.

"Well, of course," replied the niece diffidently, "it wouldn't be proper of me to compliment myself, but some of the neighbors have told me they have stayed awake at night for hours listening to my playing."

WORK AND LOOK YOUNG.

You Will Succeed If Your Heart Is In Your Labor.

Is it hard work that makes people grow old or is it because they do not have enough to do, or, rather, do not find the thing they are best fitted to do?

The hardest worked people in the world are the actresses, yet some of them, without mentioning names, are sixty and some play the parts of lovers and boisterous young tomboys at an even greater age.

The Americans are the hardest worked people in the world, yet foreigners call us a young looking nation. Nothing makes a people look so young as liberty. There is none of the cramped, caste restricted blight upon our people that is seen in Europe. The oldest looking people in the world are not those who have worked hardest, but those who have not worked at all. If one would see them he wants to go to the fashionable watering places. There he will see comparatively young men and women who have never worked, either with body or mind, driven around in bath chairs or hobbling about on canes, while men absorbed in business are often quite robust at seventy.

Where hard work ever killed a man laziness and inaction have killed a score. It is the class that feels above work that nature has little use for. Work and look young!—Boston Globe.

The Rock That Moses "Smote."

The famous "Rock in Horeb," anciently called the "Rock of Massah" and at present known throughout the orient as the "Stone of the Miraculous Fountain," being the identical rock which Moses struck with his rod in order to give water to the children of Israel, is religiously preserved and guarded even down to this late date. Dr. Shaw in his book "Shaw's Travels" says, "It is a block of granite about six yards square lying tottering and loose in the middle of the valley of Rephidim and seems to have originally been a part of Mount Sinai."

The action of the waters of that miraculous fountain, as related in the seventeenth chapter of Exodus, hollowed a channel about two inches deep and more than twice that broad across the face of the rock, this not upon unsupported testimony, but upon the word of such men as the Rev. Dr. Shaw, Dr. Pocock, Lieutenant Clogher and other eminent scholars and travelers. M. Beaumgorton, a German nobleman who visited the "Rock of Horeb" in the year 1507, declares his belief in the generally accepted story of it being the rock of Moses' famous fountain.

Famous Moated Houses.

The moat which so often surrounded halls and castles in the old days is now generally dry and filled up, but some remarkable specimens still remain. Perhaps the finest example of a moated house is Helmingham Hall, the seat of Lord Tollemache, in Suffolk, about eight miles from Ipswich. The drawbridge still remains, and it has been raised every night for more than 300 years, the ancient precaution being observed even though the need for it has long passed by. The moat which surrounds Leeds castle, near Maidstone, is so wide that it may almost be called a lake. The ancient Episcopal palace at Wells is surrounded by walls which inclose nearly seven acres of ground and by a moat which is supplied with water from St. Andrew's well. A venerable bridge spans the moat, giving access through a tower gateway to the outer court.—London Standard.

Life After Death.

A German biologist has been investigating the question of the activity of animal bodies after death and has published some suggestive conclusions. It appears that death is not instantaneous throughout the physical organism, for it has been observed that many of the different tissues continue active for a considerable period after the time when the animal is assumed to be dead, particularly in the case of the lower animals. Cells from the brain of a frog, for example, have been kept alive for over a week when held in certain solutions, and the heart of a frog has been known to beat for many hours after being removed from the dead body. The hearts of turtles and snakes will beat for days or even a week after death.—Harper's Weekly.

One Was Enough.

"You love my daughter?" said the old man.

"Love her!" he exclaimed passionately. "Why, I could die for her! For one soft glance from those sweet eyes I would hurl myself from yonder cliff and perish, a bleeding, bruised mass, upon the rocks 200 feet below!"

The old man shook his head.

"I'm something of a liar myself," he said, "and one is enough for a small family like mine."

His Bad Memory.

"I suppose," said the condoling neighbor, "that you will erect a handsome monument to your husband's memory?"

"To his memory!" echoes the tearful widow. "Why, poor John hadn't any. I was sorting over some of the clothes he left today and found the pockets full of letters I had given him to mail."

Heated.

Jones—Wonder what made Mrs. Sutton look so heated when she picked up that photograph from her husband's office desk?

Jaynes—Good reason for becoming heated. It was one of his old flames, you know.—Boston Transcript.

Betting Philosophy.

"Do you think that betting is wrong?"

"It depends on circumstances," answered the town oracle. "If you can't afford to lose it's wrong; if you can it's merely silly."—St. Louis Lumberman.

Willing He Should Smoke.

"Any objections to my smoking here?" asked the offensively cheerful man as the vessel gave another disquieting lurch.

"None," replied the pale chap in the steamer chair, "here—or hereafter!"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Following the Races.

Spoart—You say he follows the race horses. He looks prosperous.

Nervitt—Yes; the race horses keep him busy.

Spoart—Bookmaker?

Nervitt—No; pawnbroker.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Safe Side.

"You'll be sorry some day that you didn't get married if you don't."

"Well, I'd rather not be married and be sorry I wasn't than to be married and be sorry I was."—San Francisco Wasp.

He who brings ridicule to bear against truth finds in his hand a blade without a hilt.—Landor.

SAVED HIS FINGER.

The Faithful Brahman Felt, However, That He Had Lost Caste.

One day a Brahman accidentally touched some unclean object with his little finger. The Brahman thought that now, his little finger having become unclean, any substance which it would touch would be also rendered unclean and thus make him an unclean man. Seeing no other way to get out of the scrape he resolved to get the offending member amputated. Forthwith he went to a carpenter and explained to him that unless the finger was cut off he (the Brahman) was unable to take food. The carpenter tried to dissuade the devotee and urged that an application of some drops of water from the sacred river Gunga would make the finger once more holy, but the Brahman persisted. He said that the finger was of no use to him any longer and that he would not rest until it was severed.

As a final recourse the carpenter resolved to play his awkward customer a trick. He told the Brahman to put his finger on an anvil and to look to the sky while the wound was inflicted. The Brahman did so. The carpenter took up a hatchet and gave the finger a smart blow with the back of it. This elicited a cry of pain from the patient, who at once put the finger in his mouth to allay the agony. The carpenter, laughing, explained to the Brahman that the blow had missed and the little finger was still entire; and, worst of all, the Brahman had defiled himself by putting the finger into his mouth. The obliging operator, moreover, offered to perform the operation once more, but the Brahman had had enough pain for the nonce and declined with thanks.—Golden Penny.

Some Mustache History.

What is the history of the mustache? In Greece and Rome no mustaches were worn without beards, but in the conquering days of the Roman empire several half civilized races who had come partially under the influence of the Romans and who wished to be rid of the name of barbari, or wearers of beards, attempted to shave in imitation of their conquerors; but, as they had very imperfect implements for the purpose and as the upper lip is notoriously the hardest part of the face to shave in the case of any one poorly skilled in the art, they were unable to make a clean job of it and left a quantity of hair on the upper lip.

This mark was characteristic of several nations on the confines of Roman civilization, of the Gauls in particular, of the Daciens and some others. The Latin language has no word for mustache. This barbarous accident was unworthy of the honor of a Roman name.—Exchange.

The Dinner Hour.

It is a curious fact that with almost every generation the dinner hour has undergone a change, the principal meal of the day being eaten at different periods, from 10 o'clock in the morning until 10 o'clock at night. The author of "The Pleasures of the Table" points out that in England 400 or 500 years ago people took four meals—breakfast at 7, dinner at 10, supper at 4 and livery at 8. In France in the thirteenth century 9 in the morning was the dinner hour; Henry VII. dined at 11. In Cromwell's time 1 o'clock had come to be the fashionable hour and in Addison's day 2 o'clock, which gradually was transformed into 4. Pope found fault with Lady Suffolk for dining so late as 4. Four and 5 continued to be the popular dining hours among the aristocracy until the second decade of the nineteenth century, when dinner was further postponed, from which period it has steadily continued to encroach upon the evening.

A Fling at Tennyson.

In the "New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle" is a letter to her husband in which occurs the following amusing little fling at Tennyson:

"Did you know that Alfred Tennyson is to have a pension of £200 a year, after all? Peel has stated his intention of recommending him to her gracious majesty, and that is considered final—'A chacun selon sa capacite!' Lady Harriet told me he wanted to marry; 'must have a woman to live beside; would prefer a lady, but cannot afford one, and so must marry a maidservant.' Mrs. Henry Taylor said she was about to write to him in behalf of their housemaid, who was quite a superior character in her way."

Teeth.

Small, chalk white teeth are a sign of a weak constitution. Strong, normal teeth are large and yellowish white. Sometimes an enthusiastic novelist in depicting the charms of his heroine will give her two rows of pearls between her ruby lips. The truth of the matter is nothing could be more ghastly or unnatural or unbecoming than teeth made of pearls. It is only "store teeth" that possess a high polish.

He Knew a Way.

Anxious Father—But, my boy, unless you study you will know nothing. You will make no money with which to buy things.

Young Hopeful—That's nothing. I'll have everything charged, and I'll keep on that way till I get married.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

What's Before Them.

"These young society buds are mere butterflies," said the Rev. Mr. Straitlace. "They have no thought of the future life."

"Of the future life?" replied Miss Innit. "Oh, but they do! Matrimony is always in their thoughts."—Exchange.

When a great calamity befalls one, how it lightens it to talk about it after it is over!—Atchison Globe.

How It Affected Him.

Mrs. Brownovich—I understand your husband is seriously ill.

Mrs. Smithinsky—Yes; he's too ill to do anything except make good resolutions.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

It Might Be.

"Is kissing dangerous?"

"Well, I wouldn't try it on an athletic girl without her consent."—Chicago Post.

Plain Reasons.

Harry—Blanche says she has insuperable reasons for remaining single.

Horace—Yes, I know what they are.

Harry—Then she has told you?

Horace—No, but I have seen her.—Boston Transcript.

A woman's idea of anticipation is to pack her trunk two weeks before she expects to start on a trip.—Atchison Globe.

Clap an extinguisher upon your irony if you are unhappily blessed with a vein of it.—Lamb.

A Sailor of Bravery.

What threatened to be one of the worst disasters in the history of shipping was the burning of the Ocean Monarch. The fire was discovered in her fore hold an hour or two only after she left the Mersey. There was a strong breeze, and she was headed for the Welsh coast.

By some unlucky accident an anchor was dropped, and the big ship was brought up all standing head to the wind. The flames came roaring aft, where 600 passengers and crew were crowded.

A Brazilian frigate, a yacht and a pilot boat were near, but they only attempted to pick up those who jumped and swam. Suddenly up came an American clipper and rounded into the wind barely 200 yards away. In her first boat was Frederick Jerome, only an able seaman, but one of the bravest seamen that ever lived. In a flash his boat was alongside the burning ship, and he climbed on deck amid the scorch and smother. There he stayed until the last soul of 600 was saved. His clothes were on fire seven separate times, and he was scorched almost beyond recognition. His only reward was the medal of the American Humane society.—Pearson's.

The Zodiacal Light.

The name of "zodiacal light" has been given to a singular appearance frequently witnessed soon after sunset or just before sunrise. It may be seen at all seasons of the year in low latitudes and is obviously due to illuminated matter surrounding the sun in a very flat or lenticular form, nearly coinciding with the plane of the ecliptic, or, rather, with the sun's equator. The attention of astronomers was first directed to it in the year 1683 by Cassini and was long regarded as being the sun's atmosphere. This idea, it is now thought, is incorrect, it being generally believed at the present time to consist of an immense assemblage of rocks, sand, cosmical dust, fragments of metal, etc., such as the earth is continually encountering in the form of aerolites or meteorites. It may not be out of place to mention in this connection that the rings of Saturn are believed to be composed of similar materials.

The Decadence.

Mr. Herlihy looked at his latest photograph, taken in his Sunday clothes, and his gaze bespoke keen disappointment.

"Oi'd never 'a' had this tuk if it hadn't been for thim children telling me about the improvements in photographing," he muttered, holding the card upon which his likeness was mounted farther and farther away. "Improvements is it? Oi'd loike to show this pictur' soide be soide wid the wan Oi had twinty years ago and lave it to annybody which o' thim two made the betther man o' me. There's an old, anxious, toired out look to this new wan that was niver in the other.

"There may be improvements in photographing," said Mr. Herlihy as he deposited the cabinet sized card face down in his table drawer, "but Oi've yit to see thim."—Youth's Companion.

Ether Vibrations.

The effect of movements in the ether depends upon the rapidity of the vibrations producing them. The unit of measurement for short waves in the ether is the bicron, which is about one twenty-five millionth of an inch. Waves measuring 380 to 810 bicrons affect our sense of sight, the former number giving violet and the latter red color. The invisible rays, to which the actinic and Roentgen rays belong, are shorter and have been measured as short as 100 bicrons. Ether waves longer than those giving light give the feeling of warmth. The longest heat waves are eight times the length of those of the red rays, or one three hundred and fiftieth of an inch.

Medical Perils.

In Baluchistan when a physician gives a dose he is expected to partake of a similar one himself as a guarantee of his good faith. Should the patient die under his hands the relatives, though they rarely exercise it, have the right of putting him to death unless a special agreement has been made freeing him from all responsibility as to consequences, while if they should decide upon immolating him he is fully expected to yield to his fate like a man.

Willing to Compromise.

Mamma—Oh, you bad boy! Where have you been all this time? Don't you think you should be ashamed to worry your mother so?

The Boy—Well, ma, I'm willin' to be ashamed that I worried you if you'll promise not to tell pa anything that 'll worry me.—Boston Journal.

Ibsen's Gruffness.

In 1891 Georg Brandes happened to be with some friends at Sandviken, near Christiania, when they heard that Ibsen was staying at the local hotel. They decided to invite him to dinner, but he declined when he was told that there would be nine persons at the banquet. "I never dine with so large a party," he said. Finally he was persuaded to say "Yes," but in the meantime the number of persons whose request to be present Brandes could not possibly refuse had grown to twenty-two. Ibsen was furious when he discovered this, but Brandes managed to get him to the dining room, where, however, the poet looked so forbidding that champagne had to be served immediately after the soup to give courage to the guests. Ibsen acted like a bear all the evening. When one of the guests, an actress, remarked that she liked his roles better than any others he answered gruffly: "I do not write any roles. I represent characters, and I never work for any actor or actress."

Too Realistic.

"There lived in my town," said a Connecticut man, "a poor, half witted man who made a kind of mania of his religion. He used to go every afternoon to a lonely field, and, kneeling there behind a bank of earth, he would pray at the top of his lungs for thirty or forty minutes at a time. Some of us boys would follow him now and then, hide on the other side of the mound and listen to him with wonderment.

"One afternoon he prayed about his sins. He vowed that he was the wickedest man that had ever been created. He declared that he deserved death. He begged the Lord to put an end to him by toppling over the embankment on him then and there.

"The ringleader of our crowd was up near the top of the mound, and at this point he shoved down on the kneeling man a great load of loose soil. Instantly the poor fellow sprang to his feet and ran away home.

"'It's an awful world, this,' he said to a friend later. 'You can't say a thing in fun but what it's taken in earnest.'"

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ON THE SPECIAL

By F. B. Wright

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"Late! Oh, no; not the north bound train! It can't be! Are you sure?"

There was a sing in the voice that caught Hugh Morton's attention. He looked up. The girl in black who had interested him when she entered the waiting room three hours before was at the ticket window, and the agent was explaining that the night train due at Bellmar Junction at 10:30 was two hours late. Morton himself was waiting for that train.

"Yes, miss, I'm certain. Just received word. Twelve thirty anyway, and it may be later."

"But the train from Parkerville on the other road gets in at 11:20, doesn't it? Isn't there some train out of here before it comes? Anything—a freight!"

"No'm; nothing until the fifty-three," answered the man in a surprised tone. He leaned forward to see the girl more plainly, and she drew aside in confusion.

"Thank you. I'll have to wait, then. It doesn't matter at all," she said in a voice whose trembling showed that it mattered very much. Then she went out on the platform, leaving Morton wondering.

Why was she so pale? Why was she so impatient to get away? Why so anxious to leave before the train from Parkerville arrived? He puzzled over the question for awhile and went outside for a smoke. Then he heard a sob from a dark corner. The girl was seated on a truck crying so bitterly that she did not hear Morton as he approched, moved by a generous impulse.

"You are in some trouble? Can't I be of some help?"

The girl raised her head with a start, hurriedly wiping away the tears. "No; it's beyond help—I mean it's nothing."

"There's nothing beyond help. Won't you tell me the trouble? You don't know me, of course, but I hope you can see I'm a gentleman."

The girl seemed to shrink from him. "It's nothing—mere nervousness. It was kind in you to ask, though, and I thank you. I would accept it if it could do any good."

With an apology for his intrusion Morton moved away. He tramped the platform for awhile and then stopped in the shadow by the station window. He had learned telegraphy years before, and it amused him to read the clicking of the key. There was the best part of a message coming in now. Click-click, click, click-click-click—"dress—slender—brown hair—twenty-two; sheriff up on 12 if there." When the message ended the agent glanced out on the platform toward where the girl was seated. Then he telegraphed back, "Girl here; can't leave; 55 late."

So this was the reason of the girl's agitation, thought Morton. She had committed some crime, poor thing, and the law was on her track; the law, so powerful and relentless; she so helpless and alone. Morton had an instant vision of the slight, graceful figure and the pale face and in that instant made up his mind. He went toward her and spoke in an undertone:

"I've accidentally learned something which concerns you very much. I don't know what the trouble is, but they are coming here after you, and I felt I must warn you."

The girl started up with clasped hands. "Oh, I've been afraid of this! What can I do, what can I do?"

"There's no time to lose. The sheriff will be here in fifteen minutes. You must get away."

"How? There's no chance. Oh, if only my train had been on time!" The girl broke down and sobbed.

"Here! Don't do that. You must keep your nerve, you know." Morton's brain was working quickly. "Listen. If the sheriff doesn't find you here when he arrives he'll think you are in the neighborhood surely, and he'll stop to search the village. That will take him until morning. The next station north is Newboro—fifteen miles. We have over an hour in which to make it. Will you take the chance?"

"Yes—any chance. I haven't really done anything wrong—and if I can escape"—

"Quick, then! Go over to that shed on the other tracks and wait."

The girl disappeared, and Morton sauntered into the waiting room. "I've a bad headache and decided I'd better not travel. Will the hotel be open?"

"Open until 55 comes in."

"Much obliged. Good night."

Morton picked up his satchel and started toward the hotel. Then he doubled across the tracks to where the girl was waiting.

"Hurry! There's not much time to lose," he said. He had noticed that afternoon a hand car on a siding near the street and went to it.

"Help me to push it," he directed. "Easy, though. The agent must not hear."

Together they shoved the car gently along the rails and into the darkness. Far off they heard the whistle of the sheriff's train.

Morton waited until it thundered up to the station. "Now," he cried, "we must push ahead. Their noise will drown ours."

They jumped aboard and, grasping the levers, started off and in a moment were swinging northward under the stars, with the station lights growing fainter in the distance.

The pumping was hard, for the grade was uphill, and for half an hour nothing was heard but the clanking stroke of the levers, the pounding of the wheels and the labored breathing of the man and woman. The girl looked exhausted, and Morton felt as though there was a glowing furnace in his chest. How long could he last out? he wondered. Then he felt the car run easier, and then—they had reached the crest of the grade and started downward. Morton looked at his watch. It was 12 o'clock.

"We make it now," he said. "You rest."

The girl sank wearily upon the platform, while the car sped through woods and meadows, rattled over bridges and rumbled past walls of rock.

"I wish I could ever thank you," she said, looking up, her face clear in the soft starlight.

"You have thanked me—many times."

"But I mean in words. I don't know what I would have done if you had not helped me. May I tell you why I am running away?"

"You needn't unless you wish. I know you've done nothing wrong. You couldn't."

"I want to tell you. I couldn't bear—at least—I mean I want you to understand. It wasn't wrong. I don't think you'll say it was wrong. You see, my mother died a few days ago—and, oh, I loved her so!—and my stepfather hated me. He was cruel to me and cruel to her even at the last. After she was buried he was worse than ever, and yesterday he told me I must leave his house. I was glad to go—only too glad. I asked him for my mother's little trinkets, things she had had as a girl, a few little bits of jewelry my own father had given her and her picture. She told him on her deathbed they were to be mine. But when I asked for them he refused me; said the law gave them to him. I told him I would take them, and he threatened me with the jail if I did; told me he would have me dragged through the streets like a common criminal.

"Today he left the house for a moment, and I broke open his desk and took them and ran away. I thought I could reach the city before he could catch me, and, once there, he would never find me, and I could live happily alone."

The girl hid her face and cried. Morton longed to comfort her, but he felt it was best to let her have her cry out.

"You are going alone to the city, with no plans, no money, knowing no one?" he asked when she became quieter.

"I can be lost there and safe from him. I can find work. I'm not afraid."

He returned no answer, but the thought of this friendless, innocent, unprotected girl exposed to all the dangers of a great city was more than unpleasant.

The car was slackening speed now, and far up the road were the lighted windows of a station. Morton brought the car to a standstill.

"We must ditch it," he said. And together they lifted and tugged until the machine was down the bank. Then in silence they went on to the station, and Morton bought tickets from a sleepy clerk.

"Would you mind telling me your name?" he asked as they walked together in the darkness.

"Mildred Clarke. I feel as though you knew it, you've been so good, so kind—as kind as a friend could be, if I had one."

Far down the track sounded the whistle of 55.

"Mildred, I want to be more than a friend. You put your trust in me to help you tonight. Won't you trust me longer? Let me help you for all my life?"

The light of the engine fell full upon the upturned face of the girl.

"Yes," she said softly.

Then the night express bore them forward "to that new world which is the old."

Twain's Suggestion.

Mark Twain in his youthful days was a reporter in Carson City. It was his duty one evening to report a meeting of the city council, whose president was a ponderous statesman given to sounding words and intellectual confusion. A motion was made to expunge from the records a certain matter which the presiding officer was extremely anxious should not become part of local history. The motion, having been seconded, was eagerly passed.

"The matter has been ordered expunged," declared the presiding councilman gravely, "and the clerk will proceed—to expunge. It should be effectually wiped out, obliterated and totally destroyed." He paused to notice the effect of his sentence of annihilation. "Where, gentlemen," he asked, "will you have the expunged matter deposited and placed?"

Mark Twain caught the attention of the councilman nearest him. "Let the expunged matter be worn under the chairman's hat," he suggested. "No one would ever think of looking there for anything."

Major Pond and Bill Nye.

More than one successful lecture star had to thank Major Pond for his start. He had keen discrimination and not infrequently sought out and dragged upon the lecture platform an obscure genius who never thought to see himself before the footlights. Such a genius was Bill Nye. When the major found him he was acting as postmaster and editing the Laramie Boomerang over a livery stable. ("Walk down the alley, twist the gray mule's tail, take the elevator immediately!")

Pond persuaded him to try lecturing, and as there proved to be both money and useful publicity in it, Nye was grateful and used for years to remember the major with characteristic notes, one of which had the following exhaustive signature:

Yours with a heart full of gratitude and a system full of drugs, paints, oil, turpentine, glass, putty and everything usually kept in a first class drug store.

BILL NYE.

P. S.—Open all night.

—Boston Transcript.

Du Chaillu's Vain Hunt.

Paul Du Chaillu was the most gallant of bachelors and always openly confessed that he was quite unable to resist the wiles of the fair sex, so much so that he had never been able to choose between them. On one occasion when he was "the lion" at a reception given by some intimate friends in New York the hostess in presenting him to one of her guests said:

"Let me present you to Mrs. ——. You must know her, Paul, because she has just written a book."

"A book, madam!" he exclaimed. "Then, indeed, am I most delighted to meet her. I once made a book myself. But what is the title of your book?"

"The name of it is 'What One Woman Thinks,'" was the smiling response.

"Ah, indeed, and most interesting! 'What One Woman Thinks!'" repeated the great explorer. And then, with a simulated excitement, he added hastily: "But where can I procure a copy of it? I must have it at once—immediately. All my life I have been trying in vain to find out what women think, and if before I die I shall succeed in finding out just what one woman thinks I shall then indeed die content."—New York Times.

A Picturesque Statesman.

The El Dorado Republican gives a picture of an early statesman and his picturesque attire: When the Hon. David L. McCabe was elected to the legislature from Butler county in 1865 and went to Topeka to be sworn in he astonished not only the natives, but everybody else, as he was the most gorgeously dressed statesman that Kansas had ever produced. He was very dark, with long black hair. On his head was a coonskin cap, the tail of the coonskin hanging gracefully down his back. His coat was made of wolfskins nicely tanned and lined with red flannel. Six handsome tails hung from his coat tails and flapped in the breeze as he meandered up to the speaker's desk to take the oath. He wore a spotted doeskin vest, buckskin knee breeches, handsomely fringed; top boots, gloves made of beaver skin, a watch chain done in beadwork, a flannel shirt with a flaming red bandanna pocket handkerchief around his neck, and it is needless to say he created a sensation.

THE FIRST STOVES.

They Superseded the Roman Stuba In the Eighteenth Century.

A heating apparatus called a "stuba" (stove) was widely used among the higher class of Romans before the beginning of the Christian era. This class of heaters was fixed and immovable, besides being in several other respects wholly different from the modern stove. In Germany and Scandinavia they were used in bath rooms and hothouses during the middle ages. They were usually constructed of brick, stone or tile and were of immense size. They sometimes covered the whole side of a twenty or thirty foot room and often extended out into the room as much as ten feet, in which case the smooth, flat top was used for a bedstead, the heated surface imparting an agreeable feeling of warmth during those cold nights of long ago when such things as covers were quite rare.

Cardinal Polignac of France was perhaps the first to attempt the construction of a stove wholly of iron, this at about the beginning of the eighteenth century. The first real improvement over the old Roman "stuba" was brought about by Franklin in the year 1745. One of his efforts produced a typical base burner, almost perfect and a model of workmanship. Stoves were not used in private houses to any great extent prior to the year 1830.

A Piscatorial Gunner.

The jaculator fish, the piscatorial gunner of the Javan lakes, uses his mouth as a squirt gun and is a marksman of no mean ability. Go to a small lake or pond filled with specimens of jaculators, place a stake or pole in the water with the end projecting from one to three feet above the surface, place a beetle or fly on top of the pole and await developments. Soon the water will be swarming with finny gunners, each anxious for a shot at the tender morsel which the experimenter has placed in full view. Presently one comes to the surface, steadily observes his prey and measures the distance. Instantly he screws his mouth into the funniest shapes imaginable, discharges a stream of water with precision equal to any sharpshooter, knocks the fly or beetle into the water, where he is instantly devoured by the successful Nimrod or some of his hungry horde. This sport may be kept up as long as the supply of beetles and flies holds out.

Odors of Flowers.

It is a remarkable fact that although there are nearly or quite 100,000 flowering plants known the relative number having odor is wonderfully small, not more than 10 per cent, in fact. In connection with this it is noteworthy that because one species of flower is endowed with sweet odor it does not necessarily follow that all or nearly all or even a fair proportion of the other species of the same family will be as favorably endowed. An illustration of this is found in the familiar mignonette. There are some fifty species of this genus known, and of them all, but one has any fragrance. Nor is it certain that the most insignificant looking flower has the greatest fragrance or the most gorgeously colored likely to be without odor, thus seemingly disproving the theory that color and fragrance are given flowers for the purpose of attracting insects to assist in cross fertilization.

Buying a Wife.

In Uganda a man can buy a handsome wife for four bulls, a box of cartridges and six needles, and if he has the luck to go a-wooing when woman happens to be a drug in the market he can buy a suitable damsel for a pair of shoes. A Kaffir girl is worth, according to the rank of her family, from four to ten cows, and in Tartary no father will surrender his daughter unless he gets a good quantity of butter in return, and in certain parts of India no girl can marry unless her father has been pacified by a present of rice and a few rupees.

How the Orient Gets Its Flour.

"Two women shall be grinding at the mill." In the east the day's supply of meal is ground each morning by two women, who sit opposite each other on a large, clean cloth, with the small millstones between them. They push the upper stone around and around by means of a stick standing upright in a hole in one side, both women holding it. They usually sing as they grind.

The Trouble With Him.

"Well, suh," said Brother Dickey, "I 'fraid Br'er Jinkins will never git along in de worl'!"

"Why, what de matter with him?"

"Only dis: He skeered er thunder en he can't dodge lightnin'!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Logical Woman.

Euphemia—Professor, I suppose you would be afraid to marry a logical woman?

Professor—Oh, no; if she was really logical I could convince her once in awhile.—Exchange.

Filing It.

Wantanno—Why did Mrs. Enpeck speak in such a rasping tone to her husband?

Duzno—She was simply filing her answer.—Baltimore American.

Fell Short.

"Mamma, mamma, Georgie struck me on the chin!"

"Why did he do that?"

"'Cause he couldn't reach my nose."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Dog Very Much Stuck Up.

"What is the matter with Fido?"

"Oh, isn't it horrid? I gave him to the laundress to wash, and she starched him."—Stray Stories.

Drinks and Drops.

"Jenkins must be a pretty straight fellow. Dobbins tells me he never drinks a drop."

"So? You probably misunderstood Dobbins. What he said must have been that Jenkins never drops a drink."—Baltimore News.

Sure Remedy Not Available.

Rev. Pastor—Mrs. Wakely tells me they have a great deal of trouble in getting their baby to sleep.

Mrs. Temple—I suppose it is too young to take to church.—Stray Stories.

Rivals.

Percy—My papa owns a newspaper.

Jimmie—Dat's nuthin'. I buy and sell sixty of 'em every day!—New York Times.

Did universal charity prevail earth would be a heaven and hell a fable.—Cotton.

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible.—Bovee.

PLUCKING SHEEP.

Shearing Process Not Used In Shetland on Pure Bred Animals.

The pure bred sheep in Shetland are not shorn, but plucked. The process takes place generally in June, when the fleece is "ripe" and the silky wool can be pulled off without pain.

This is called "rooing" and is much less damaging to the young fiber than clipping with shears. The wool when thus handled retains its peculiar softness, so that any one of experience can tell whether the material of a knitted article has been plucked or shorn. It ripens first upon the neck and shoulders, so that sheep half pulled resemble in some sort a poodle that is clipped.

We must suppose that harsher handling prevailed at one time, for we read that in 1616 the Scottish privy council spoke of the custom as still kept up "in some remote and uncivil places," and James I. wrote to tell them that it had been put down in Ireland under penalty of a fine. Upon this they passed an act on March 17, 1616, deploring the destruction of sheep thus caused and imposing similar fines on those who should persist in the practice.

The Tropic Home.

White men's homes in India, the West Indies, west Africa and other parts of the tropics to which civilization has penetrated are usually run on the principle of having as much air and as little furniture as possible. Carpets, rugs, cushions, hangings and portieres are banished. Tables and chairs are made of light wickerwork, bamboo or cane. The floors are polished with cocoanut husks until they become as slippery as a good dancing floor. Indeed, they are used for that purpose nearly every evening in any settlement where there is society. A ball in the tropics requires no preparation. After dinner it is only necessary to move the light furniture to one corner of the spacious room, send somebody to the piano and start dancing. The ballroom is practically in the open air, for wooden "jalousies" form most of the wall space and are opened like Venetian blinds to let in the cool night breezes.

The American Farmer.

When the American farmer rises early in the morning it is to look over broad and fertile acres that are his own. When he goes forth it is to fields that no human being can lawfully step upon without his consent. When he gathers and garners the harvest he stores what in a vast majority of cases no greedy and rapacious landlord can take from him. It is all his. The proceeds of it are to clothe and feed him and his family and educate his children, to be the support of his old age and the heritage of his posterity. Looked at from every point of view, it is doubtful if there is another human being under the heavens who has more cause for carrying a light heart and a contented mind, for regarding the past with satisfaction and the future with hope, than the American farmer.—Kansas City Journal.

The "Just Alike."

Few people perhaps notice that all omnibus wheels are painted yellow, says the London Chronicle, so that any wheel may be worn with any bus color. Every circus ring in the world is of precisely the same diameter, whatever the size of the auditorium, so that the rider knows the angle at which he must lean in San Francisco is the angle of safety in St. Petersburg. Even the ladder is "standardized." Every hodman in England knows what he has to step when toiling up the builder's ladder, though he may not know it is seven inches. The sailor who runs up the ratlines has twelve inches as a step, and that makes a run possible, and the firemen's ladder is crossed with exact equivalence to the ratlines.

Death From Electric Shock.

The ultimate cause of death, when due primarily to electric shock, is generally considered to be stoppage of the action of the heart or of the respiratory organs. That the latter may be affected is shown by the fact that victims of electric shock are sometimes brought to by practice of some of the well known methods of artificial respiration. The cessation of the heart's action may be due to stimulation of the nerves which control the beating of the heart. These, when stimulated to excess, may cause the heart to stop altogether.—Archibald Wilson in Cassier's Magazine.

The Consulting Caddie.

There is one personage who of late years has rather disappeared from the golfing world, but used to be greatly in evidence in it—the advisory caddie. Many of the caddies of the old Scotch school used to treat their masters (so called) much in the manner that a good old nurse treats a baby when she is beginning to teach it how to walk. In those days there was not a stroke played without the most careful consultation with these sapient mentors.—Westminster Gazette.

Placing the Blame.

Caller—So the doctor brought you a little sister the other night, eh?

Tommy—Yeh; I guess it was the doctor done it. Anyway I heard him tellin' pa some time ago 'at if pa didn't pay his old bill he'd make trouble fur him.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VI, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, AUG. 9.

Text of the Lesson, I Sam. xvii, 38-49—Memory Verses, 45-47—Golden Text, Rom. viii, 31—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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38, 39. And David said unto Saul, I cannot go with these, for I have not proved them. And David put them off him.

After Samuel anointed him in the midst of his brethren he seemed to have returned to his home and to his father's flocks until Saul, being troubled by an evil spirit and needing some one to comfort him and hearing of David's skill with the harp, sent for him and found him so acceptable that he made him his armor bearer (xvi, 13-23). After this he returned from Saul, again to feed his father's sheep at Bethlehem (xvii, 15). The Philistines gathered against Israel under their champion Goliath, who challenged Israel to send a man to fight with him, and he defied them to do so, so Saul and all Israel were dismayed and greatly afraid. They rejected the Lord and chose a man for a king, a great man physically, and now this is what comes of it. When the people of God adopt the world's ways, the world can always produce stronger and greater flesh and blood methods. David, having his three oldest brothers in Saul's army, is sent by Jesse with some good things from home for the absent sons and to see how they fared. Seeing the situation, he makes inquiry and is deeply stirred to behold an uncircumcised Philistine defying the armies of the living God. Being brought into the presence of Saul, he offers to fight Goliath, assured that the Lord who delivered him from the lion and the bear would give him victory. Saul, consenting, arms David with his armor; but, being to him something untried, he puts it from him, for in the Lord's service and battles we can use only what we have proved.

40. And he took his staff in his hand and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook. * * * And his sling was in his hand, and he drew near to the Philistine.

He knew God, but not man's devices. He was not a warrior, but simply a shepherd, and he goes as such, under no false appearance. He had proved his sling and stones and the God of Israel, whose glory he sought and on whom he relied. The Bible river is full of stones, precious promises and assurances, each of which, held firmly and told forth in the power of the Spirit, is capable of killing any giant of unbelief or fear or proud defiance. David's sling and stones, like Moses' rod or Gideon's torches and trumpets, were in the eyes of reason or common sense perfectly ridiculous instruments to accomplish the end in view. God's way and His thoughts are always unlike ours and as far above them as heaven is above the earth, yet they often seem foolish and childlike to human reason (Isa. lv, 8, 9; I Cor. ii, 14).

41-44. And the Philistine said unto David, Am I a dog that thou comest to me with staves? And the Philistine cursed David by his gods.

Contrast these two men representing God and the devil—David, a youth in shepherd's dress, unattended, with staff and sling and stones; Goliath, at least nine feet high, with at least 150 pounds of coat of mail, a spear like a weaver's beam with an iron head, and an attendant bearing a shield. But the giant comes strong in the pride of his own strength, while David comes strong in the Lord and in the power of His might.

45, 46. I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied, * * * that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel.

David was the messenger, the representative of the God of Israel, seeking no fame or honor for himself, but only that God might be known and glorified before Israel and the Philistines. Had there been in David's heart any thought of himself or desire for his own honor he could not have gone forward with such confidence. When we go in the name of the Lord, it is never a question of what we can or cannot do, but simply of what He can do, and His word to us is, "Believest thou that I am able to do this?"

47. And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear, for the battle is the Lord's, and He will give you into our hands.

See how David is nothing and God is everything. Consider Paul's great words, "Not I, but Christ," "Not I, but the grace of God" (Gal. ii, 20; I Cor. xv, 10). Concerning the Lord fighting for His people and the battle being His see Ex. xiv, 13, 14; Deut. i, 30; Josh. x, 14; II Chron. xx, 17, 29, etc. Consider the deliverance from Egypt, the Red sea, the Jordan, Jericho, and let us never think that the work is ours nor question God's power.

48-50. So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone and smote the Philistine and slew him.

What a moment of intense interest it was to the thousands of both armies as their champions drew near to each other, Goliath in all the might and majesty of his great frame and impious heart, and the shepherd lad, the very picture of helplessness! How the interest would deepen as David started to run toward his enemy and with unerring aim and superhuman power sends the stone from his sling into the enemy's forehead, felling him to the earth! The living God of Israel did it, and David was the happy instrument used by God because his aim was to magnify Jehovah. As this great defier of God lost his head by his own sword, so we read concerning his master, the devil, and the Son of David that through death Christ will destroy him who has the power of death (Heb. ii, 14).

Raising a False Issue.

A story well known to lawyers of the last generation is about the "umbrella case." A man was charged with stealing an umbrella, and a number of witnesses went into the box to testify to the offense. The counsel for the defendant noted that each witness carried an umbrella (the time of year was midsummer, which explains the necessity for these impedimenta). As a matter of fact the prisoner had no defense to make. The barrister, thrown on his wits, exclaimed: "Gentlemen of the jury, did you not notice that each of the witnesses carried an umbrella into the box? Why is this, gentlemen? It is done in order to infect your minds with the idea of an umbrella, to prejudice the prisoner in your eyes, to raise 'a false issue,' and I appeal to you to signify your detestation of this concerted action by bringing in a verdict of not guilty." The judge, who imagined that little attention would be paid to such a plea, took little time and less pains to sum up the case. The jury nevertheless brought in a verdict in accordance with the resourceful barrister's wishes.—London News.

SMART SET FRIENDSHIPS.

They Usually Have a Purpose, Social, Political or Financial.

There are friends in what is labeled "the smart set" whose motto in life would appear to be, "Banish dull care." These are the people who give those cheerful dinners where nobody cares a rap for precedence. Everybody takes his affinity in to dinner. The host starts off with the prettiest girl, and the hostess is taken down by some beardless boy. It is Liberty hall, with nicknames for all present, abundance of "chaff" and stories something more than risky. They are all great friends, of course, and call each other "dear things" and know exactly how much is meant by that, while they smile sweetly and say "Cat!" in connection with most of them behind their backs. Few of these so called friendships in society are made without a purpose, either political, social or financial. The peeress wants a "tip" from the millionaire, either a Stock Exchange tip or one affecting coin or copper or whatever his special line may be. Our "nice" friends are nice in so far as they are useful to us. At the same time, in justice to society, it ought to be pointed out that no one is taken in by these interested friendships. The people who only make friends calculating how much they will benefit thereby are seen through by everybody and disliked so openly that only their toadies fail to let them see it.—London Outlook.

The Finishing Touch.

The small boy with his eyes open often knows more of things as they are than the artist who draws things as they are not. An illustrator who is winning laurels by his fine work maintains that his most valuable critic is his son, a boy of twelve.

He knows little about drawing, says the artist, but he has a quick sense for beauty and a keen imagination as well. Not long ago I had to make a drawing of a street full of people running to a fire. I flattered myself I had made a lifelike and moving scene and submitted it to my boy with a feeling of satisfaction.

He surveyed it for a moment, hands in his pockets, head on one side. Then he said:

"The people are all right, but where's the dog?"

"The dog?" I inquired. "What dog?"

"Any dog," he said in a tone of pity for my dullness. "Why, father, don't you know there's always at least one dog running alongside and getting under everybody's feet when you're going to a fire? Haven't you ever been to a fire, father, or seen a crowd going to one?"

When I thought it over I knew he was right, and the dog went in.—Youth's Companion.

A Business Epitaph.

Amusing epitaphs are not difficult to find if one is seeking them. The Cheshire Republican cites a most singular one which may be found on a monument in eastern Tennessee:

Sacred to the memory of John Smith, for twenty years senior partner of the firm of Smith & Jones, now J. J. Jones & Co.

The names are not really Smith and Jones, but they will answer for the purposes of the story. "I met Jones later," says the narrator, "and he gave me a frank explanation of the inscription.

"Smith was a bachelor without relatives," he said, "but he knew a tremendous lot of country people, and if any of them happened to see his grave they might think that the old house had closed up and gone out of business. So I thought it no more than right to let them know that the firm was still alive."

No Doubt About It.

A kind hearted lady saw a small boy seated on one of the benches in Fairmount park the other day smoking a cigar which she afterward told a friend seemed almost as big as himself. The lady is an enthusiastic anti-tobacco worker and never loses an opportunity to impress, especially upon youthful minds, the evils of using tobacco in any form.

Seating herself by the side of the lad, she said kindly, "Oh, my boy, wouldn't your father be dreadfully pained if he saw you smoking that cigar?"

"Rather think he would," responded the twentieth century young man without removing the weed from his mouth. "This is one of his best cigars."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Giving an Opinion.

Taddles—I used to think a good deal of Straddles, but—

Waddles—You don't say so? What has he done?

"The other day I asked him to call round and give me his opinion of an article of mine on 'The Impending Crisis.' Well, he came all right; but he brought a little thing of his own for me to hear, and, confound him, he wasted all the evening with his egotistical trash."

In Many Places.

Mrs. McCall—I see you've got a new girl. Has she had much experience as a cook?

Mrs. Hiram Offen—Apparently not much, but many, and I propose to give her notice to hunt up another experience when her week's up.—Philadelphia Press.

Quite Familiar.

Doctor—Do I think I can cure your catarrh? Why, I am sure of it.

Patient—So you're very familiar with the disease?

Doctor—I should say so! I've had it myself all my life.—Judge.

His Deceptive Appearance.

"They say he got rich writing the words of popular songs."

"Yet to look at him you'd think he had at least ordinary intelligence."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Foresight.

Miss Giddy (vivaciously)—My new gown is a dream—very light gray voile.

He (practically)—Ah, yes; very pretty, I'm sure. But doesn't gray soil easily?

Miss G. (leaping before she looked)—Oh, I had it made with a broad black girdle!—Chicago Record-Herald.

Stages of Life.

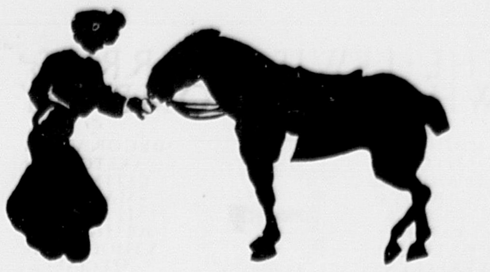
It is a queer coincidence that the matrimonial word "united" also spells "untied." Birth, marriage and death are the three life stages of man, or, rather, they used to be. Nowadays there are five stages—born, engaged, married, divorced, died.—Kansas City Independent.

Zoo Society Note.

Inquisitive Visitor—Do these animals ever seem to engage in anything that might be called a form of amusement?

Park Attendant (with great solemnity)—Yes, ma'am. The kangaroo frequently gives a hop.—Chicago Tribune.

When a horse stumbles most drivers hit him with the whip. Any sense in it?—Atchison Globe.



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Theatrical Pay Days.

Every legitimate theater in New York has two pay days—union and nonunion. The union employees, which include the men in the orchestra, the stage hands, property men and stage carpenters, are paid, as their union regulations demand, on Saturday night. The actors, who have no union, are not paid until Tuesday, although their week ends on Saturday with the night's performance. Their salaries are held up two days merely to insure their reappearance at the theater on Monday.

If the company were paid off on Saturday night unreliable or disaffected members of the organization might not show up on Monday for rehearsal or the evening performance, thus weakening the production, but if the week's salary is held back they are reasonably sure to report on Monday in order not to lose what is coming to them. Actors are distinctly temperamental and capricious, and if a manager were to pay off on Saturday night and there existed any temporary dissatisfaction in the company he could never tell whether he would have a chorus with which to open up the week on Monday evening.—New York Press.

The Origin of Pyrography.

About a century ago an artist named Cranch was standing one day in front of a fire in his home at Axminster. Over the fireplace was an oaken mantelpiece, and it occurred to Cranch that this expanse of wood might be improved by a little ornamentation. He picked up the poker, heated it red hot and began to sketch in a bold design. The result pleased him so much that he elaborated his work and began to attempt other fire pictures on panels of wood. These met with a ready sale, and Cranch soon gave all his time to his new art. This was the beginning of what is now known as pyrography. The poker artist of today uses many different shaped tools and has a special furnace in which they are kept heated. The art has been elaborated greatly. The knots, curls and fibers of the wood are often worked into the design and delicate tinting produced by scorching the panel.

Cure For the Talking Habit.

One part horse sense and two parts of manly determination to keep still. Mix well with an unlimited amount of the best quality of thought. It is impossible for a woman to talk all the time without saying a lot of things that she shouldn't or without proving a jolly bore to everybody about her. This tattling habit is not confined entirely to women, though. Some men have the affliction terribly. Sometimes it's wheat, sometimes it's chess, sometimes it's baseball. A steady diet of one kind conversation is always tiresome. Take a nibble of this and a nibble of that, and your chatter will be more interesting, particularly if there are plenty of rests between nibbles. Talking improves when there's silence by way of contrast.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Meanest Traders In the World.

There is a colony of Syrian merchants in Kingston, the capital of Jamaica, who could give cards and spades even to the bland Chinaman "for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain." They take one match out of every box they sell until they have enough matches to fill another box and so make an extra cent. They shave tiny flakes off cakes of soap and boil them down to make other cakes. They put a thin layer of molasses on the bottom of the scoop with which they serve rice so that a few grains will stick to the bottom. These are only a few of their thousand tricks to turn a dishonest penny. Without doubt they are the meanest traders in the world.

How Plants Remain Upright.

If a flowerpot is laid on its side the stalk of the plant growing in it gradually curves upward until it resumes the vertical position. This is called geotropic curvature, and the question is by what means the plant is stimulated to change its direction of growth. One theory avers that movable starch grains in the plant cells fall to the lower side as the position is changed and by their pressure influence the mechanism of growth.

Breechloaders.

Breechloading in artillery and small arms is popularly supposed to be an invention of the middle of last century, but such is by no means the case. In a Dublin gunsmith's shop at Cork Hill is on view a breechloading rifle offered to the British war office at the close of the eighteenth century and rejected, as it was considered to need too much ammunition!

The Way It Goes.

"I heard Kronnick remark that he never had such luck in his business as he's having now, but I didn't catch whether it was good luck or bad."

"Oh, he meant bad luck, of course. If it were good luck he wouldn't speak of it as luck at all."—Philadelphia Press.

Scanning His Motive.

You can't be dead sure that a young man is saving to get married just because he stops smoking cigars and begins to smoke a pipe.—Boston Globe.

No, he may be smoking the pipe to get even with the neighbors.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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Pudding at Beginning of Dinner.

The custom of serving pudding as the first course of dinner seems to have interested many. A gentleman from Maine informs the writer that it is the custom in certain sections of his state. In the autobiography of the Adams family it is mentioned that at a dinner given by the venerable ex-president of the United States, the grandchildren were present, the first course was Indian pudding, and the little folks were so fond of it that they gorged themselves on the pudding, and as a consequence had no appetite for beef when it came on. Boston people maintained the simple and economical methods of the forefathers. The boys who came to the city from the country and later became the successful and wealthy merchants of Boston were raised in a most frugal manner. Their breakfast the year round was of brown bread and milk and the same for their supper. The dinner was of baked beans and pie, rarely any meat.—Boston Transcript.

The Volcano.

The London Globe contains a number of amusing answers to a recent examination for office boys in a government office. Some of the descriptions of a "volcano" are graphic:

"A volcano is a hill, and smoke raises from the top."

"A volcano is a Mountain with sulphur and a collection of Iron and led. Soon after a few years they all burst and burn. The mountain Does a lot of Damage to the country."

"A volcano is a mountain which has a large quantity of lather and this sometimes overflows and burns villages down."

The most flattering answer runs as follows: "The boundaries of England are unknown." "Latitude and Longitude," wrote another student, "are terms used to describe certain spots on the sea."

Had to Keep on Building.

The Canadian Magazine has a story apropos of a building which is said to be the highest west of Chicago. The projector found he was in need of outside help in financing his expenses and every Saturday he had to pay his building expenses. At last his friend got tired of the transactions, and said: "Major, I've had enough of your checks. You've got that building high enough now. Why don't you roof it in?" "I can't afford to," replied the major. "You see, I have contracted to pay for the material before I get it roofed in."

The Best Way to Preserve a Body.

There is no other way in which a body can be preserved as well as by freezing and mummification out of the question. If the body is kept at a low temperature and the receptacle is airtight, lack of oxygen brings putrefaction almost if not quite to a pause, and the face of a defunct person may be recognizable after a year or so. Most of the attempts frequently made to destroy bodies by covering them with quicklime usually have the opposite effect of serving to preserve them.—London Answers.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 22, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30, P. M.
RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.30, 11.20, P. M.
SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P.M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.
FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43, 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.
FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.
For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30, 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M.
Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23, 7.50, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass
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241 Main St., Woburn

JAMES McDONALD,
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Residence: 6 Broad Street.

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 430 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

Business Cards.

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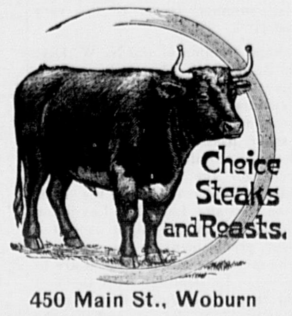
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

George Durward



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NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 26, 1903, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6.37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 8.07 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.07 P. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 11.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22 P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2.37 P. M.; then every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M.; every half hour to 12.07; then 12.30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half hour, on the 37 minutes after, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

ARCULARIOUS

By William H. Osborne

...Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure...

Arcularious knew his business all right. Every evening he went and stood in line with all the other push cart men in the little back street where the fruit cellars were, and loaded up with yellow bananas. And Arcularious took good care to be among the few that got the best for the least money. Had not his mother and his father kept a little shop in Athens where one went in and bought in the dark and came out and found out he had been swindled in the light? Arcularious knew how just to manipulate a bit of fruit to make it look large and sound.

In order to make peddling a success in a great city there are two classes you must consider—first, the public; next, but not least, the police. The public is always ready to buy, but the police are not always willing to let you sell. Arcularious, of course, had a license. This permitted him under the law to remain stationary at the curb for the space of three minutes. Under the police it was different. Arcularious noted out of the corner of his eye that a patrolman's idea of three minutes was highly elastic.

"G'wan, now!" exclaimed Officer Mulligan to Arcularious just as the latter was pulling into, not away from, the curb. "G'wan; you been here long enough, you Hungarian." Arcularious, the first time this happened, started to explain—first, that he was not a Hungarian; second, that he had not been at a standstill for even three seconds.

"G'wan, now!" exclaimed Mulligan, giving him a sudden push that knocked his special three cent fruit into the street. "None o' yer lip!"

Arcularious cleared out. At first he couldn't understand it, but by dint of frequent inquiry he found that three minutes, from the police point of view, was chronologically a cipher unless—

Unless you greased the officer's palm with a substantial portion of your profits. Under such circumstances three minutes might extend itself into three hours, and the law, which takes no note of trifles, would never know the difference.

But Arcularious, whose remote ancestor doubtless held the pass at Thermopylæ, rebelled. That which the law vouchsafed unto him—that, he reasoned with himself, he must have.

"These man!" he reasoned with himself, referring to Policeman Mulligan—"these man! I shall get even—very even, with these man!"

It has ever been a mooted question whether the policeman was made for the side door or the side door for the policeman. There were several side doors on Policeman Mulligan's beat, like as not all made for him. At any rate, he made for them with a persistency worthy of a better cause. But the powers that be had tabooed the side door practice. So it was only when the coast was clear that Mulligan deigned to enter.

"And to think," he complained bitterly, "that a year ago I c'd stand out in the street and drink a pailful. Ah g'wan, you dirty Eyetalian! Git out o' there!" Arcularious picked up his muddied fruit and once more went his way.

Next day he reappeared, but not alone. He brought with him three bright eyed, curly headed boys from his tenement house. Each of them had a banana in his hand. Mulligan loomed up around the corner and made for an interesting side door. As he entered it four pairs of eyes were fixed upon him.

"These man," explained Arcularious to his crew—"you watch these man See, it is Hennessey, No. 44," he continued, indicating the name and number of the saloon. Mulligan was inside for fifteen minutes. He came out wiping his mouth upon the back of his hand. Arcularious drew away and kept on the move, continually following Mulligan at a respectful distance. The boys continued to eat bananas. Four times they saw the officer enter a saloon, and the smallest lad, who could tell time, calculated that Mulligan had spent over an hour in half a day at the pleasant occupation. At about 2 o'clock Arcularious placed his cart squarely in front of one of Mulligan's favorite cafes. Mulligan was inside and soon came out. He was red in the face.

"Get out o' here!" he exclaimed, swinging Arcularious with a vicious jolt against the cart. The boys looked on.

"What for you do this, No. 337," inquired Arcularious, squinting in a knowing way at the officer's helmet.

"Aw, say now," demanded Mulligan, "you fellows is stowin' away the stuff. Say, gimme a quarter a week, an' I'll let you alone."

Arcularious shook his head. "From me," he replied, "nothing. I demand my rights."

Mulligan grew redder in the face and charged on the Greek. "Y'ain't got no rights, you Chinaman!"

Arcularious smiled. "You have no rights to be so much in these places." Behind him, their faces on a broad grin, stood the three urchins.

"We saw yez four times," they said to Mulligan. "We're goin' up to headquarters with the Greek. He's goin' to give yez dead away."

Mulligan turned pale. "What!" he demanded of Arcularious. The latter nodded and started off. He had but ten feet to go to reach the end of Mulligan's beat. A quarter of a mile away loomed up headquarters, stern and forbidding.

"Say, hold on there," continued Mulligan in a beseeching voice. "What 're you goin' to do?"

"I tell these judge," responded Arcularious, "that four, five time a day you go in these saloon. These boy tell that to the judge."

Mulligan's face broke into a smile. "Say, Mr.—Mr.—what's yer name! Come back here for a minute. I want to introduce you to a friend o' mine." Arcularious looked for an instant at the officer, then, leaving his cart in charge of two of the boys, took the third with him. Mulligan led the way up a pair of dirty stairs to a lawyer's office. Mulligan and the lawyer talked in whispers for a moment. The lawyer addressed Arcularious sharply. "Here," he said, "you mustn't interfere with this officer, sir. What d'ye mean by it?"

Arcularious bowed and showed every tooth in his head. "Exactly," he replied, waving his cap in the air. "These man go in saloon six, seven, eight times a day, judge, your honor; eight times, these man, No. 337. I see him; he see him; they see him."

The lawyer plucked Mulligan by the sleeve. "Say, Mulligan," he whispered, "that fellow means business—he's sharper than you think for. You better shut his mouth—pay him something. You can't afford to be broke."

Mulligan pulled out a roll of bills and shoved them into the hand of Arcularious. "Here, Mr. What's Your Name," he said, "take this and keep your mouth shut about the side door biz. Understand?"

Arcularious bowed low and thrust the money into his pocket. "And now," he announced, "I go to other judge and tell him. Maybe I get more money. Eight times I see these man"—

Mulligan started in to speak. Arcularious stopped him. "Maybe," he said, "I do not go. How long," he asked of Mulligan, "have we been here?" Mulligan looked at the clock and answered mechanically, "About three minutes, I suppose."

"Three minutes," returned Arcularious, with a significant gesture toward his cart which they could see from the window, "and how long is these three minutes—on these streets?"

Mulligan smiled. He understood. He saw the policeman on the next block driving the unfavored push cart men before him.

"About three hours and a half—to you," he replied.

Arcularious waved his hand and turned to the boy. "I give you and these other boy some of these," he said, significantly tapping his pocket. "I never see these man, 337, go into these saloon, did you?"

"You bet your sweet life I didn't," answered the boy.

The Price of Two Portraits.

Professor Lenbach of Munich painted Bismarck's portrait and soon afterward was informed that Baron Bleichroeder would like to buy it and wanted to know the price. Lenbach sent back word that the price was 25,000 marks, and at that price Bleichroeder declined to become the purchaser. Some time afterward Bleichroeder invited the painter to call on him, and on his arrival he asked him if he would be willing to paint his portrait. Lenbach replied that he would be willing to do the work and that the price of the portrait would be 25,000 marks. "You are asking only 25,000 marks for a portrait of Bismarck," said Bleichroeder indignantly, "and certainly my portrait ought to be much cheaper."

"You are right in one respect," replied Lenbach. "Bismarck and you are certainly not to be spoken of in the same breath. Still, the price for the two portraits is the same, for you must remember that it gave me very great pleasure to paint the portrait of Prince Bismarck, whereas I cannot honestly say that it would give me the least pleasure to paint your portrait." Bleichroeder's portrait was never painted by Lenbach.

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MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

The First Post Houses.

The first posts are said to have originated in the regular couriers established by Cyrus about 550 B. C., who erected post houses throughout the kingdom of Persia. Augustus was the first to introduce this institution among the Romans, 31 B. C., and he was imitated by Charlemagne about 800 A. D. Louis XI. was the first sovereign to establish post houses in France owing to his eagerness for news, and they were also the first institution of this nature in Europe. This was in 1470, or about 2,000 years after they were started in Persia.

In England in the reign of Edward IV. (1481) riders on post horses went stages of the distance of twenty miles from each other in order to procure the king the earliest intelligence of the events that passed in the course of the war that had arisen with the Scots. A proclamation was issued by Charles I. in 1631 that, "whereas to this time there hath been no certain intercourse between the kingdoms of England and Scotland, the king now commands his postmaster of England for foreign parts to settle a running post or two between Edinburgh and London to go thither and come back again in six days."

Helter Skelter.

"Helter skelter" has been suggestively defined as a jingling expression, vaguely imitating the hurried clatter of feet rapidly and irregularly moved. Most dictionaries, however, led astray probably by the ordinary orthography, have missed the true etymology of this phrase. It should be "helter kelter."

"Helter" is an old word for "hang," probably connected with halter, and "kelter" is used by old writers in the sense of "order" or the proper state. Thus Barrow, the divine, says, "If the organs of prayer be out of kelter how can we pray?"

"Helter skelter," therefore, is literally "hang order" and means, "Oh, hang order; let us do it, or let it take its chance." Ben Jonson in "Every Man In His Humor" writes, "Helter skelter, hang sorrow, care'll kill a cat," and Shakespeare, using it to express rush and hurry, says, "Helter skelter have I rode to thee."

Understood His Art.

Baron von Steuben was the drillmaster of the Continental army at Valley Forge. At first the men in the ranks did not know the manual exercise; many of the officers knew little or nothing of maneuvering. One of the latter turned out for inspection in a dressing gown. "Himmel und erde!" cried the baron. "What kind of creature is this?" Baron von Steuben was choleric and profane, but he understood his art. He swore at the ragged Continentals in both German and French, but he taught them the value of drill and discipline. When he had exhausted all the French and German oaths he knew he would roar to his aid, "Come here, Herr Hauptmann, and help me curse these blockheads." But he turned the undisciplined militia into well drilled troops. Never again was the enemy able to laugh at "Mr. Washington's rotten regiments of ragamuffins."

Burial by Degrees.

The few old ex-slaves now left in the West Indies have many curious customs, but the most curious is that of burying themselves on the installment plan. When they comb their hair they are careful not to pull more hairs from the head than they can help. Those which come away they roll into a ball and put into a bag of white muslin. They do the same with the parings of their nails and any other portions of their anatomy which become detached. When the bag is full they bury it. If asked why they do this they reply: "When me dead, massa, you bury me body. Me hair am part of me body, so me bury it now when it dead."

A Nickname For Barrett.

Lawrence Barrett, the tragedian, was subject to dyspepsia, and when he was suffering from that disorder he was cold and distant toward his company. One irreverent fellow always refused, however, to be suppressed. He said one day: "Just look at Cassius. He looks as solemn and righteous as if he'd swallowed the sword of justice. Let's call him the Scabbard." And the Scabbard he was—out of his hearing—for the rest of that season.

An Insinuation.

"What I want," said the coy maid of more or less uncertain years, "is a hat that will suit my complexion."

"Oh," exclaimed the milliner, with sudden inspiration. "I have a hand painted hat in the window that I'm sure will be just what you want."—Chattanooga News.

Disappointed.

He—I hear that your engagement is broken.

Femina—Yes; he acted horribly.

He—But I thought that you broke it?

Femina—So I did, but he made absolutely no fuss about it.—Yale Record.

A Test.

"He has been mentioned as a candidate for office very frequently."

"Yes," answered Farmer Corntossel. "The only trouble is that every time anybody mentions him the other fellers laugh."—Washington Star.

His Opinion.

"Yes, he's a confirmed bachelor. He thinks there is safety in numbers."

"Safety in numbers?"

"Yes. He says two run a good deal of risk when they become one."—New York Times.

HEROIC SELF SACRIFICE.

Courage With Which a Young Naval Officer Greeted Death.

"Speaking of heroism," said a navy officer at his club a few evenings ago, "it is rare that such an example is seen as that of Hynson, who was a passed midshipman at Vera Cruz in 1846. It was really more than a bit of heroism; it was fortitude, passive courage, that confronted a peculiar danger, a self sacrifice, that was most conspicuous.

"Our fleet was off the harbor on blockade duty when one day a Spanish merchant vessel managed to slip in without being discovered. Hynson conceived the idea of capturing the vessel by a night attack, and he succeeded in doing so. But as he could not take the vessel out of harbor, for the reason that she was under the close range of the enemy's guns, Hynson set fire to the vessel. In doing so he burned both his arms so badly that he carried them in slings for several days. While in this disabled condition a terrific squall came up and played havoc with several of our little vessels, and the one on which Hynson was serving was capsized. Hynson and one of the other officers managed to get hold of a floating spar, but as it was not sufficient to keep them both afloat Hynson let go his hold and in a few moments sank to his death."—New York Tribune.

Weight of a Growing Child.

The weight of a growing child is the most important index to its general health. The standard of weight for growing children, that usually given by authorities in the matter, is that at five years of age a child should weigh about as many pounds as it is inches high. As a rule, this will not be much over or under forty pounds. Children who come of large parents should weigh something more than that. The rate of increase should be about two pounds for every inch of growth, with a tendency for the weight to exceed this standard proportionately rather than to fall below it. When a child is rather heavier in proportion to its height than this standard it is a sign of good health. If the child is growing rapidly it should not be allowed to fall much below it without being made to rest more than has been the custom before. A deficiency of weight in proportion to height is always an unfavorable sign. Any interruption in the progress of increase of weight, especially during the continuance of growth, must be a danger signal that should not be neglected by those interested in the patient.

Why He Only Ate the Yolks.

An American woman traveling in England stopped one day at a little country house. Chatting with the visitor, the woman of the house told of her difficulty in getting along and of an experience she had had with a boarder.

"The first morning this man stopped here," she said, "he began to eat boiled eggs very greedily. Egg after egg he ate—three, four, five, six—and it was only the yolk of them that he swallowed; the white he didn't bother with at all.

"When he dug his spoon into the seventh egg my temper got the better of me, and I said in a severe tone:

"'Don't you ever eat the white of the egg, sir?'

"'Surely not, my woman,' he answered. 'The yolk is the bird; the white is the feathers. Would you have me make a bolster of myself?'"

Where It Always Rains.

There is a group of islands to the south of New Zealand called the Sisters, or Seven Sisters, which are reputed to be subjected to a practically constant rainfall. The same may be said of the islands and mainland of Tierra del Fuego, save for the difference that the rain often takes the form of sleet and snow. On a line running round the world from 4 degrees to 8 or 9 degrees there are patches over which rain seldom ceases to fall. This is called the "zone of constant precipitation," but at the same time there are several localities along with it with very little rainfall.

Lightning Pranks.

"The most beautiful display of lightning or atmospheric electric currents which it was my good fortune to witness," says a resident of Quebec, "was out on the Beauport flats, near Quebec, when two electrically laden clouds, as though two trees, their heads toward each other and their longer branches interwoven, kept on for more than ten minutes, interchanging horizontal flashes of beautifully colored fire, not one of which ever reached the earth, while occasionally a flash would shoot upward as if toward some cloud in that direction."

An Experiment.

"You see," said Corntossel, "a phrenologist once told us that our boy Josh had a remarkable head."

"So you sent him to college?"

"Yes. Now we're waiting to see whether his head is goin' to turn out to be a congenial residence fur brains or jes' a garden fur football hair.—Washington Star.

Her Method.

Stella—So she married him to reform him? How did she begin?

Bella—By spending a lot of money. You know how hard it is for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.—Harper's Bazar.

A Cause For Worry.

A man may go along fur fifty years an' not be worried much about de hereafter, but de minit de barber finds a bald spot on his head he's got a burden to carry fur de rest of his days.—Detroit Free Press.

The son of the self made man generally begins at the top and works downward.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Framing an Excuse.

Little Boy—Please, Mrs. Grumpy, mother wants to know if you will lend her your washtub.

Mrs. Grumpy (gruffly)—No, I can't. The hoops are off, the bottom's out and it's full of water.—Glasgow Times.

When a fool has made up his mind the market has gone by.—Spanish Proverb.

Ayer's
Feed your hair; nourish it; give it something to live on. Then it will stop falling, and will grow long and heavy. Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only
Hair Vigor
hair food you can buy. For 60 years it has been doing just what we claim it will do. It will not disappoint you.
"My hair used to be very short. But after using Ayer's Hair Vigor a short time it began to grow, and now it is fourteen inches long. This seems a splendid result to me after being almost without any hair."
MRS. J. H. FIFER, Colorado Springs, Colo.
$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for Short Hair

BOOTH'S DRAWING POWERS.

The Famous Tragedian Was a Star Money Maker.

A retired theater manager said the other day: "It is not generally known that Edwin Booth received 50 per cent of the gross receipts of his performances while under the management of Messrs. Brooks & Dixon. There never was a star on the stage who could draw the money that Booth could to a theater. There were no spasms about his business. It was as steady as Gibraltar. We could bank on it. Out of their half of the receipts Brooks & Dixon paid the rent for theaters, paid the salaries of the company, the railroad and hotel bills and the advertising throughout the country and made big profits, which they shared with Horace McVicker, to whom Booth intrusted his affairs at the start and who afterward associated himself with Brooks & Dixon.

"Booth's agreement with Henry E. Abbey was this: After all expenses of every description were paid Booth got 85 per cent and Abbey 15. Booth lost a week in Philadelphia owing to the death of his wife. The company was put in there without him, and we had to indemnify the local manager. Our loss that week was $4,000. Deducting that, Abbey's profits on the season were $30,000. I do not know any star, save Booth, who ever commanded 50 per cent of the gross receipts."—New York Press.

Where Blood Tells.

It was in one of the farming districts of New England. The young folks had banded themselves together for monthly jollifications during the winter and were about to celebrate the last dance of the season as well as a couple of engagements which had resulted from the assemblies. Ben Hawkins, the local Paganini, and his Stradivarius had been engaged to lead them through the mazes of the country dance, and all were looking forward to the "time of their life."

But death inconsiderately claimed Mrs. Hawkins for his own on the afternoon of the eventful party. The young people gathered as arranged, but bemoaned the absence of Old Ben, and games were being substituted for the dancing when, lo, Hawkins and his fiddle appeared on the scene.

Great astonishment and many questions greeted the old man, but he calmly slipped his fiddle out of its green bag and as he meditatively rubbed the rosin on the bow said:

"Waal, yes; Maria's gone; died this afternoon. But I reckon 'tain't no sin for me to play for you tonight, seein' she wa'n't no blood relation."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Yet He Loved the Sea.

It is said that Bryan Waller Procter, known as Barry Cornwall, who wrote the well known poem—

> I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
> I am where I would ever be!—

was the very worst of sailors. When we read that he was so seasick that he could scarcely bear the sound of a human voice it becomes apparent that his wife's conduct during his affliction could scarcely have been reassuring.

As he lay on the deck of a channel boat, covered with shawls and a tarpaulin, she had the pleasing habit of humming a strain of his jovial sea song. The poet who loved the sea, but loved it best at a distance, had very little life just then, but what force he had was used in the entreaty:

"Don't, my dear! Oh, don't!"

Yet no doubt he loved the sea.

A Rude Awakening.

The Centerview (Mo.) Record tells of a young man who had been writing a girl in Minneapolis for three years, intending some day to ask her to marry him. The other day he received a letter and a picture from her. The letter announced that she had been married two years, and the picture was of her baby. "My husband and I have enjoyed your letters very much," she wrote, "but I guess you'd better stop writing now, as I have to spend all my time caring for the baby." The Record says the words the young man used after reading the letter would shock a field of oats.

Snakes.

Mr. Rolker in McClure's robs us of some misconceptions as to snakes. When a snake is decapitated it is dead. The tail will remain sensitive for some hours without reference to sundown. The rattlesnake does not suicide by biting itself. No snake is susceptible to the poison of its own kind. That the black snake will swallow its young in time of danger is true, and they are then digested, making the mother a cannibal of the worst sort.

Hopes.

Tess—It was Dr. Killiam who attended the late Mr. Oldgold, wasn't it?

Jess—Yes. He was called in only a few days before the old gentleman died. Why do you ask?

Tess—Old Mr. Roxley was taken slightly ill yesterday and his young wife sent for Dr. Killiam at once.—

Why Should We Work?

Work is activity in some phase of our life. Life is manifested in activity, and inactivity would be stagnation which would be fatal to life.

In the universe wherever there is life there is activity. This is true in the vegetable, the animal and the human worlds. This activity is a necessity which runs through all organic life. The life that is not crowned with ennobling work of some kind, either for one's own livelihood or for the good of others, is an empty life—an abnormal life.

Work is natural; idleness unnatural. Work builds up, and inactivity tears down. Idleness is a violation of our being. Hence it is unmoral.

There are manifold reasons why we should work and no reason why we should not. Those who are not obliged to labor for their daily bread should choose work of some kind in obedience to the universal law that we see running all creation.

He who was of the opinion that "the man who does not work should not eat" realized the demoralizing influence of a life spent in idleness.—American Queen.

Looked Like Her Father's Work.

A certain surgeon had three leg amputation cases in a week. The unusual number of serious and similar operations naturally caused talk in the surgeon's household, and his little daughter was greatly interested. A few days after the last operation the surgeon's wife and daughter were rummaging in the attic. In a trunk was found a daguerreotype depicting a girl of about eight years of age. The portrait through a peculiarity of pose showed only one leg of the subject, the other being doubled up under her in a manner truly feminine.

"Whose picture is that, mamma?" asked the surgeon's daughter.

"Mine. It was taken when I was a child not much older than you are now."

"Did you know papa then?"

"No, dear. Why do you ask?"

"I thought maybe you did 'cause you've only got one leg."

The Mast Made His Coffin.

The Macedonian was sent to the Brooklyn navy yard to have a new mast put into her. Old Jack Stady bossed the yard then, and Captain Hudson was commandant. When the job was finished and the ship was about to sail Jack called on the commandant. "Captain," he said, "I've axed you few favors in my time, but I'm goin' to bother you with one now. When old Jack goes to Davy Jones' locker he wants you to send him below in a box made out of that old mast. Will you do it, sir?" The captain promised. Old Jack died not long afterward, and Hudson was as good as his word. The mast was cut down and sawed into boards, and the honest soul was buried in a coffin made of them.

Too Tempting.

Miss Arabella Paxton had long since said goodby to her youth, but nobody had accused her of doing it with resignation.

"What were you thinking of to start Cousin Arabella off in that merry-go-round?" asked Mrs. Jennings at the county fair. She had just received her dizzy and disheveled relative at the end of a trip on the flying horses.

"You needn't look so severe at me," said Mr. Jennings reproachfully when Cousin Arabella had been deposited on a settee and left to recover her equilibrium. "She heard a woman say the machine was enough to scare anybody out of ten years' growth, and after that she was possessed to ride in it."

Queer Way to Display a Trousseau.

An Arabian bride is arrayed in all her dresses, one over the other. She is perched on a high stool, so that they all hang down over it, and one by one they are taken off with much display and admiring comment from the guests. The last is, of course, the most beautiful. The bridegroom is hidden in some corner where he can see his future wife's dowry, which, however, he may not touch.

Servian Cruelty.

The Servians have long been notorious for the cruelty exercised by them in the punishment of political prisoners. They are confined in subterranean cells, with just enough air to keep them alive. The fortress at Belgrade contains a deep well, dating back to Roman times, which is believed to contain the skeletons of many of these prisoners.

Bullets and Botany.

A correspondent tells the London News that being at Palling, in Norfolk, he asked permission of a local marsh owner to walk over his meadows. "What for?" he wanted to know. "Oh, to do a little botanizing," was the reply. There was a pause while the landowner scratched his head. Then, slowly and suspiciously, "Not with a gun?"

Fixed.

Super—No, sir, the ghost hasn't walked for two weeks.

Crittick—I saw the leading man with a wad today. He must have got his salary.

Super—Oh, yes; he's the star.

Crittick—What you might call a "fixed" star, eh?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Why He Kicked.

"Say, old chap, it isn't nice of you to refuse to lend me that V. One friend should always be willing to help the other."

"True, but I object to invariably being the other."—New York World.

The Rule Suited Him.

The new boarder had been three weeks in the house. "It is usual," said the landlady, with great delicacy, "for my boarders to pay as they go."

"Oh, that's all right," he replied affably. "I'm not going for a long time."

Sounded Like It.

"What is that piece you are playing? Is it by Wagner?"

"No; the piano is out of tune."—Brooklyn Times.

With the Persians the writing of poetry and beautiful and witty sayings is described as the "threading of pearls."

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, AUG. 14, 1903

SOME CONVENTION DATES, ETC.

From documents furnished the JOURNAL by the Republican State Committee, Thomas Talbot, Chairman, and Thorndike Spaulding, Secretary, the following live information is taken:

The number of delegates to the State convention which is to be held in Tremont Temple, Boston, on Oct. 2, 1903, will be 1609, of which Woburn is entitled to furnih 10, which will be its representation at all conventions except the Representative, to which it will have a right to send 18, and Reading 13, making a convention of 31. To the State, Councillor, Senatorial and County Republican conventions Woburn's quota of delegates, be it remembered, will be 10; to the Representative 18.

The State Committee have decided that all Republican caucuses outside of Boston held for the choice of delegates to conventions and the nomination in caucuses of candidates for the General Court must be held on Sept. 23; that the earliest date for holding Republican conventions outside of Boston is Sept. 28; and Sept. 30 to be the last day for appointing election officers, Boston excepted. The earliest date on which Republican Representative Districts can hold a convention to make nominations of candidates for the Legislature is Oct. 1.

The Middlesex-Essex Senatorial convention will contain 44 delegates, of which Woburn will be entitled to 10.

Information respecting the registration of voters for the State and other elections will be given by the Board of Registrars of Voters in due season. Polling places, etc., will be designated and announced in their order of time by the proper authorities.

The State election will be held on Nov. 3.

The above facts constitute the heft of the State Committee's announcement so far as it relates to thts city and some other things, and it will be worth the while of Republicans to keep them fresh in mind.

THE FLOATING HOSPITAL.

Yesterday was "Woburn Day" for a sail down the harbor on the Floating Hospital, a sensible and highly meritorious charity for the benefit of sick children of poor Boston parents to which many benevolent hearted men and women of Woburn have in times past and present made liberal money contributions.

The Hospital left City Wharf, Boston, at 9.30 a. m. with a full list of mothers with sick infants, and about a dozen young women from this city who had received invitations from the Managers, and proceeded to Pemberton, its destination for that day. The wharf was reached on the return passage at a little after 4 o'clock p. m., and there deposited a large number of people who had greatly enjoyed the trip and keenly appreciated the courtesies extended to them by the gentlemanly and ladylike managers. The weather was as fine as any weather could possibly have been, sunshine and pure, sweet bracing winds prevailing from beginning to end, a condition of things which the Woburn guests and all others were thankful for and fully enjoyed.

The representative of the JOURNAL was especially well pleased with the kind and cordial attentions she received from the Superintendent, and Superintendent of Nurses, the Nurses, and all others connected with the Hospital, and embraces this opportunity to express her sincere thanks for the same. Time limit precludes a more extended and satisfactory story of the "Woburn Day" aboard the Floating Hospital, one of the most praiseworthy and beneficial of the many Boston charities.

☞ Reports from reliable sources inform us that American travel both domestic and foreign is much larger this year than ever before. The hotels in London, Paris, Berlin, and other large European cities are said to be crowded to their utmost limits with Americans, and in this country the same statement holds good. Travel set in and began to increase soon after the Republican Party inaugurated measures to bring about flush times and it has steadily grown during its reign. As an indication of prosperity, of better business conditions, and the accumulation of wealth by all classes of inhabitants, as it most assuredly is, increased and increasing travel, by land and sea, is not hailed in envious or doubiing mood, but with the profoundest satisfaction. Western and Southern visitors to the Atlantic seaboard have beaten in point of numbers all former records, and this notwithstanding the exceptionally unfavorable weather that has prevailed ever since the summer opened. The New England coast is thickly lined with such people who come hither in swarms to enjoy the beauties and comforts which are nowhere else to be found in this country and to spend their money. Maine and New Hampshire were never before so completely filled with them as at the present time. A Boston paper says:

"The vacation travel Saturday from Boston North Station was the greatest ever known on a first day of August. Several trains were made up in sections with all the cars the engine could pull, and even then there were those who had to wait for other trains."

Summer travel on the Boston & Maine System of lines whose fine trains and connections reach almost every inhabited part of New England has this year been unparalled, or closely approached. This means that Americans have more money than they used to have and are piling up wealth on every hand, thanks to the good sound Republican doctrine of Home Protection.

☞ Last Monday, August 10, Maine's Old Home Week started off in great feather, and is expected to end in a blaze of glory tomorrow, Aug. 15. According to reports it has been a week of heartfelt rejoicings; of returns of hundreds of those who have strayed away to old homes; of welcomes hearty and true; and of feastings on the fat of the land. Cities, villages and hamlets have had their celebrations, and everywhere happy family reunions have abounded. It has been a great Old Home Week in the Pine Tree State.

☞ The 250th anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Wells, York county, Maine, is to be celebrated with great pomp in its village stretched along the seacoast on August 26, 1903. It is to be a galaday. Congressman Charles E. Littlefield of Rockland, Maine, is to deliver the oration, and there is to be a grand dinner, an historical address, speeches, music, perhaps a parade, and last to be mentioned, but not least, is a genuine old fashioned clambake at Ogunquit, a pretty village and summer resort in the south part of the town. Congressman Littlefield will be expected on that important occasion to spread himself. His father, grandfather and grand mother, and more remote ancestors, were born and bred in Wells, from which fact he ought to be able to draw a great deal of inspiration and write an oration that will delight the hosts of people to be addressed. He is said to be a young man of rare oratorical gifts. The managers of the celebration are looking for a great influx of absent sons and daughters of Old Wells on that day and are making preparations to entertain them in a truly royal fashion.

☞ Last Wednesday was Governor's Day at the Duxbury Camp of the Fifth Regiment, and finer weather for it never laid outdoors. An immense crowd of people assembled at the Camp and spent the day most pleasantly there, being particularly well pleased with the review of the Regiment by Governor John L. Bates and Staff. It presented a fine spectacle. Captain McCarthy of Company G had for Woburn guests who he entertained in the handsomest manner possible, and to their great satisfaction, Mr. Abijah Thompson, Civil War Veteran; Capt. William C Parker, former commander of Co. G; Charles M. Strout and Charles E Tripp, who partook of as fine a dinner, with keen relish, as anybody need to ask for. Capt. McCarthy is a genial and liberal host and exceedingly popular with the "Boys." Mr. Abijah Thompson said the Duxbury campgrounds and muster field were simply ideal spots of one of the fairest sections of the green earth, and could by no manner of means be improved on. The Woburn visitors enjoyed their day at Camp Duxbury very much, and the soldiers were glad to have them come.

☞ Last Thursday evening Governor and Mrs. John L. Bates were guests at an informal recital given at the summer home of Mr. William F. Kenney, member of the Editorial Staff of the Boston *Globe*, and Mrs. Kenney at Wheeler's Point, Annisquam. Among others present were Mr. and Mrs. William Gilchrist of Boston, Mr. Frank D. Bennett of Gloucester, Miss Clapp of New York, Miss Kitty Guinan of Waltham and Mr. J. J. Maginnis of Boston. The program consisted of songs by Mrs. Kenney, piano selections by Mr. Bennett, and violin solos by Miss Marie Adele Zelezny, the talented young Austrian, who has made such a hit in the society circles of Boston and New York the past winter. It was a very pleasant party, particularly so as Gov. Bates and Mr. Kenney are close personal friends.

☞ Whether he desires to fill the office of Mayor or not next year it must be gratifying to President John W. Johnson of the City Council to hear, as he undoubtedly often does, that the people are more than willing that he should do so. The present feeling appears to be that he will be the candidate of all parties and that his election will meet with little or no opposition. This is not saying that some person or persons who think they are better qualified for the position than any of their fellow citizens and are, according to their stories, being urged to become candidates by hosts of voters, may not bob up and take a hand in the game; but it is more than likely to be too small to have any effect on the peoples' ticket for Mayor, or seriously interfere with Mr. Johnson's candidacy.

☞ Middlesex county will be entitled to 341 delegates in the Republican county convention, a larger number by nearly 100 than any other in the State, not excepting Suffolk which sends 258. Nothing is heard in these parts of any movement to disturb a single member of the present county government in the official holdings which he now peacefully and gratefully enjoys.

☞ That Representative Charles H. Nowell of Reading is to be re-elected this fall is a fixed fact. The tug of war will come with the selection of Woburn's Republican candidate for the Legislature. Rather hot work is anticipated at that time.

☞ At a special meeting of the School Board held last Wednesday the question of a site for the new schoolhouse was settled for good and all by the acceptance of the Dow farm. That ends the strife.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

E. Prior—Auction.
Crawford—Icecream.
A. E. Sproul—Boston Sav. Bank.

— The St. Charles Lawn Party tonight.

— St. Charles lawn party is to come off this evening.

— Miss Mary Goode is at Marlboro for a summer outing.

— Alice McLaughlin is visiting at Portsmouth, N. H.

— 8 A. M., Aug. 14, temp. 60, cloudless, wind N. W.

— Miss Marion Shaw is having a delightful time at Falmouth.

— Miss Katherine McCormick is visiting at Plattsburg, N. Y.

— Mrs. Sarah C. Phinney is visiting her uncle in New York City.

— Edith Callahan is taking her vacation at Marblehead Neck.

— The address of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Smith is Westport, Maine.

— Please read the letter headed "Flower Mission" in this paper.

— Mr. Charlie A. Jones went to Paris Hill, Maine, a few days ago.

— M. Bancroft, Sewing Machines and finding, 410 Main street.—6m

STRAW MATTINGS
FOR SUMMER HOUSES

Our new importation includes all grades from China and Japan, many patterns of which are exclusive. Always cool, cleanly, and sanitary.

RUGS

Royal Wilton, Saxony Axminster, Seamless, and other Axminster and Brussels rugs, in sizes 9 x 12, 8.3 x 10.6, and 6 x 9.
Hundreds of small rugs—Smyrnas, Wiltons, Axminsters, Japanese, etc., etc., at exceptionally low prices.

RUGS

Heavy Brussels Art Squares, many of them in Oriental designs and all reversible, sizes 7.6 x 9, 9 x 9, 9 x 10.6, and 9 x 12; price about $1.00 per square yard.

JOHN H. PRAY & SONS COMPANY
Pray Building 658 Washington St. Opp. Boylston St.
BOSTON

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

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Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
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NEW SUMMER GOODS!
Latest Styles in Pattern and Cloth,
—AT—
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

Remember Blackberry Cordial
is a sure and speedy relief for summer complaint. A large bottle 25c.

Tooth Brushes.

We carry a large and assorted stock at prices from 10 to 50c. KEEP THIS IN MIND! We give you the best bargain on Tooth Brushes for your money in Woburn.
If you want a good Dentrifice you can get it at Cut Prices from

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
ORIGINAL CUT PRICE STORE. GREEN STAMPS.

— The wife and daughter of Rev. George L. Collyer are at Hamilton.

— John D. Walsh has gone to San Francisco, California, for his vacation.

— Houses let and rents collected by E. Prior Real Estate agent, 349 Main street.

— This has been another week of cold nights and not uncomfortably warm days.

— Edward Johnson and Fred Leathe are taking theirs at Newfound Lake, N. H.

— Mrs. Daniel Fraser McIntosh is visiting Mrs. Fred Cottle at Vineyard Haven.

— The North Woburn A. A. had a delightful lawn party last Wednesday evening.

— Miss Amelia McFarland is visiting at Plymouth where she went last Tuesday.

— Miss Elizabeth Lynch of the *Times* force of compositors is off on a vacation.

— Among the many Woburn people at Old Orchard are Misses Mary and Annie Keegan.

— Miss Isabel M. Wetherell passed some pleasant days at Portland, Me., a week or so ago.

— Mr. John Maloney, merchant, thinks the Maritime Provinces great for a summer outing.

— The stalwarts of the M. E. church and the E. Ls are to indulge in a game of ball on August 26.

— Mrs. Helen E. Patten and daughter Mabel are at Taunton where a son of Mrs. Patten resides.

— Miss Carrie E. Dow and Mrs. Lucy A. Clewley are at the Algonquin, St. Andrews, N. B.

— Benjamin S. Hinckley, son of Benjamin, is passing a short vacation season with his folks here.

— John Maloney and Frank Murphy are fishing in the State of Maine. They went down last week.

— It is said that Mayor Feeney sailed for America last Wednesday and will reach home next week.

— Mr. Herbert B. Dow is getting over an attack of scarlet fever all right. Dr. Chalmers is his physician.

— Labor Day picnics and parties are just now being considered and planned for by many Woburn people.

— Brooks's Woburna goes to the right spot every time. It is an exceedingly agreeable and effective tonic.

— Misses Jennie Lynch, Nellie and Josephine O'Brien and Mary Ring are at Onset Bay for a vacation outing.

— Edgar Bryenton, salesman at J. Willis Buckman's grocery store, is spending his outing down in Maine.

— Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Brigham are enjoying the best that can be got from a summer vacation at Bath, Me.

— Marietta Bowers, teacher in the Highland school, has been a guest of Lookaway Inn at Pine Point, Maine.

— Mrs. Abby W. Turpin of New York city is visiting her sister Mrs. William A. Preston of Vernon street.

— Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Gilbert and Miss Dora Gilbert of Montvale avenue go to York Beach next week for a vacation visit.

— Mrs. Flora Nichols, bookkeeper at the coal office of J. R. Carter & Co., and son left here for their vacation outing last Monday.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— Mr. C. Winfield Smith has returned this week from his vacation at Antrim, N. H. He had an O-be joyful time.

— By being thrown from his buggy at North Woburn last Tuesday morning Dr. Wells was quite seriously injured.

The *Times* N. W. correspondent writes in behalf of a playground in Ward 6. They ought by all means to have one.

— Mr. D. J. McDonald, ticket agent and telegrapher at the Centre R. R. station, is recovering from an attack of scarlet fever.

— Chief of Police McDermott will start on his vacation in about a week, which will wind up, or nearly so, the Department's outings.

— Capt. James McCarthy will please accept the JOURNAL'S thanks for an invitation to visit the Camp of Reg. 5 at Duxbury this week.

— Mrs. Clarence Burrows of Buffalo, N. Y., and her children are visiting her aunts Misses Emily and Mary Pollard on Green street.

— Mr. Warren Teel of Davenport, Iowa, has favored us with a copy of a fine magazine published at Rock Island, for which we return thanks.

— The alarm from box 68 last Friday evening was for a fire on the roof of the Guastiveno Tile Works near Green street. Damage small.

— Dr. J. Henry Hutchings informs the JOURNAL that scarlet fever in this city is on its last legs, judging from the greatly diminished cases in his practice.

— Mr. Heber B. Clewley, the landscape gardener and architect of Pleasant street, and Mrs. Clewley went to Bath, Maine, for an outing last week.

— Division 3, A. O. H., will enjoy a grand picnic at Innitou Park on Labor Day. The Park is a charming spot on Horn Pond just suited for picnics.

— James W. Mathews is doing the handsome thing at Ned Shea's hairdressing rooms on Montvale avenue while the proprietor is away on his vacation.

— St. John's Baptist Sunday School of this city and the Second Baptist Sunday School of Winchester held a joint picnic in Quanapowitt Park, Wakefield, yesterday.

— The report is current that Mr. B. H. Nichols and Mr. Frank C. Nichols contemplate buying a farm at Northport, a popular summer resort on Penobscot Bay, Maine.

— Automobile drivers in this city are reasonably careful about running over folks and smashing things. They are not nearly so dangerous to foot passengers as bicycles are.

— Mr. Waldo E. Buck and family of 53 William street, Worcester, are at Allerton by the Sea for the balance of this month. They were former esteemed Woburn residents.

— By referring to his card in this paper it will be observed that Crawford of the leading icecream parlors in this city is still on deck and doing business at the old stand 412 Main street. It's going to be terrible hot the last part of this month and the fore part of next and depend upon it "Crawford's" will be in great demand.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— Mrs. Mary E. Piannett and her niece Miss Bertha Smith are at Sanbornton, N. H., their customary summer resort. They expect to return to Woburn early in September.

— The Woburn Brass Band gave another of their charming concerts on the Common last Wednesday evening. A large and appreciative audience were delighted with the fine music discoursed by the Band.

— It will take a month to fumigate the Public Library after the Board of Health have permitted it to be opened for business. There are 52,000 volumes to be handled and freed from scarlet fever germs.

— When the Trustees voted to keep the Library closed for business until such time as the Board of Health should give permission to open it they acted with wisdom and for the best interests of the public.

— Somebody is reviving and agitating in the Boston *Herald* the matter of a Metropolitan parkway for this city "Thence along the west shore of Horn Pond to Arlington Road and Pleasant street," are familiar words.

— Husbandman E. C. Colman of Woodside Farm, Wyman street, reports to the JOURNAL an increase in his hay crop of at least one-third over last year's yield notwithstanding the severe drouth early in the summer.

— Mr. and Mrs. George H. Taylor have rented the cottage at Salisbury Beach occupied by them this summer for two months occupation during next vacation season. This appears to be a case of taking time by the forelock.

— Last Monday Edward L. Shea, wife and children went to Orr's Island in Casco Bay for a fortnight's outing, and are at this writing in full enjoyment of all the comforts and pleasures of quiet and serene summer life by the sea.

— Mr. Frank A. Meriam, prescriptionist at Whitcher's, was very much delighted with his late tour through Nova Scotia. For a summer cuting there is no finer country under the canopy than N. S., except the State of Maine.

— Store clerks, salesmen, and others were accorded the felicity of basking in warm sunshine and genial winds again last Wednesday afternoon, and those who stuck to their tasks enjoyed the stillness and repose of closed places of business.

— The Council Committee on Street Lights, or whoever have control of that business, have done well to arrange for lighting the streets on dark stormy nights, moon or no moon. It was a good move and people feel grateful for the improvement.

— William E. McLaughlin, manager of the Robbins Drug Co., is ready to stake his reputation on the truth of the statement that coca-cola, for a summer drink, can't be beat. He says it refreshes the drinker as nothing else under the sun can.

— The Home Savings Bank, located at 75 Tremont street, Boston, opposite the Tremont Temple, allow interest on deposits of Three Dollars and upwards and their Deposits and Surplus are now above $9,500,000. See their advertisement in another column.

— Mayor Feeney is expected to reach his home in this city next week. His friends say that the passage across the Atlantic Ocean and trips through Europe have improved his health very much and that he will return in a remarkably rugged physical condition.

— Mr. George A. Day, Cashier of the First National Bank, is spending his vacation up in New Hampshire. Naturally he should have gone to Wells and Kennebunk, York county, Maine, the home of his ancestors, but he concluded to try the Old Granite State this year.

— Mayor Feeney kindly sent us a postalcard from Lisbon, Portugal, while lately touring over the Continent of Europe. As an assurance that the worthy Mayor of Woburn was at that date on top of the earth the receipt of the postal was a great gratification to this office.

— Mr. Arthur B. Wyman, Clerk of the Woburn Gaslight Co., is to go to Nantucket next week to enjoy a season of rest from his labors, and fun. Mrs. Wyman is and has been for some little time a visitor at Martha's Vineyard. They deserve as good an outing as anybody in town.

— Edward Williamson of Dorchester received a severe wound from a sliver from a Krag-Jogenson bullet while target shooting at Walnut Hill Rifle Range last Monday afternoon. The cut was a bad one but fortunately the eyeball escaped uninjured. He was taken to his home.

— "Elmwood," the home of "Hustler" McGrath and family, formerly the Page Eaton place, is one of the finest residences in Woburn. Mr. McGrath has plenty of money and the best of taste and will freely use both in the adornment of his new and delightfully located home.

— Mr. W. Prior Chute of the firm of Cummings, Chute & Co., coal dealers, is on a trip to Nova Scotia, the land of his nativity, where in the next two or three weeks he will visit Yarmouth, Digby, and other principal points down there. It is a fine country to sail to and tour through.

— Just 19 years ago Mr. John Cummings engaged in the grocery business at Cummingsville, and last week he sold at auction his remaining stock in trade, store fixtures, etc., and has retired. Of late years the sale of groceries over there in Ward 7 has considerably fallen off, competition with the Centre dealers has been sharp, and Mr. Cummings concluded to quit.

— Realizing that the great Enemy of Mankind, the Evil One, is as active and busy in hot weather as in cold, and fully appreciating his ability to cause backsliding and make matters of worship go wrong, and block the wheels of pious progress, the churches in this city have had good evangelical preaching in their pulpits during the present vacation season, and will continue to have it to the end of the outing days, when the settled clergy will, after rest and recuperation, resume their regular ministerial duties.

THE MOTHERS KNOW

A growing, active boy puts clothing to its supreme test. It is the mother of such a boy who understands, as nobody else does, whether materials hold their color, are properly put together, and stand wear as they should.

Hundreds of mothers have told us how absolute is the satisfaction which

Our Clothing

gives to them, in all respects, as worn by their sons.

We cannot conceive of a higher endorsement—can you?

Macullar Parker Company
400 Washington Street
BOSTON

Whitcher's CUT PRICES
—ON—
TOILET REQUISITES
are a special feature this week.
SEE THEM—LOWEST IN TOWN.
Mennen's Talcum 19c. Colgate's Violet Talc. 21c.

— James F. McCormick, son of Ald. Thomas F. McCormick, is at home on a visit at the close of seven years study at the Catholic Seminary at Fredericks and Woodstock, Md. At the end of his visit here he is to go to St. Xavier's Academy, N. Y., as a teacher, where he will remain five years. When in the Woburn High School he was considered one of its smartest scholars.

— A few days ago Mr. Joseph Linnell received a letter from Mr. William McDonald, a brother of the late J. B. McDonald, written July 10 last at Pittown, Wallsend, New South Wales, where he has had his home for more than 40 years. When young men, before the Civil War, Mr. Linnell and Mr. McDonald were close friends and cronies, and have corresponded regularly ever since they separated here so long ago.

— Those people who have taken and are taking their vacations on the instalment plan are apparently getting full as much pleasure out of it as others who make a more serious business of it and go away to the seaside and mountains for a month or two. While the first mentioned not unfrequently gain flesh during the season of alleged rest some of the latter are as apt as any way to come back home lean and jagged out.

— Lawyer Winfield R. Lang went out on vacation last week. He passed a successful examination by the Board of Examiners and about Aug. 21, will take the oath and be admitted to the Bar. He is an excellent scholar having passed through his school and college grades with the acquisition of honors. In a week, or so, he will be duly authorized to hang out a shingle with "Counselor and Attorney at Law" on it, and then for work.

— Baseball cuts a conspicuous figure in the sports and games enjoyed in the 5th Regt. Camp at Duxbury this week. In the prosecution of the popular game some fine players have appeared and won renown with bat and ball. Last Tuesday Company G (Woburn Mechanic Phalanx) gallantly knocked out Company A of Charlestown by a score of 5 to 2, which was considered to have been a remarkable feat of brains and brawn.

— Captain Arthur C. Wyer of this city is Quartermaster of the 5th Mass. Regiment which is in camp at Duxbury this week. He has been "through the chair," so to speak, in the military line and can boast of a straight Revolutionary lineage. The Durwards too are strongly imbued with the military spirit, some of whom have been members of the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx for more than a dozen years, four of them at the present time, and George, the marketman, took a hand and did some good fighting in the Spanish-American War.

— A couple of weeks ago Mr. James E Boutwell's two dogs won prizes at the Bench Show of the Combination Park, Medford, which did not make him feel bad at all. "Ruby," that has carried off so many prizes at Boston and other bench exhibitions, in competition with dogs from all points of the compass, won first prize at the Combination Park show the other day, and "Ned," the hound, captured second. "Ned" will be after taking first one of these days. Reports of committees prove that Boutwell raises the best dogs in the country.

— As an advertising medium the WOBURN JOURNAL has no successful competitor either in the city of its domicile or in any contiguous communities. It makes, with commendable regularity, ever welcome weekly visits to the best families in Woburn and neighborhood; circulates freely among people of wealth and enviable social standing; it provides for the delectation of the educated and cultured classes a better grade of newspaper literature than any of its contemporaries; and is therefore the favorite vehicle for publicity chosen by the most desirable advertising patrons.

— From the Nantasket *Breeze* we glean the intelligence that Winchester's esteemed citizen and everybody's friend, Mr. George H. Gilbert, is entertaining heaps of company at Senator Cottage, Atlantic Hill, Nantasket, where he is spending a happy summer, and having a great time with his guests. Last week he had for visitors Col. Edward H. Gilbert and his daughter Miss Elizabeth N. Gilbert of Ware, and Dr. L. H. Howard and Mr. Charles E. Alexander of Boston, all of whom enjoyed Mr. Gilbert's generous hospitality and the refreshing sea breezes of that popular summer resort to the very highest pitch.

— Supt. Stanton of the N. W. Div. of the B. & N. St. Railroad is enforcing his "drunk" order on the unfortunate victims of strong drink vigorously. His conductors obey it to the letter, and sober passengers are getting on much more comfortably. It is hard however on the "drunks." To be stranded in Woburn or along the lines between here and Lowell or Lexington at a late hour in the night is not a pleasant predicament to be caught in and the men thus circumstanced are to be pitied. In dealing with them it should never be forgotten that habitual intoxication is a disease and that the slaves to it are objects of compassion, not however wholly free from censure

— When last heard from Lieut. Linwood E. Hanson of Co. B, 26th Regiment, U. S. A., had not been informed whether he was to accompany his Regiment to Texas, which was to have sailed from Manila on July 16, or be ordered into another command for a year more of service in the Philippine Islands. Such was the tenor of a letter received from him by his business partner, Mr. Willis L. Varney, the jeweler, not long ago. Should he return with his Regiment he will probably obtain a furlough and soon make his appearance in this city, for the transport must be pretty nearly due on this side of the Pacific.

P. S. Yesterday morning Mr. Varney received a dispatch from Lieut. Hanson dated at San Franoisco, saying that he and his Regiment had arrived there.

— Mr. Arthur A. Fowle, Managing Editor of the Boston *Globe*, a newspaper man without guile, and Mrs. Fowle took an outing last Monday afternoon. They were discovered by a wideawake JOURNAL reporter just before reaching the Lexington electric car, a mode of conveyance which they had chosen, after considerable reflection and consideration at the dinner table that day, to convey them to their destination located somewhere among the several Newtons on the other side of the beautiful and romantic Charles. Editor Fowle expressed some doubt as to the ability of the party to reach the spot aimed at without taking a guideboard along to direct them, but just at that moment the car whistled for a start and his decision on the question failed to reach the ear of the reporter. We trust they had a pleasant journey and an agreeable visit.

— Miss Minnie M. Jameson, musical Instructor in the Woburn and Plymouth public schools, is a teacher in the American Institute of Normal Methods in Music and recently closed a term of the school at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston. The length of a regular course of study in the Institute is three years, and terms are held each summer. Miss Dora A. Winn of this city is one of the students and very much taken up with the study. Miss Jameson is a popular teacher of the art, and never fails to win at once the esteem and goodwill of her pupils. Apropos of this a thing occurred at the close of the term the other day which was a neat exhibition of the kind feeling cherished towards her by the students and exceedingly graifying to Miss Jameson. When the exercises had ended the entering class (A), by one of their number, presented her with a splendid bouquet of roses in token of their high regard and affection for her as a teacher in the Institute. The beautiful gift was accompanied by good words and wishes, which were appropriately responded to by Miss Jameson.

— E. Prior, 349 Main street is agent for the New York Life Insurance Co. Call and see him before placing any life insurance.

— Clarence Stetson was one of Capt. McCarthy's guests at Camp Duxbury last Wednesday.

Antiseptic Treatment.

Nothing has met with such general adoption by the medical world for Antiseptic purposes as Cabot's SULPHO-NAPTHOL. Its value is unequalled for the treatment of Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Wounds and Sores of every description, for allaying pain, irritation and inflammation. Many remarkable cures are credited to its use, which is now almost universal in this part of the country. Some of the largest hospitals now use Sulpho-Napthol in place of carbolic acid, corrosive sublimate, and many other well known agents for certain purposes for which Sulpho-Napthol is especially adapted.

When you want a physic that is mild and gentle, easy to take and certain to act, always use Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. For sale by all druggists.

Co. G, 5th Reg't.

Bright and early last Saturday morning, Aug. 8, Company G, 5th Mass. Regiment, of Woburn, took a train for the old historic town of Duxbury on the Cape, via Boston, for their annual general muster. Officers and men were all on hand and went off in high spirits. At the close of their week's work in camp and on field the boys will return to the Armory in this city tomorrow. The muster roll is here given for future reference:

Captain,	Thomas H. McCarthy
1st Lieut.	Francis H. Marion
2nd Lieut.	George H. Cutler
Qt. Sergeant	James Durward
1st Sergeant	Philip D. Gambell

Sergeants

J. Edw. Graham	Frank H. Graham
Louis H. Dow	Ernest G. Anderson

Corporals.

Fred C. Keene	C. W. Sweeney
Walter A. Smith	Robert J. Durward
Frank H. Keene	E. Matthew Walsh
Corporal Cook	Wm. A. Durward
Musician	James A. Donovan

Privates

Walt. E. Brower	Charles F. Bowers
Chas. F. Bowers	Aders C. Anderson
Rob. J. Bustard	Henry H. Barrett
Wm. A. Bustard	Walt. S. Anderson
John F. Carroll	Arthur J. Borden
George Durward	Arthur P. Dickson
John J. Levis	Timothy J. Donovan
Walt. E. Draffin	Terence J. Doherty
John T. Marion	Jas. H. Hammond
Geo. A. Martin	Chas. J. Hunnewell
Thos. E. Snider	Frank H. Lovering
Ed. H. Kellery	Steve C. Lovering
Ed. L. Lovering	Palmer W. Sevrens
Fred H. Winn	Charles H. Tabbutt
Jas. B. Teague	Frank C. McGrath
Rufus J. Snow	Frank J. S. Shannon
Fred E. Stowers	A. Ernest Simonds
Wm. E. Gorham	Charles E. Sweeney
Thos. E. Callahan	Horace B. Skelton
Elmer F. Snow	John W. Swaeson
Thos. J. Sweeney	Frank A. Armstrong
John C. Williams	Justin G. McCarthy
Percy W. Weston.	Chas. A. McGovern

Boy Cured of Colic After Physician's Treatment Had Failed.

My boy when four years old was taken with colic and cramps in his stomach. I sent for the doctor and he injected morphine, but the child kept getting worse. I then gave him half a teaspoonful of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and in half an hour he was sleeping and soon recovered.—F. L. WILKINS, Shell Lake, Wis. Mr. Wilkins is bookkeeper for the Shell Lake Lumber Co. For sale by all druggists.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—There will be no services during August. Reading room closed during August.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by Rev. H. C. Townley, of Peeksill, N. Y.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Christian Endeavor Meeting.
7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching.
7.45 P. M., Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—10th Sunday after Trinity. Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Evening Prayer at 7.
No Sunday School during July and August.
Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev. Norman E. Richardson, Acting Pastor. Subject: "A Bunch of Keys."
12 M. Sunday School.
5.45 P. M., Missionary Class.
6.30 P. M., Public Service. Subject: "Lamps But No Oil."
Monday, 7 P. M., Probationers' Class.
Wednesday, 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In this city, Aug. 11, by Rev. H. C. Townley, Christian Thompson and Annette Pearson, both of Woburn.

In this city, Aug. 5, by N. E. Richardson, Harvey Raymond Palmer and Mable Grace Babcock, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Aug. 11, Clement Lafame, aged 1 year, 2 months.

In this city, Aug. 9, Mary Agnes Flaherty, aged 1 year 9 months, 29 days.

In this city, Aug. 12, Russell Sabin, aged 1 year, 1 month, 23 days.

In this city, Aug. 6, Rhoade Levoy Hester, aged 1 year, 5 months, 25 days.

In this city, August 6, James Cummings, aged 59 years.

Pork AND Lard Are Cheaper

Best Pure Lard,	10c per lb.
Pork,	10c " "
Peanut Butter,	15c " "
Queen Olives,	35c per qt.

We are headquarters for
Kennedy's Biscuits.
Call and see the great variety we keep.
DO YOU USE SALADA TEA?
☞ We sell it.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

HOME SAVINGS BANK
(Incorporated 1869)
75 TREMONT STREET
BOSTON
OPPOSITE TREMONT TEMPLE
Deposits and Surplus above
$9,500,000
Interest allowed on deposits of three dollars and upwards.
Office Hours:—Every business day 9 A.M. to 2 P.M.
CHARLES H. ALLEN, President.
GEORGE E. BROCK, Treasurer.

For Sale.
THE RESIDENCE of the late John Johnson on Arlington Road, Woburn. Terms reasonable.
Inquire of
J. W. or E. F. JOHNSON.

TO LET.
No. 635 Main street, next to Mr. S. F. Trull's residence, near Mishawum Road, contains 10 rooms, bath, furnace, and 2 acres of land. Rent reasonable. Enquire of C. E. COOPER & CO., Mechanics Building.

Get Your Printing Done
At This Office

Another Week of Low Prices in Cotton Cloth.

We advise our customers to take "Time by the Forelock" and make up their winter's supply duridg the vacation season.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Ice Cream. Sherbets.

STRAWBERRY, VANILLA, COFFEE, CHOCOLATE, PEACH — STRAWBERRY, PINEAPPLE, ORANGE, LEMON

MADE TO ORDER.

FRUIT PUNCH, FRAPPE, ORANGE, STRAWBERRY, PINEAPPLE — SULTANA ROLL, FROZEN PUDDING, MACCAROON, COFFEE PARFAIT, BOM GLACE

Our Ice Cream is made from deep set Jersey Cream and Fresh Fruit Juices.

CRAWFORD'S,
412 Main St., Woburn.
TELEPHONE: 48-3.

The Boy with a BROWNIE has the jolliest vacation.

Ever tried making pictures from start to finish yourself? It's fun with the right materials.

Let us show you!
Brownie Cameras, $1 and $2.
Brownie Developing Machine, $2.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.

RIVERDALE
BILLERICA, MASS.
Farm Plots on Easy Terms.

Half acre River Lots $10 down and $5 per month, larger lots in proportion. Excellent location on the Shawsheen River, in Billerica, near Pinehurst Park, only 6 miles from Woburn; fine soil for fruit, vegetables and poultry; great opportunity to obtain small farms for homes, summer residences, or for outing purposes at a small expense. Canoeing, fishing, bathing and hunting. Take electrics from Woburn via Burlington, or address for plans and particulars.

E. P. SELLEW,
Billerica, Mass.

By E. PRIOR, - - Auctioneer, Office: 349 Main St., Woburn.

REAL ESTATE AT AUCTION
In that part of Woburn called Montvale,

On THURSDAY, Aug. 20, 1903, at 2 o'clock, P. M., on the premises, Dwelling No. 225 Montvale Avenue, with about 2,567 square feet of land. Said house is nearly new, with 9 rooms and bath, house well painted and blinded. It will be a good trade for somebody.

At 2.30 P. M., on the premises, No. 143 Washington street, Montvale, 2-story Dwelling, containing 9 rooms, with about 16,000 feet of land, building and all made unusually good, known at sale. Terms easy and made known at sale.

Per order, S. D. SAMSON & CO.
Woburn, Aug. 12, 1903.

..Are.. You Particular

About your laundry? Let us try it. We please particular people.

Woburn Laundry
26 Montvale Ave.
Telephone 29 4.

RICHARD A. WHITE
Successor to E. A. Brooks,
Undertaker
—AND—
Funeral Supplies
Boarding and Livery Stable.
12 Park St., Woburn.
Telephone 54 - 3.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
349 MAIN STREET, - - WOBURN.
Tue., Thur., Sat., 7.30 to 9 P. M.

JOSLIN & MENDUM,
10 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
Tel. Main 3908-3.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co.

On and after June 1, 1903, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Burlington and Billerica at 5 45 a. m.

Leave Woburn for Burlington, Billerica and Lowell, at 6 45 a. m., hourly till 11.45 a. m, half hourly till 9.45 p. m., 10 15 and 10 45 p. m. to Billerica only.

Leave Lowell at 5 45 a. m., hourly till 11.45 a. m half hourly till 9 45 p. m.

Leave Billerica for Woburn or Lowell, at 6 30 a. m., and hourly till 12 30 a. m., half hourly till 10 30 p. m. Also 11 and 11 30 p. m. for Woburn.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6 55 a. m., hourly till 12 55 p. m., half hourly till 11 55 p. m.

Cars arrive at Woburn 7 15 a. m., hourly till 1 15 p. m., half hourly till 12.15 midnight, connecting at Woburn with B. & M. trains for Boston at 7.12, 8 14, 9 06 a. m. and 4.11 p m.

SUNDAYS.

First car leaves Woburn at 6 45 a. m., hourly till 9.45 a. m., half hourly till 10.45 p. m.

Leaves Billerica at 7.30 a. m., Lowell at 6.45 a. m.

For special cars or other information address C. W. E. HARRISON, Supt., Woburn, Mass.

Tel. 112-4.

Cummingsville.

Last Sunday, August 9, 1903, a union chapel for divine services to be held regularly and permanently in the future was duly dedicated by observing the methods usual on such occasions. The building, erected by her husband several years ago, was presented to the chapel association by Mrs. John Cummings since which it has been refitted, remodelled and put into fine condition for religious meetings. The building committee and general superintendents of the work of refitting were Messrs. John Hammond, Fred C. Emery and Adams Williamson, to whom large credit is due for the excellent manner in which they discharged their official duties. Mr. Fred C. Emery delivered an address of welcome at the dedicatory meeting, and Rev. Daniel March, D. D., and Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D., of the First Congregational church of Woburn, and Rev. Ebenezer Thompson of Trinity Episcopal church, conducted the religious exercises. A good sized audience greatly enjoyed the occasion.

Literary Notices.

The third installment of Mrs. Gabrielle E. Jackson's story, Three Good Cronies, appears in this issue of THE AMERICAN BOY. The cover page consists of a splendid picture of The Old Swimmin' Hole. Captured, by that fine writer for boys, J. L. Harbour, tells how two boys captured an immense serpent belonging to a circus. Some of the other leading contributions in the August number are: A Voyage on the Snow, by Will Lisenbee; The Beginnings of an Astronomer, The Washington High School Cadets with some fine pictures, The Summer Life of the Roosevelt Children, Tip's Heroism, Life on a Man-of-War, Across Niagara with Blondin, The Printer's Apprentice, Something About the America's Cup, The Way to Pitch Real Curves. There are dozens of practical, helpful departments which will encourage and inspire boys to do things. This best boys' paper in the world is absolutely clean in every respect and has won the confidence and esteem of 110,00 families who receive it each month regularly. Its wonderful success is well deserved. Published by the Sprague Publishing Company, Detroit, Mich. $1.00 a year; sample copies ten cents each.

There is a humorous side to The Boston *Herald*, which has recently been made quite prominent in The *Sunday Herald*. Some papers are content with one funny man, but in these days The Boston *Herald* does not seem content with anything. No less than seven clever humorists are now contributing to its columns. First is the clever Editorial paragrapher, who ranks all paragraphers, then comes the brilliant Chatterer, both shrouded in more or less mystery. "Joe" Smith, the clever satirist, deals out advice to our statesmen and captains of industry, McClusky raps out a little philosophy and patriotism, John Kendrick Bangs talks of things in a way to amuse, Hank Spink brings up to view the life which the city folks remember and the country folks enjoy, and Merriman, in his Letters from a Son to his Self-Made Father, has made a decided hit. But these are not all—Wallace Goldsmith, in his clever caricatures, contributes much which tends to lighten life, while O. P. Williams, in his cartoons, gives a daily lesson in politics. All these men work legitimately, and awaken the nerves of laughter in a healthy way—in contradistinction to the methods of the polychrome artists of the florid journals—To read The *Herald* Humorists is to laugh.

Mrs. Mollie Allen, of South Fork, Ky., says she has prevented attacks of cholera morbus by taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets when she felt an attack coming on. Such attacks are usually caused by indigestion and these Tablets are just what is needed to cleanse the stomach and ward off the approaching attack. Attacks of bilious colic may be prevented in the same way. For sale by all druggists.

The Flower Mission.

The Flower Mission,
14 Beacon St., Boston.

Dear Friends and Co-Workers:

If you could only see the happiness that you are giving many people with your flowers and other good things, how pleased you would be. Last Saturday over 3,000 bunches of flowers were given out to those who cherished them and as the greater part of these went to people shut in from the world with very little sunshine in their lives, you will know that each particular flower brought its own story of gladness. "I feel," said one poor soul "as if I must write and thank the ladies for their kindness in sending me flowers all these weeks. They have made me very happy in my lonely room and I had rooted many slips and planted them on my mother's grave."

A man dying of cancer, whom we have helped in various ways for two summers said the other day: "I am afraid that you think I last a long time." It was pathetic this fear that we would soon weary of doing for him. A poor girl drawn out of shape with rheumatism unable to move hand or foot and in pain each day has been made very happy with the flowers. In the hospitals, ward after ward of white faces smile as the girls appear. "Don't pass me by please," said one woman, "I was here last year and you gave me a bouquet and I have some of it pressed now." Surely, here was appreciation. The women working in hot laundries are so pleased with the flowers. In the ironing rooms that seem as hot as a furnace, the women all stop and hurry forward for a bunch and as quickly hurry to a cool place where they can be placed in water for the going home time. If we should forget them, they would miss it.

This Saturday we shall need an extra amount of flowers, fully 800 bunches more. It is our day for visiting the aged poor. I kdow how generously you are stripping your gardens but there are still many sick rooms, many little children, denied necessarily their little bit of fragrant happiness. Our regular contribution of eggs and fruit does untold good among the private cases of sickness of which the Mission has many.

Yours, with sincere regard,
MRS. SAM'L WRIGHT SIMPSON.

Dysentery Cured Without the Aid of a Doctor.

"I am just up from a hard spell of the flux" (dysentery) says Mr. T. A. Pinner, a well known merchant of Drummond, Tenn. "I used one small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhoea Remedy and was cured without having a doctor. I consider it the best cholera medicine in the world." There is no need of employing a doctor when this remedy is used, for no doctor can prescribe a better medicine for bowel complaint in any form either for children or adults. It never fails and is pleasant to take. For sale by all druggists.

WINCHESTER.

Our suburban residents are delighted with the rural mail delivery which was lately set in motion. It is a great convenience.

Of course grumbling over the increase of the tax rate of 1903 of $1 on $1,000. It is ever thus. Why is it that everybody hates to pay taxes? The fact is they give us more for our money than any other investment that can possibly be made.

The last instalment of the "Town History" by Abijah Thompson, Esq., in the *Star* was devoted to the life of the late Josiah F. Stone, one of the best men that ever lived in this town. The sketch was highly interesting, especially to the older people.

Hen thieves are pestering the good people of the Highland district but if Chief McIntosh gets his hands on them they will wish they had left the hens alone. In former times the worst thing that could be said about a man was that he was a "sheep stealer," and it seems to me that stealing hens is getting down pretty close to the sheep stealing point.

With many other gentlemen interested in public sewers and roads, the most of them being Superintendents of such departments in Maine, Massachusetts and other cities, our accomplished Roadmaster, Mr. G. A. Spates, was the guest of Hon. Edward B. Winslow at Portland, Maine, last Tuesday, and handsomely entertained. The party of Road officials were, with wives and friends, taken to many points of interest in and around the city and to a delightful sail to Peake's Island.

Mr. George S. Hudson, local reporter for the Boston *Herald* and whilome Editor of the *Press* of this village, has lately been doing specials anent mackerel fishing for the *Herald* with illustrations. The work involved sailing with the mackerel fleet, and there is nothing in the world that George enjoys more than skimming over the briny deep. He has often been employed by the *Herald* to report yacht races and other nautical events of importance, and nobody can do such things better than he.

Not Over-Wise.

There is an old allegorical picture of a girl scared at a grass-hopper, but in the act of heedlessly treading on a snake. This is paralleled by the man who spends a large sum of money building a cyclone cellar, but neglects to provide his family with a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy as a safeguard against bowel complaints, whose victims outnumber those of the cyclone a hundred to one. This remedy is everywhere recognized as the most prompt and reliable medicine in use for these diseases. For sale by all druggists.

Food and Character.

A scientist has recently been investigating the effect of food, particularly vegetables, on the human character. He affirms that a diet of carrots ameliorates harshness of character and reduces nervous irritability; peas create joyousness, while turnips have a depressing influence. Cabbage is good for pulmonary complaints, while lettuce acts as a sedative upon the human frame owing to the opium contained in its milky juice.

A Center of Attraction.

"I shouldn't be surprised if our child should be a great statesman, with extraordinary talents for filibustering," said the father.

"Why, he can't even talk yet," said the mother.

"That's true. He hasn't anything to say, and yet look at the time and attention he can monopolize."—Washington Star.

Father's Shortcoming.

"The trouble with father," said the gilded youth, "is that he has no idea of the value of money."

"You don't mean to imply that he is a spendthrift?"

"Not at all. But he puts his money away and doesn't appear to have any appreciation of all the things he might buy with it."—Exchange.

The Difference.

"What is the difference between a woman's whist club and a man's poker club?"

"Why, in one you get home to dinner and in the other to breakfast."—Detroit Free Press.

Spend not all you have, believe not all you hear and tell not all you know.

WHY NOT SPEAK ENGLISH?

The Use of Some Words In the Singular and Plural.

Is cherub an English word? If so its plural is cherubs, and not the Hebrew word cherubim. Is lexicon an English word, and criterion also? If so their plurals are lexicons and criterions, not the Greek lexica and criteria. Is appendix an English word, and index and vortex? If so the plurals are appendixes and indexes and vortexes, and not the Greek appendices, indices and vortices. Is memorandum an English word, and curriculum, gymnasium, medium and sanatorium? If so their plurals are memorandums and curriculums, gymnasiums, mediums and sanatoriums, and not the Latin memorana, curricula, gymnasia, media and sanatoria. Is formula an English word and nebula also? If so the plural is formulas and nebulas and not the Latin formulæ and nebulæ. Is beau an English word, and bureau? If so the plural is beaus and bureaus, and not the French beaux and bureaux. Is libretto an English word? If so its plural is librettos, and not the Italian libretti. Why not speak English?

Crisis is thoroughly acclimated in the English language, and so is thesis, and yet there are those who prefer crises and theses to the normal and regular crisises and thesises. Perhaps they are seeking to avoid the unpleasant hissing of the English plural; but none the less they are falling into pedantry.—Brander Matthews in Harper's Magazine.

The Friendly Catfish.

There is a species of fish that never looks at the clothes of the man who throws in the bait, a fish that takes whatever is thrown to it, and when once hold of the hook never tries to shake a friend, but submits to the inevitable, crosses his legs and says "Now I lay me" and comes out on the bank and seems to enjoy being taken. It is a fish that is a friend of the poor, and one that will sacrifice itself in the interest of humanity. That is the fish that the state should adopt as its trademark and cultivate friendly relations with and stand by. We allude to the bullhead. The bullhead never went back on a friend.

To catch the bullhead it is not necessary to tempt his appetite with a porterhouse steak or to display an expensive lot of fishing tackle. A pin hook, a piece of liver and a cistern pole are all the capital required to catch a bullhead. He lies upon the bottom of a stream or pond in the mud thinking. There is no fish that does more thinking or has a better head for grasping great questions or chunks of liver than the bullhead. The bullhead has a fine India rubber skin that is as far ahead of fiddlestring material for strength and durability as possible.

The Iron Pillar of Delhi.

The famous iron pillar of Delhi is dealt with in Cassier's Magazine. The pillar is a solid shaft of wrought iron, sixteen inches in diameter and of a length that is variously reported. The total length is from forty-eight to sixty feet under ground and above, including a capital of three and one-half feet. The pillar contains about eighty cubic feet of metal and weighs about seventeen tons. The metal is, of course, charcoal iron, made directly from ore in small billets; but how it was welded up no one can tell, as no record exists of any early method of dealing with great masses of wrought iron. An inscription roughly cut or punched upon the column states that Rajah Dhara subdued a people in the Surdhu, named Vahlikos, and obtained with his own arm an undivided sovereignty on the earth for a long period. The date of the inscription has been referred to the third or fourth century after Christ, but on this authorities are at variance.

Another Name For It.

"And now," said the inquisitive person who had been asking all sorts of impertinent questions of the rawboned mountaineer who sat at his cabin door smoking a corncob pipe—"now I will explain to you why I have been so inquisitive. I am a sociologial investigator and I am doing this in the interest of science and humanity."

"Haow things do change!" remarked the mountaineer as he leisurely stretched himself. "Whenst I were a boy we called you kind o' people dern snoop nosed meddlers."—Baltimore American.

An Ardent Reader.

"Well," said the sheriff, with an air of satisfaction, "noospapers don't make no great sight out o' me, now I tell ye, for it's seldom ever I set down to look at one on 'em. I got a book up home there I take an' read out on, ef I ain't got nothin' better to do. The woman she give a feller a dollar for her one time, an' put him up over night, too, she did."—From "Overhauling the Politicianers" in Century.

His Rash Act.

"I suppose," said the man with the searching eye, "that drink was your downfall?"

"It was," answered Meandering Mike. "I took a drink o' water dat had microbes in it, an' dat's what damaged me health so I can't work."—Washington Star.

The Popular Tune.

"What is your idea of a popular tune?"

"A popular tune," said the man who takes music seriously, "is one that gets to be universally disliked."—Exchange.

That Is Love.

Rosalie—What makes you think he is in love with you?

Violet—The first time he called he left his gloves, the second time his cane, and last night he forgot his hat.

Colors That Last Longest.

As twilight approaches a garden filled with brilliant flowers the red flowers will first lose their gorgeous color as the light diminishes, and then the grass and leaves will appear grayish. The last flowers to part with their distinctive color—white flowers being left out of the account—will be the blue or violet ones. This fact is useful to such insects as, in order to avoid their enemies, visit wild flowers in the twilight.

The Usual Thing.

"I would like to know," asked the parent who had a son in need of some further education, "what is the course at your college?"

"The usual half mile course of cinders and all that sort of thing, you know," absent mindedly replied the president of the great institution.—Exchange.

Dickens as Justice Stareleigh.

One memory of Dickens is indelibly impressed on my mind. I can recall the whole scene as if it had happened yesterday. I cannot have been more than six or seven years old when my father and mother took me to one of his readings at, I think, St. James' hall. First he read the death of Paul Dombey, which left me in floods of tears, and next came the trial scene from "Pickwick." I shall never forget my amazement when he assumed the character of Mr. Justice Stareleigh. The face and figure that I knew, that I had seen on the stage a moment before, seemed to vanish as if by magic, and there appeared instead a fat, pompous, pursy little man, with a plump, imbecile face, from which every vestige of good temper and cheerfulness—everything, in fact, except an expression of self sufficient stupidity—had been removed. The upper lip had become long and the corners of the mouth drooped, the nose was short and podgy, all the angles of the chin had gone, the chin itself had receded into the throat, and the eyes, lately so humorous and human, had become as malicious and obstinate as those of a pig.—R. C. Lehman in Chambers' Journal.

His Idea of Prayer.

Harold, the five-year-old son of a Presbyterian minister, was being prepared for bed. He had spent a very active day at coasting and was weary and very sleepy.

"Now, Harold, kneel down by mamma and say your little prayer."

"But, mamma"— half asleep, with his head on her shoulder.

"Be mamma's good boy, now," coaxingly. "Thank God for all his goodness to you."

But Harold was asleep.

His mamma gently aroused him. "Harold, don't be naughty. Be a good boy, now, and thank Jesus for the nice home you have, the warm clothing and fire to keep you warm, and a mamma and papa to love you. Think of the poor little boys who are hungry and cold tonight, no mamma to love them, no warm bed to go to, and"—

"But, mamma," interrupted the sleepy boy, roused to a protest, "I think them's the fellers that ort to do the prayin'."—Lippincott's.

Fashion Models.

Fashion models who pose for a photographer are not to be confused for a moment with those other models who pose for artists. The camera and the brush are far different mediums. One can hide or forget blemishes, but the other tells the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, says the Baltimore Herald. An artist can add a few inches to a model's height or change the curve of her shoulders or her nose or give her pearly teeth instead of irregular, discolored ones, or make any other improvement he desires; but the photographer can but press the bulb of his lens. Retouching is unavailing if the model has assumed a gawky, ungraceful pose. Not all the king's horses and all the king's men can make a camera transform an awkward woman into a beauty.

A Poor Press Agent.

Max O'Rell was exceedingly popular as a lecturer, and the way in which his mother viewed the suggestion that her son should take to the platform is worth repetition. She wrote to him from the native village which she had never left for more than a day to say that she did not think appearing before audiences to be reputable business, and when he replied that he had decided to do it and had signed a contract to that effect the dear old lady wrote back that she was "still" his loving mother and that she would tell no one in the village about it.

Barbarossa's Enchanted Sleep.

The Germans have a legend that Frederick Barbarossa is not dead, but in an enchanted sleep in a cavern in the Harz mountains. His long red beard is believed to have grown during this long enchantment until it covers the table at which he sits and descends to the floor. He has been there for centuries and must remain for centuries still, but he will finally be freed, so the legends say, and lead his knights to a glorious victory.

Ruination o' the Country.

"More'n thirty year sense, I heared a preacher say one time how eddication an' rum an' money was bound to be the ruination o' the country, an' set fire ef it ain't pooty nigh come true a'ready. You take it betwixt these here rich college fellers an' them dod blowed syndrics there, an' I want to know what show is they for pore men same's me and you?"—From "Overhauling the Politicianers" in Century.

He Was.

"Say, paw, was you ever the cynosure of all eyes?"

"Yes; the other day when I went running down the middle of the street after my hat I'll bet there wasn't a man, woman or child in town who wasn't there looking at me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Would Not Be Noticed.

Applicant—Yes, madam, I wish to secure board, but I must inform you that I am a vegetarian, madam.

Mrs. Slimdiet—Oh, that will be all right. You will not be expected to eat the meat. None of the others ever do.

A Wife's Economics.

Husband—Are you aware, my dear, that it takes three-fourths of my salary to meet your dressmaker's bills?

Wife—Goodness gracious! What do you do with the rest of your money?—San Francisco Wasp.

German Forethought.

Wealthy Resident—Why don't you call for more firemen, chief?

Chief of Volunteer Firemen—Well, you see, we get only one keg of beer for putting out a fire, and the fewer there are of us the more beer we shall have to drink.—Fliegende Blatter.

Independence That Counts.

After all, it is the independence that counts rather than either the wealth or the poverty. The simplicity of standing for just what one is, without sham or pretense, lifts a burden of fret or anxiety and leaves the spirit free.—Wellspring.

Too Familiar.

Countess (to new valet)—Johann, I observed yesterday, to my intense horror, that you clean my husband's clothes and your own with the same brush. I must strictly prohibit any such familiarities for the future.—From the German.

Infantile Perversity.

Hubby (walking the floor at 2 a. m.)—I'd just like to know why this baby persists in staying awake every night.

Wifey—Really, I can't imagine. I never have any trouble in keeping him asleep in the daytime.—New York Weekly.

Danes and Germans.

The character and temperament of the population of north Sleswick are very quiet and peaceable. As an official Prussian record of criminal cases states, there is in the whole German empire no single province in which so few sentences are passed by the criminal judges as in north Sleswick. There were only half the Prussian average of theft cases and cases of robbery with murder and murderous assault. These favorable crime statistics are due principally to the good bringing up and intelligence of the middle and lower classes as well as to the cordial and harmonious family life of the Danish population. Among the individual members of the family there always exists a consistently affectionate and hearty tone in their intercourse with each other. I visited many theaters, restaurants and inns, which were principally frequented by the Danish inhabitants, but nowhere saw an improper action nor an ill mannered offense. The intercourse between master and servant is also always friendly and polite.—W. Hartmann in Nineteenth Century.

Bell Ringing In London In 1600.

Here is an extract from a journal of the year 1600: On arriving in London we heard a great ringing of bells in almost all the churches going on very late in the evening. We were informed that the young people do that for the sake of exercise and amusement, and sometimes they pay considerable sums as a wager who will pull a bell the longest and ring it in the most approved fashion. Parishes spend much money in harmoniously sounding bells, that one being preferred which has the best bells. The old queen is said to have been pleased very much by this exercise, considering it as a sign of the health of the people. They do not ring the bells for the dead. When a person lies in agony the bells of the parish he belongs to are touched with the clappers until he either dies or recovers again. As soon as this sign is given everybody in the street as well as in the houses falls on his knees offering prayer for the sick person.

Suicides on "Blue Monday."

A scientist who has made a study of suicides has discovered that more women commit suicide on Monday than on any other day of the week.

Monday, "blue Monday" as it has long been called, is one of the most trying days of the week for women who are housewives, principally because it is "wash day." Breakfast is usually served earlier than on other days and more hastily prepared. The children are early hurried off to school and dinner is often "picked up." "Blue Monday" is the one day in the week when a housewife's troubles, hard work and annoyances seem to come all at once; hence the significant name for the first working day of the week.

Curiosities of Plants.

Times at which different plants open and shut their petals have been investigated, and it is commonly found that the hour varies according to theamount of moisture in the air. The main thing is to protect the pollen from invading moisture, and since some plants, such as the pimpernel, promptly close their petals on the near approach of rain they serve as weather glasses. Some plants seem to believe in a short day's work, the pimpernel, for instance, opening at 8 in the morning and closing at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the goat's beard, on the other hand, doing business from 3 a. m. to 10 p. m.

English as She Is Punctuated.

In a recent number of the British Medical Journal the troublesome comma is responsible for the following wonderful animal story:

"The driver having finished milking, his cow offered to take me into an adjoining room where the milk was cooled, saying that while he fetched the manager I could have a look around."

He Startled Her.

"Some women," he said, "have very little sense of rhythmic time in their heads. Are you good at keeping step, Miss Gushleigh?"

"Oh, Mr. Grubbins," she cried, "this is so sudden!"

For of course all she knew about keeping step was confined to the wedding march.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He Met His Match.

The Russian marshal Suvaroff was famous as a jester and was fond of confusing the men under his command by asking them unexpected and absurd questions. But occasionally he met his match. Thus, one bitter January night, such as Russia only can produce, he rode up to a sentry and demanded:

"How many stars are there in the sky?"

The soldier, not a whit disturbed, answered coolly:

"Wait a little, and I'll tell you." And he deliberately commenced counting, "One, two, three," etc.

When he had reached 100, Suvaroff, who was half frozen, thought it high time to ride off, not, however, without inquiring the name of the ready reckoner. Next day the latter found himself promoted.

Peculiar Twins.

A Harlem mother who has twins and is perforce obliged to study the peculiarities of the species affirms that never has she punished one of them—they are both boys—for a misdeed but that the other committed the identical offense at the very first opportunity.

Moreover, if one asks a question, especially in regard to an unusual happening, in the absence of the other his brother almost invariably repeats the query and very frequently in the same phraseology.

Her twins are not bad boys, but the mother says that she is satisfied of the fact that twins require as much attention and make as much noise as four ordinary children.—New York Times.

Wounds of the Heart.

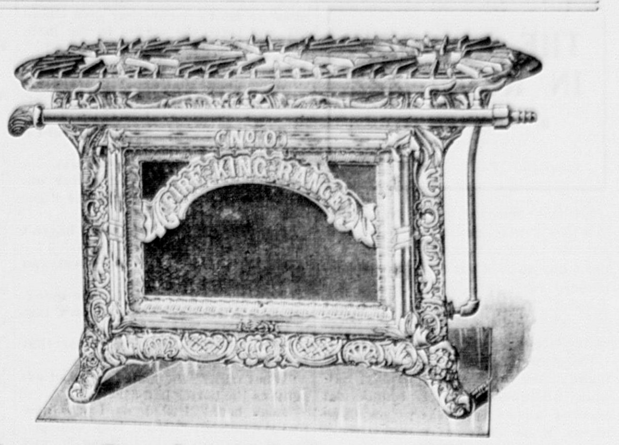
In wounds of the heart itself the escape of blood is never in large quantity, and the lethal consequences are due to the fact that the escape of blood from within its cavity or cavities into the surrounding sac of the pericardium mechanically interrupts the alternate contraction and expansion by which its pumping action is maintained. Accordingly the results of the wound of the heart are usually identical with those of gradual suffocation.—American Medicine.

One Thing Unbroken.

Standing over the shattered remains of their last Dresden china statuette, the exasperated mistress said to the awkward servant:

"Is there anything you haven't broken since you have been with me?"

"Yes, mum," replied the servant. "I have yet to break me record for destructiveness."—Baltimore American.



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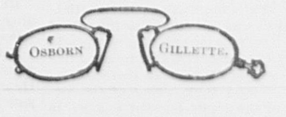

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THE EPISODE IN ROOM 222

By ARNOLD BENNETT

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The date was the 5th of November. It was a Friday, and yet there are people who affect to believe that Friday is not a day singled out from its six companions for mystery, strangeness and disaster. The number of the room was 222. The hotel I shall call by the name of the Grand Junction Terminus hotel.

The Grand Junction is full every night in the week except Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Every commercial traveler knows that, except on these nights, if he wishes to secure a room he must write or telegraph for it in advance. And there are 400 bedrooms.

It was somewhat late in the evening when I arrived in L——. On the spur of the moment I decided to stay at the Grand Junction if there was space for me. It is thus that fate works.

I walked into the hall, followed by a platform porter with my bag. The place seemed just as usual, the perfection of the commonplace, the business-like and the unspiritual.

"Have you a room?" I asked the young lady in black whose yellow hair shone gayly at the office window under the electric light.

She glanced at the ledgers in the impassive and detached manner which hotel young ladies with yellow hair invariably affect and ejaculated:

"No. 221."

"Pity you couldn't make it all twos," I ventured, with timid jocularity. How could I guess the import of what I was saying?

She smiled very slightly with a distant condescension. "Name?" she demanded.

"Edge."

In another moment I was in the elevator.

No. 221 was the last door but one at the end of the eastern corridor of the fourth floor. It proved to be a double bedded room, large, exquisitely ugly, but perfectly appointed in all matters of comfort. In short, it was characteristic of the hotel. I knew that every bedroom in that corridor presented exactly the same aspect. One instinctively felt the impossibility of anything weird, anything bizarre, anything terrible, entering the precincts of an abode so solid, cheerful, orderly and middle class.

It will be well for me to relate all that I did that evening. I went down to the billiard room and played a hundred up with the marker. To show that my nerves were at least as steady as usual that night I may mention that, although the marker gave me fifty and beat me, I made a break of twenty odd which won his generous approval. The game concluded, I went into the hall and asked the porter if there were any telegrams for me. There were not. I noticed that the porter—it was the night porter, and he had just come on duty—seemed to have a peculiarly honest and attractive face. Wishing him good night, I retired to bed.

At 3 o'clock I awoke, not with a start, but rather gradually. I know it was exactly 3 o'clock because the striking of a notoriously noisy church clock in the neighborhood was the first thing I heard. But the clock had not awakened me. I felt sure that something else, something far more sinister than a church clock, had been the origin of disturbance.

I listened. Then I heard it again. It was the sound of a groan in the next room.

"Some one indisposed, either in body or mind," I thought lightly, and I tried to go to sleep again. But I could not sleep. The groans continued and grew more poignant, more fearsome. At last I jumped out of bed and turned on the light.

"That man, whoever he is, is dying." The idea, as it were, sprang at my throat. "Only a man who saw Death by his side and trembled before the apparition could groan like that."

I put on some clothes and went into the corridor. It seemed to stretch away into illimitable distance, and far off a solitary electric light glimmered. My end was a haunt of gloomy shadows, except where the open door allowed the light from my bedroom to illuminate the long, monotonous pattern of the carpet.

I proceeded to the door next my own—the door of No. 222, and put my ear against the panel. The sound of groans was now much more distinct and more terrifying. I called. No answer. "What's the matter?" I inquired. No answer. Then I tried to open the door, but it was fast.

"Yes," I said to myself, "either he's dying or he's committed a murder and is feeling sorry for it. I must fetch the night porter."

I was compelled to find my way along endless corridors and down flights of stairs apparently innumerable. Here and there an electric light sought with its yellow eye to pierce the gloom. At length I reached the hall.

"There's a man either dying or very ill in No. 222," I said to the night porter.

"Is that so, sir?" he replied.

"Yes," I insisted. "I think he's dying. Hadn't you better do something?"

"If you think he's dying, sir, I'll call up the manager, Mr. Thom."

"Do," I said.

The manager slept on the first floor, and he soon appeared, a youngish man in a terra cotta dressing gown, his eyes full of sleep, yet alert and anxious to do his duty. We all three continued our progress to the fourth floor. Arrived in front of No. 222, we listened intently, but we could only hear a faint occasional groan.

"He's nearly dead," I said. The manager called aloud, but there was no answer. Then he vainly tried to open the door. The night porter departed and returned with a stout pair of steel tongs. With these and the natural ingenuity peculiar to hotel porters he forced open the door, and we entered No. 222.

A stout, middle aged man lay on the bed fully dressed in black. On the floor near the bed was a silk hat. As we approached the great body seemed to flutter, and then it lay profoundly and terribly still. The manager put his hand on the man's head and held the glass of his watch to the man's parted lips.

"He is dead," said the manager.

"H'm!" I said.

"I'm sorry you've been put to any inconvenience," said the manager, "and I'm much obliged to you."

The cold but polite tone was a request to me to re-enter my own chamber and leave the corpse to the manager and the night porter. I obeyed.

* * * * * * * *

"What about that man?" I asked the hall porter early the next, or, rather, the same, morning. I had not slept a wink since 3 o'clock, nor had I heard a sound in the corridor.

"What man, sir?" the porter said.

"You know," I returned rather angrily—"the man who died in the night—No. 222."

"I assure you, sir," he said, "I haven't the least notion what you mean."

Yet his face seemed as honest and open as ever.

I inquired at the office for the manager and after some difficulty saw him in his private office.

"I thought I'd just see about that man," I began.

"What man?" the manager asked exactly as the porter had asked.

"Look here," I said, as I was now really annoyed; "it's all very well giving instructions to the hall porter, and I can quite understand you want the thing kept as quiet as possible, but I saw the corpse and was of some assistance to you"—

"Excuse me," said the manager. "Either you or I must be completely mad."

"Do you mean to say," I remarked, with frosty sarcasm, "that you didn't enter room 222 with me this morning at 3 a. m. and find a dead man there?"

"I mean to say just that," he answered.

"Well"— I got no further. I paid my bill and left, but before leaving I went and carefully examined the door of No. 222. The door plainly showed marks of some iron instrument.

"Here," I said to the porter as I departed. "Accept this half crown from me. I admire you."

* * * * * * * *

In the course of my subsequent travels I once more found myself late one night at the Grand Junction Terminus hotel.

"Mr. Edge," said the night porter, "I've been looking out for you for weeks and weeks. The manager's compliments, and he would like to see you in his room."

Again I saw the youngish, alert manager.

"Mr. Edge," he began at once, "it is probable that I owe you an apology. At any rate I think it right to inform you that on the night of the 5th of November, the year before last, exactly twelve months before your last visit here, a stout man died in room No. 222 at 3 a. m. I forgot the circumstance when you last came to see me in this room."

"It seems queer," I said coldly, "that you should have forgotten such a circumstance."

"The fact is," he replied, "I was not the manager at that time. My predecessor died two days after the discovery of the corpse in room 222."

"And the night porter—is he, too, a new man?"

"Yes," said the manager. "The porter who, with the late manager, found the corpse in room 222 is now in Hanwell Lunatic asylum."

"Then you think," I said, "that I was the victim of a hallucination on my previous visit here?"

"On these matters," said the manager, "I prefer to think nothing."

The Rabbit as a Gardener.

Among the unpaid gardeners who keep certain parts of our landscape trim must be reckoned the humble rabbit. "Rabbit turf" on the juniper studded slopes of the Surrey hills, or the verges of the Devonshire cliffs, is almost the finest sward existing. The constant nibbling of the rabbits, which work steadily outward from their burrows, cropping the grass again and again closer than does a mowing machine, dwarfs not only the grass, but all other plants and herbs. They also nibble the furze bushes and bunches of heather into cushions and blunt cones and give to the ground which they frequent the appearance of being covered with artificially rounded and trimmed shrubs and bushes so characteristic of the sides of downs, an effect which the numbers of ant hills aid in producing. On some parts of the coast, especially in the sand hills which protect low lands from the sea, rabbits occasionally threaten to produce very much more serious changes in the landscape than this. They burrow into the sand hills and weaken them until they are no longer the firm barrier that they were. Over the whole of the coast of Holland the board which has control of the dikes and dams has plenary powers to enter upon any estate in the "dunes" fringing the sea and then and there to kill, slay and exterminate the rabbits without asking permission if, in the judgment of its officers, they are weakening the sand hills.—Spectator.

Changed His Tune.

A mother and baby entered a closed Broadway car at Fourteenth street and straightaway the little one began to cry.

The men in the car—and nearly all the passengers were men—pulled their papers up closer to their faces and tried to shut out the noise.

The baby cried the more.

As the car pulled up with a jerk to avoid running into a blockaded truck at the Grace church corner the chimes began to ring. The first few notes gave no clew to the selection.

Suddenly the baby ceased crying and crowed.

Then it came to the passengers that the chimes were ringing out the wedding march from "Lohengrin."

The baby crowed again.

One by one the papers dropped, disclosing smiling faces. The motorman had a grin, the conductor chuckled and the baby kept on crowing.

The bridal procession crept out of the church. The blockade straightened itself out. With a clank of bell the car started on toward the Battery. The chimes died away.—New York Tribune.

More Than He Asked.

Some Philadelphians visited Richmond, Va., and, asking as to the use of this and that large building, were told in every case that it was a tobacco factory. An aged negro gave them the information, and they, tiring of the monotony of the reply, pointed to a white frame building on a hill and asked whose tobacco factory that was, according to the Detroit News-Tribune. The old fellow replied:

"Dat, sah, am no fact'ry. Dat am S'n John's 'Piscopal church, where Marse Patrick Henry done get up an' ax de Lawd to gib him liberty or gib him deaf."

"Well, uncle," asked one of the trio, "which did the Lord give him?"

"'Pears to me yo' must be strangers hereabouts," he answered, "else yo'd all know dat, in due time, de Lawd gabe Marse Henry bofe."

We are inclined to believe in those whom we do not know because they have never deceived us.—Johnson.

ZERO AN ANCIENT TERM.

It Was in Use in Babylon Thirty-six Centuries Ago.

The term zero, which is used to designate a cipher and in meteorology the entire absence of heat in the atmosphere, was, according to a mathematical historian, Moritz Cantor, used by the Babylonians about the year 1700 B. C. This, however, is merely a supposition. It has not been definitely established that zero was in use any earlier than 400 A. D. About this time it was used in India, and several centuries later the Arabs began to employ it. Through the Arabs its use became known to Europeans during the twelfth century. It was not generally adopted in Europe until several centuries later, notwithstanding its great advantages. For a considerable time there were two parties among the European educators. One party, known as the algorists, favored the adoption of the Hindoo system of notation (falsely called Arabic), with its position values, while the other, known as the abacists, favored the Roman notation, without zero or position value.

The general adoption of the Hindoo system was greatly facilitated by the facts that it was explained in most of the calendars for more than a century, beginning with 1300, and that the mediæval universities frequently offered courses devoted to the use of this notation.—Chicago Tribune.

An American Waterloo.

Wellington at Waterloo and Meade at Gettysburg each held the highlands against his antagonist. Wellington on Mont Saint Jean and Meade on Cemetery Ridge had the birdseye view of the forces of attack. The English batteries on the plateau and the Union batteries on Cemetery Heights commanded alike the intervening undulations across which the charging columns must advance. Behind Mont Saint Jean, to conceal Wellington's movements from Napoleon's eyes, were the woodlands of Soignes. Behind Cemetery Ridge, to conceal Meade's movements from the field glasses of Lee, was a sharp declivity, a protecting and helpful depression. As the French under Napoleon at Waterloo, so the Confederates under Lee at Gettysburg held the weaker position. In both cases the assailants sought to expel their opponents from the stronger lines. I might add another resemblance in the results which followed. Waterloo decreed the destiny of France, of England, of Europe. Gettysburg, not so directly or immediately, but practically, decided the fate of the Confederacy.—General John B. Gordon in Scribner's.

Ladies Who Wore Knives.

In early English days knives were worn by Englishwomen in imitation of the anelace, a dagger carried at the girdle. Chaucer speaks of them in the prologue to his "Canterbury Tales:"

Hir knives were y-chaped not with brass,
But all with silver wrought, full clean and well.

In Ross church, Herefordshire, is a monument to a lady of the Ruddle family, temp. Henry VIII., who wears a purse and a knife. Brand tells us that knives were formerly part of the accouterments of a bride. In a play, temp. "Edward III.," occurs the passage:

Here by my side do hang my wedding knives.

In the "Archæologia" Mr. Douce, the antiquary, wrote a paper on this practice of wearing knives by European ladies in the sixteenth century, and an engraving shows a specimen of a case of these wedding knives, dated 1610, which are described as having amber handles and cases of purple velvet embroidered with gold.

Some Pygmy Animals.

A species of dwarf elephant used to live on the island of Malta and in various parts of Italy. Judging from the bones which remain, these animals, about the size of a large sheep, were somewhat numerous. A dwarf elephant is a rarity now and no longer forms a distinct species, but is considered rather a freak.

A very beautiful species of pygmy deer is found on the Sunda islands. These little creatures are not much larger than a cat, but have all the points of a "well bred" deer.

Among horses Shetland ponies are the pygmies. The ordinary musk of central Africa is a pygmy, or dwarf, of only about twenty inches in height at the shoulder and three feet in length.

Making Sure of Him.

"I think," said the thoughtful mother, "that you ought to object to young Brown paying so much attention to our daughter."

"Why?" demanded the thoughtless father. "He impresses me very favorably."

"That's just it," returned the thoughtful mother. "We must do something to make his ambitious mother think we regard ourselves a little above them socially if we are to make sure of him."

A Hint to Go.

"I have something to tell you before I go," he finally said.

"Is it a long story?" she hastily asked.

"No; it is a very short one."

"Then I think you will just have time," she sweetly said.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Her References.

"I don't like these references," said the housewife.

"Well, mum," returned the applicant for a position, "I didn't write 'em, so it ain't my fault. If you don't like 'em jest you go to the people as gave 'em to me an' tell 'em so."—Chicago Post.

A Definition.

"Pa, what is a fray?"

"Why, my son, that is what a person who has never been in a fight calls it."—Puck.

A Change of Name.

Boothby—What are you thinking about, Ethel?

Miss Warringford—About our wedding. I wanted to ask a favor of you.

Boothby—Anything, dearest.

Miss Warringford—Well, I don't want to change my name to Mrs. Henry Boothby. I want you to change yours to Mr. Ethel Warringford.

Thinner Then.

Barber—Hair's very thin, sir.

Customer—It was thinner than that thirty years ago.

"Indeed, sir, you surprise me! Why, you don't look more than thirty now, sir."

"Thirty yesterday."

Favorable Indication.

"Miss Charmington says she is very fond of animals," remarked Biggens' sister.

"Perhaps there's hopes for me, then," said Biggens. "She called me a brute the other day."—Syracuse Standard.

Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.—Franklin.

The Antiquity of Hospitals.

Many centuries before the Christian era there existed in India and Ceylon institutions which performed the functions of hospitals (Real-Encyclopadie, Eulenburg). They were built and maintained by the Buddhists. In the Scripture there is a mention of what the Hebrews called Bethesda, but this was nothing more than a few rude huts in the neighborhood of a mineral spring supposed to have healing properties. According to Lecky ("History of European Morals"), the first hospital was founded by a Roman lady named Fabiola, about the fourth century, at Rome. Soon after another hospital was founded by St. Pammachus, and another by St. Basil at Cæsarea. During the crusades numerous hospitals arose in all parts of Europe. San Spiritu, built by Innocent III., was erected in 1204 at Rome. The first hospital in England was built by Lanfranc, archbishop of Canterbury, in 1080. The first hospital of any size erected in America was the Pennsylvania hospital in Philadelphia, begun in 1751 by Dr. Bond and Benjamin Franklin.—Philadelphia Medical Journal.

The Emperor and the Mandarin.

The favorite horse of the Chinese emperor Tsi having died through negligence on the part of the master of the horse, the emperor in his rage would have run that functionary through with his sword. Mandarin Yentsi, however, parried the blow, saying:

"Sire, this man is not yet convicted of the crime for which he deserves to die."

"Well, then, tell him what it is."

"Listen, you scoundrel," said the minister, "to an enumeration of the crimes which you have committed. First, you have allowed a horse to perish which the emperor has intrusted to your safe keeping. Moreover, it is owing to you that our sovereign became so exasperated that he was on the point of killing you with his own hand. Lastly, it is your fault that he was about to disgrace himself in the eyes of everybody by killing a man for a horse."

"Let him go," interrupted the emperor, who understood the lesson. "I pardon him."

Horses of Celebrated Men.

It is generally known that Napoleon's white stallion, the horse he rode at Waterloo, was named Marengo and that Wellington's charger in the same battle was Copenhagen. The latter lived to be twenty-seven years old. The remains of Marengo are preserved in the Museum of the United Services, London. Do you remember the names of any of George Washington's horses? In nearly all of the Washington statues the Father of His Country is represented as on horseback, but what is the name of the animal he bestrides? Richard III. owned White Surrey, and it was for that splendid animal that he cried when he shouted, "My kingdom for a horse!" William III.'s favorite horse, Sorrel, had one eye. Savoy, the black horse of Charles VIII. of France, also had only one eye.

When Carlyle Pinched His Wife.

A volume by the late Anthony Froude, the historian, tells this story of Carlyle and his wife, who lived on notoriously bad terms, the latter dying first: "Carlyle found a remembrance in her diary of the blue marks which in a fit of passion he had once inflicted on her arms. As soon as he could collect himself he put together a memoir of her, in which with deliberate courage he inserted the incriminating passages of her diary, the note of the blue marks among them, and he added an injunction of his own that, however stern and tragic that record might be, it was never to be destroyed."

One Cause of Deafness.

"Deafness is often caused by the violence with which people blow their noses," said a New York specialist in eye and ear diseases. "There is an intimate relation between the aural and nasal passages. You sometimes feel it when you are bathing and get your nose full of water. Then you will find more deafness in localities where the residents are subject to catarrh. In the straining attendant on blowing the nose persons stretch the eardrum. Sometimes they burst the membrane. I have handled many cases of this sort, where deafness came suddenly after a heavy cold in the head."

Making Up.

"Miss Ethel is a long time coming down," said the youth to the servant after waiting some time for the young lady's appearance. "Perhaps," he added, with a laugh, "perhaps she is making up her mind whether to see me or not."

"No," said the servant, with an icy smile; "it is not her mind she is making up."

Poor Boy!

"Your new brother is the eleventh child in the family, is he not?" asked the caller.

"Yes, ma'am," said the little girl.

"Have you named him yet?"

"I think we're going to name him Jerusalem. That's what papa called him when he was born."—Exchange.

Her Excuse.

Widow (to dressmaker)—You must really wait awhile for payment for the mourning dresses. We are still too sorrowful to consider financial matters

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

TRADE-MARK

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VII, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, AUG. 16.

Text of the Lesson, I Sam. xviii, 5-16. Memory Verses, 12-14—Golden Text, Ps. xlvi, 1—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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5. And David behaved himself wisely (prospered, margin), and Saul set him over the men of war, and he was accepted in the sight of all the people and also in the sight of Saul's servants.

The R. V. of chapter xvii, 15, is that David went to and fro from Saul to feed his father's sheep, but now after his great triumph and his virtually leading the hosts of Israel to victory Saul will not let him return any more to his father's house (verse 2), but promotes him, as stated in this verse of our lesson. That David was accepted by the people makes us think of Mordecai, of whom it is written that he was next to the king, accepted of the multitude of his brethren, seeking the wealth of his people and speaking peace to all his seed (Est. x, 3). His being promoted by Saul seems a very small matter when we consider that he had already been anointed by Samuel to take Saul's place in due time.

6-9. And the women answered one another as they played and said, Saul hath slain his thousands and David his ten thousands, * * * and Saul eyed David from that day forward.

This was part of the song with which Saul and David were greeted on their return from the victory over the Philistines and which stirred in Saul a spirit of jealousy and hatred of David, so that he said, "What can he have more but the kingdom?" If Saul had remembered and believed the words of Samuel in chapter xv, 28, he would have known that the kingdom was as surely David's as if he was already in possession of it.

10, 11. And it came to pass on the morrow that the evil spirit from God came upon Saul, and he prophesied in the midst of the house, and David played with his hand as at other times.

As David played on his harp at other times the evil spirit departed from Saul (xvi, 23), but now Saul was too much under the control of the evil spirit and did not seem to desire its departure, for there was murder in his heart, and he attempted to kill David. As the evil spirit from God so often mentioned (xvi, 14, 23; xix, 9) and similar seemingly difficult statements, the simple truth was that Saul, having refused to obey God and follow Him, is left by God to the guidance of the one he preferred.

12-14. And Saul was afraid of David, because the Lord was with him and was departed from Saul. * * * And David behaved himself wisely in all his ways, and the Lord was with him.

Although Saul humbled him to be the captain only of a thousand (verse 13), David kept evenly on his way and walked wisely in the sight of the Lord, conscious of His presence and approval. The phrase "behave wisely" is the same as "prosper" or "have good success" (Josh. i, 7, 8; Jer. xxiii, 5), and in Ps. xxxii, 8, it is "instruct." By the Spirit of the Lord mightily upon him (xvi, 13, R. V.) he was so instructed that he could say, "I will behave myself wisely in a perfect way" (Ps. ci, 2), and by the grace of God he did. If we allow ourselves to be affected by or come under the power of people or circumstances, we do not prosper or behave wisely, but to have a heart only for God—that is true prosperity. By the grace of God David so lived that his name was much set by, or precious (verse 30 and margin), in the eyes of the people. The words, "The Lord was with him" (verses 12, 14 and 28), remind us of Joseph and his trials and that both as slave and prisoner the Lord was with him and he was a prosperous man (Gen. xxxix, 2, 3, 21, 23).

15. Wherefore when Saul saw that he behaved himself very wisely he was afraid of him.

Sin and a guilty conscience make cowards. Adam, having sinned, was afraid and sought to hide from God. Abraham was afraid that they would kill him for his wife's sake, and he and she consented to lie, and so also did Isaac and Rebekah (Gen. iii, 10; xii, 12; xx, 11; xxvi, 7). The testimony of an upright life is a rebuke to one living in sin, and there is a conscience that also upbraids. God knows and the guilty person knows; they know together (conscience) even if no one else knows.

16. But all Israel and Judah loved David, because he went out and came in before them.

Long afterward, when he was anointed king at Hebron, they spake to him in these words: "When Saul was king over us, thou wast he that leddest out and broughtest in Israel" (II Sam. v, 2). "Going out and coming in" is a phrase that seems to cover all one's daily life. When Solomon became king, he said to God: "I am but a little child. I know not how to go out or come in" (I Kings iii, 7). So the beautiful promise in Ps. cxxi, 8, "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth and even forevermore," with the assurance in Deut. xxviii, 6, "Blessed shalt thou be when thou comest in and blessed shalt thou be when thou goest out" includes the whole life. When thus blessed and kept by God, we need not fear the hatred or ill will of any one, but may find all necessary comfort in such words as these: "I, even I, am he that comforteth you. Who art thou that thou shouldst be afraid of a man * * * and forgetteth the Lord, thy Maker?" (Isa. li, 12, 13). And rejoice to say: "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?" "Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid." "What time I am afraid I will trust in thee" (Ps. xxvii, 1; lvi, 3, 4, 11; Isa. xii, 2).

Boy Soldiers In South America.

In Venezuela, Colombia and other South American countries it is no uncommon thing to see boys of ten or twelve years of age or even younger carrying rifles and marching to battle with the armies which fight in the civil wars of those lands. These boy soldiers are usually of Indian blood, and they fight quite as well as the oldest veteran.

As a Natural Result.

Mrs. Secondtime (peevishly)—My first husband used to let me have my own way in everything.

Mr. S.—And what were the consequences?

Mrs. S.—He died.

No loafer respects a man who works, but a hard working man rather looks up to a man who is smart enough to live in idleness.—Atchison Globe.

Some people are like a river. The only way they can attract attention is by going on a rampage.

PISCATORY STUPIDITY.

The Fish's Capacity For Learning Is Painfully Contracted.

Most fishes seek their food by sight, says Professor Edmund Clark Sanford in the International Quarterly, and these do not usually notice it by any other sense. But those that are accustomed to find it by smell seldom pay any attention to it when they merely see it.

Catfish depend principally on the sense of taste, and they seem to taste all over, not only in the mouth, but by the outer skin as far back as the tail fin.

It is uncertain whether fishes can feel pain or not. There is a good deal of evidence to show that they cannot.

A fish that has lost its sight may learn to avoid an obstacle after swimming against it a single time, but fishes that can see will jump against the plate glass wall of an aquarium day after day, sometimes for a year, in the effort to catch things outside.

The elements of consciousness in the mind of a fish foot up a total "equivalent, perhaps, to the lowest idiocy when measured by human standards." It is possible that the fish's capacity for learning is "about on a level with that of a man in deep sleep or preoccupation."

Delhi, the Gem Market.

Delhi remains the center of all Indian art industries. The most skillful jewelers and gem cutters, painters, carvers, embroiderers and craftsmen whose creations could tempt the purse or minister to the luxury of the greater and lesser Moguls have gathered there for centuries, and trade habits are but slowly broken. Along Chandni Chauk plump merchants in snow white clothes and tiny jewelers' turbans invite one to their whitewashed, felt floored inner rooms, and there, treading catlike in stockinged feet, they unroll gold and silver embroideries, Kashmir shawls and "camel's hair" stuffs and cover the last inches of floor space with jewels.

Necklaces, girdles and a queen's ornaments are drawn from battered boxes, scraps of paper, cotton cloth or old flannel. Nothing seems quite as incongruous in this land of the misfit and the incongruous as the way in which the jewels of a rajah are produced from old biscuit tins, pickle bottles and marmalade jars. One buys the gems of a temple goddess, and they are laid in grimy cotton wool and packed in rusty little tin boxes of a crudity inconceivable.—From Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore's "Winter India."

Superstition of the Unlucky Thirteen

When King Arthur founded the famous round table he requested Merlin, the enchanter, to arrange the seats. Merlin arranged one set of seats to represent the apostles. Twelve were for the faithful adherents of Jesus Christ and the thirteenth for the traitor Judas. The first were never occupied save by knights distinguished for their achievements, and when a death occurred among them the seat remained vacant until a knight surpassing him in heroic and warlike attainments should be considered worthy to fill the place. If an unworthy knight sought the chair he was repelled by some magic power.

The thirteenth seat was never occupied but once. The story goes that a haughty and insolent Saracen knight sat down upon it and was immediately swallowed up by the earth. Ever after it was known as the "perilous seat," and, brave as the celebrated knights of the round table are said to have been, not one ever had the courage to sit on the thirteenth chair, and the superstition against it still survives.

Watch a Horse's Ears When Driving.

Whether you drive a single horse or a team the principles are the same, but in driving a pair see to it that each horse does his share of the work and no more. A pair of horses, moreover, unless well driven are sure to get in the habit of wandering over the road.

To drive well you must keep your eye and your mind on the horse. Watch his ears. They will be pricked forward when he is about to shy, droop when he is tired, fly back just before he "breaks" (into a gallop) and before he kicks. Before kicking, too, a horse usually tucks in his tail and hunches his back a little. When you observe any of these indications, speak to him sharply and pull up his head.

Gypsies and Death.

The custom of placing the property of the dead in their graves has always been followed by the true Romany gypsies. It is due to some old tradition of ill luck attending the possession of an article whose former owner is gone, and much valuable property is buried in this belief. There is also a sentiment among gypsies against the possession of anything that has belonged to a dead person, because it serves to remind the living of the departed and inspire in them a dread of death. The custom of burying their property with gypsy dead dates from the earliest history of the Romany tribes.

First Test of the Air Pump.

The first public test of the air pump was in 1654 by its inventor, Otto von Guericke, in the presence of Emperor Ferdinand of Germany. Guericke applied the carefully ground edges of metallic hemispheres, two feet in diameter, to each other. After exhausting the air by his apparatus he attached fifteen horses to each hemisphere. In vain did they attempt to separate them because of the enormous pressure of the atmosphere. The experiment was a great success.

An Exaggerated Report.

The family doctor had been summoned hastily, and he climbed the tenement stairs with a grave face. A woman was awaiting him in the doorway of a flat.

"I understand little Tommy has swallowed a quarter," he said. "Where is he?"

"Oh, doctor, I'm glad to tell you we've made a mistake," she said blithely. "It wasn't a quarter after all. It was only a nickel."—New York Press.

Did the Best She Could.

Mrs. Uppmann—I must tell you, Della, that I was displeased at your entertaining that policeman in the kitchen last night.

Della—Faith, Oi did ax him into the parlor, ma'am, but he wouldn't go.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Chicken Foot Luck.

"Do you think that there is luck in a rabbit's foot?"

"Not as much as dar is in a chicken's foot," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "provided de res' er de animal is attached."—Washington Star.

A Take Off.

Harry (looking at his whitened coat sleeve)—That isn't much of a compliment to Carrie's complexion.

Esther—I should say not. It's a regular take off.—Boston Transcript.

The Ways of Boston.

The crooked streets of Boston are said to follow the old paths along which the early settlers of the place drove their cows to and from their pasture on the common. However true this may be, it is certain that many of the main streets of the old city proper mark geographic features, formerly of importance, but now almost entirely forgotten. Atlantic avenue follows closely the original shore line; Washington street preserves in its curves the old road along the narrow neck of land which was the only connection for a long time between the mainland and Boston peninsula, with its three hills, which gave the name Tremont; Causeway street represents the dam to the earliest tidal mill pond, and Beacon street, the "mill dam," was built later to hold back the waters of Back bay at high tide to be used for power at low tide; the curve of Park square gives the shore line of this Back bay, where the fathers and grandfathers of the present generation used to put on their skates to glide over the area now occupied by Trinity church and the Public library.—F. P. Gulliver in Journal of Geography.

Living, Yet Dead.

In a German law journal may be found a curious account of a woman who, though actually living, is legally dead. Some years ago she disappeared from her home, and after three years had elapsed the court formally pronounced her dead and turned over her property to her next of kin. Soon afterward she returned to her native place, and as there was no question as to her identity she naturally thought that she would have no difficulty in recovering her property. The court, however, flatly refused to comply with her request.

"You have been declared dead," it virtually said, "and it is impossible for us to regard you as living."

Thereupon the woman appealed to a higher court, but her labor was in vain, for the verdict of the lower court was upheld, and, moreover, an official notice was issued to the effect that the plaintiff, having formally been declared dead, could not now be restored to life, as the law understands that word, and must remain dead until doomsday.

The Russian Bride.

A Russian bride has a very much more trying time on her wedding day than has her American sister, for she must fast until after the ceremony is over and that after enduring the trials of a "farewell party" the day before. As the wedding, to be fashionable, must not take place till the evening, it is easy to imagine in what an exhausted state the bride often enters on her new life. Besides bridesmaids there are also bridesmen, who have to provide the bridesmaids with sweetmeats. The number of bridesmaids is unlimited, and they are not dressed alike. Following the bridal procession is carried a picture in gold and silver of Christ, which is stationed against the altar. The bride's old nurse is intrusted with the removal of the bride's dowry from her father's house to that of her future husband.

A Million For Advice.

Sometimes repressing a client pays a lawyer well. There is a persistent story, which probably will never be printed as to names and details, that a famous trust magnate paid a lawyer a million dollars in cash for simply saying to him: "Don't fight. If you insist on fighting I will take your case. But if you fight remember all your books will be opened and all your methods disclosed." The bewildering munificence of that instant fee of a million was a record for wise philanthropy which showed the genius of the philanthropist. Never was a fee better earned if the tale is true.—Everybody's Magazine.

A Cautious Answer.

A writer on New England and New England people some years ago said that the caution of the New Englander in giving an answer to a direct question was illustrated to him one day when he asked an eastern friend whose family were not noted for very active habits, "Was not your father's death very sudden?"

Slowly drawing one hand from his pocket and pulling down his beard the interrogated cautiously replied, "Waal, rather sudden for him."

Heroic Measures.

"I'm after a servant girl," said Hauskeep; "one with a good, big appetite preferred."

"That's rather an unusual request," began the employment agent.

"Well, I've got to put a stop to this business of having things warmed over the next day."—Philadelphia Press.

The Lamp of a Man's Life.

Dr. Holmes said the lamp of a man's life has three wicks—brain, blood and breath—and to turn down any one of them makes the other two go out. The wounds a man will survive and even disregard so long as his head, heart and lungs are unhurt have long been one of the wonders of war history.

Heartstrings Particularly.

Whatever music there may be in the instrument called man cannot be brought out fully and entirely until a woman takes it in charge and plays upon the strings of it.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Unfortunately the Only Way.

"Of course you wouldn't marry a title?"

"Not if there was any other way of getting one," answered the severely practical girl.—Chicago Post.

Modern Version.

Rich Heiress—Are you sure you love me?

Hard Up—Love you? Why, I worship the very ground you inherit.

The Lucky Party.

A gentleman was complimenting a pretty young lady in the presence of his wife.

"It's lucky I did not meet Miss Hopkins before I married you, my dear."

"Well, yes; it is extremely—for her," was the rejoinder.

The Ruling Passion.

Son—Pa, every now and then I see something in the papers about the "ruling passion." What is it, anyway?

Pa (after a cautious glance around the apartment)—It's a disease your ma is badly afflicted with, my son.

Not to Blame.

The Elderly Lady—They say his wife has money.

The Younger—Well, that isn't his fault. They've only been married a short time.

Every time a man comes across a lot of old clothes in the house he searches the pockets, though he never finds anything.

Business Cards.

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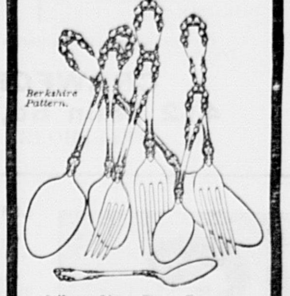

When You Buy Spoons

knives, forks, etc., buy reliable brands, even if they do cost a little more. They are worth the difference. If "1847" is a part of the stamp it insures genuine Rogers quality, famous for wear. Full trade-mark—

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International Silver Co. Meriden, Conn

His Stupid Mistake.

A well known Londoner was planning an entertainment on an elaborate scale to be given to various friends in the neighborhood of his country seat. Unfortunately his nearest neighbor, a close relative, is highly uncongenial to himself and his intimates, and he racked his brains to devise a scheme by which he might avoid the necessity of inviting the undesirable cousin to be among his guests.

"I have it!" he announced to his wife at breakfast on the morning of the event. "I'll send him some tickets for the play tonight in town. Of course he'll be delighted, as he seldom has an opportunity of going to the theater."

The tickets were accordingly sent, and the host with an easy conscience proceeded to enjoy the company of his friends. But his satisfaction was of short duration. At the height of the festivities in walked the objectionable neighbor.

"Such a stupid mistake you made!" he announced as he approached his cousin. "As soon as I heard about your party I knew that you must have sent me the tickets for the wrong night; so I got them changed for tomorrow evening and came right over here as soon as I could."—Harper's Weekly.

When Vaughan Washed Windows.

Sir Francis Burnand was at one time with the Oblates of St. Charles at Bayswater when Manning was superior and Vaughan was novice master. For a jest which had made his fellow novices laugh at a solemn moment Father Vaughan, as he then was, condemned Sir Francis to clean a casement window and volunteered to show him how to do it. Thereupon he stepped out to the liberal window sill, his cassock fluttering in the friendly wind, which, moreover, shut the window. The hasp was then turned, and, the dinner bell ringing, the refractory novice went down to the refectory. In mid meal the superior became aware of a little crowd in the roadway gazing upward. What was the vision? A brief investigation resulted in the release of Father Vaughan and also of the novice. "You a priest!" exclaimed the superior. "Go and make boots." "You still commit to me the care of soles," was the parting sally of the future editor of Punch.—London Chronicle.

How Fast a Horse's Feet Move.

Did you ever think, says a horseman, how fast a horse in a 2:20 gait moves his feet? When a horse is trotting a 2:20 gait his feet move a little faster than a mile in 1:10. As his body is moving at 2:20 and as each of his feet when in contact with the ground is stationary and then is picked up and moved forward to take the next step the foot must move as much faster than the body as to make the step, which is over twice as fast. Now, the action is: The foot is at rest upon the ground and is raised some one or two feet high, then forced forward nearly the full length of the leg, then lowered to the ground and is at rest for nearly two-thirds of the time that the next step is being taken. The time, nearly two-thirds, I think, is too long, but it is from one-half to two-thirds of the next step.

Differences In Woods.

Timber is classed as hard or soft, and the main point of difference between the trees that produce these classes is that the soft wooded tree has "needle leaves," slim, narrow and almost uniform in breadth, while the hard wood trees have broad leaves of various shapes. Again, some soft wood trees carry cones, such trees being termed conifers. Resin, too, is more characteristic of soft than of hard wood. To the class of soft woods belong the pines, spruces and firs, and the most common examples of these are yellow pine, white fir, pitch pine and spruce or red fir. In the commoner hard woods are oak, beech, mahogany, ash, walnut, plane, elm, birch and ebony.

He Read It.

Poet—Has the editor read the poem I left here yesterday?

Office Boy—I think so, sir. He's away ill today.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $2.00 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

VOL. LIII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 1903. {Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.} NO. 38.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 22, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.27, 6.55, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY-To Boston** ,9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P.M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43, 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30, 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23, 7.50, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y
Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham ,5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m.. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.
In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M. and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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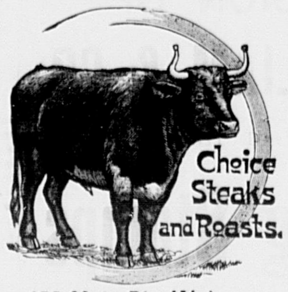

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Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
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115 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway
WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 26, 1903, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6.37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2.37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M.; every half hour to 12.07; then 12.30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
12	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Canaan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.
MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

8 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

THE THURSTONS AS MATCHMAKERS

By L. E. CHITTENDEN

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

In the hay loft six Thurstons sprawled at ease and wished something would happen.

"Say," said Don excitedly, sitting up, "I know something. You know Mrs. Wilson's nephew, Jim Wilson, who coaches us at football?"

"Yes."

"Well, I heard daddy tell mother that he's fallen in love with Amy Smithers. Did you ever hear of such a silly—a great big fellow like him in love? But he is," continued Don, looking around, with a disgusted air.

"Amy Smithers," said Ted, with the air of a connoisseur, "is the prettiest girl in the town. She's a brick, too, and the best Sunday school teacher I ever had. I intended to marry her myself."

"Well, you can't," continued Don, "nor Mr. Wilson either, for daddy says Mrs. Wilson is awful mad about it on account of Mrs. Smithers being a farmer and talking bass and having whiskers, and Amy's her niece, you see."

"Well, the idea!" said Polly indignantly. "Why, Mrs. Smithers is an awful good woman, and you don't think a bit about her whiskers when you know her."

"Mrs. Smithers is mad, too, and says Mrs. Wilson is a stuck up thing and Amy's not allowed to have anything to do with that nice Mr. Jim Wilson. Daddy's about crazy with hearing both sides and not being able to do a thing about it, and he says he's glad he and mother are going to the synod next week, and he hopes something will happen while he's gone to fix things up. So let's us."

Five Thurstons with renewed interest in life sat up.

"How?" they queried simultaneously.

Then Molly, struck with an idea, said, "Don Thurston, how'd you ever hear all this?"

"Had the toothache the other night and couldn't sleep; so I laid down on the floor beside that drum thing that comes up from the sitting room, and daddy was talking so I couldn't help but hear," said Don.

"You ought to have coughed or something," said Molly severely.

"Never mind," said Polly; "I'm glad he didn't; it's so interesting. Let's think what to do."

"Let's have a dinner party," said Molly, "and ask the bishop to come and Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Smithers and Miss Amy and Mr. Jim, and ask 'em all separate and tell them not to tell any one, but to come and meet the bishop. Then when they're all here we'll have it all dark and Miss Amy and Mr. Jim in the library concealed, and we'll spring the lights on, and nobody'll dare get mad with the bishop there, and they'll all say, 'Heaven bless you, my children.'"

"How can we with mother gone?" asked Polly.

"We'll get Mrs. Flannegan to help, and we'll have it the evening father and mother come home."

"Where'll we get the money?" asked Ted; suddenly developing a practical side.

"We've got a dollar apiece saved for missions; we can use that and save some more for missions," suggested Don.

"This is a kind of mission, I think," said Polly, trying not to wonder what her father would think about it.

With the Thurstons to plan was to act; so Polly and Molly flew to the house for paper to write out their menu. Dummy Dee was to get on his wheel and go over to the bishop's.

The bright spots in the busy, overworked bishop's life were usually supplied by the Thurstons.

So as he was coming out of his door with a pile of letters in his hand his heart cheered within him at the sight of the somewhat ball-like figure of Dummy Dee dismounting in haste from his wheel.

"Oh, bishop, I'm so glad you aren't gone away," began Dummy Dee after they had shaken hands, "because we want to fix something with you. Can you come to a kind of a supper or dinner party at our house next week Thursday?"

"That's the evening I get home from the synod," said the bishop. "I think I can, thank you."

"Father and mother are going too. It will be a surprise. Be sure not to tell them about it at the synod, won't you, bishop?"

And the bishop, scenting mysterious delights from afar, promised faithfully not to divulge the secret nor to forget his own engagement.

So Dummy Dee rode happily away to where the five were struggling with the menu, which seemed never to progress beyond ice cream and fried chicken, with candy interludes.

Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Smithers accepted with the same delight the bishop had shown. They were entirely sure that whatever the Thurstons figured in could be counted on to be wildly exciting as well as original.

Then Mr. Wilson and Miss Amy Smithers were sworn to secrecy and invited.

Mrs. Flannegan was engaged to help about the dinner. She made up in good nature what she lacked in skill, which was considerable.

The day of the feast was a busy one and providentially, they considered, a half holiday from school. Mrs. Wilson sent flowers and after a consultation with the open minded Dummy Dee arranged some matters with her own cook to supply some of Mrs. Flannegan's deficiencies.

The guests, assembling on the evening, were met by Dummy Dee, who led them into the darkened parlor. "There's a chair," he would say, leading them one by one to a haven of safety. "The lights will come on by and by."

And presently, when they all were in the parlor, the Thurstons switched on the lights and waited in various attitudes and places for things to happen. After the guests' eyes had become somewhat accustomed to the change from darkness to dazzling radiance Mrs. Smithers and Mrs. Wilson regarded each other and the exceedingly good looking young couple, to say nothing of the bishop and the bewildered Rev. Mr. Thurston and his wife.

The temperature was growing more and more frigid every moment when in rushed the conspirators' chorus, who had mainly been concealed behind the library doors. "Oh, why don't you say 'Heaven bless you?'" besought Molly in anguished tones. "Dinner's all waiting and getting cold, and if you only knew what a lot of trouble it's been to keep the hot things from getting cold and the cold things from getting hot"—

"What under the sun"— began the Rev. Mr. Thurston. And then, headed by the bishop, they all broke into wild peals of laughter, and you know no one can keep a resentment long alive to the tune of laughter. So by and by, to the delight of the six conspirators, Mrs. Wilson was kissing pretty Amy Smithers and Mrs. Smithers was shaking Jim Wilson's hand.

Then they trooped out to the gayly decorated dining room. The dinner, from soup, oysters, fried chicken, vegetables, to cake, ice cream and coffee, was so much better than poor little Polly and Molly and the boys had expected that they, knowing nothing of the appearance of Mrs. Wilson's cook on the scene armed to the teeth with hampers, just supposed it was the work of fairies that preside over such scenes and ate with rare enjoyment of every course, with a candy and salted almond interlude between each.

The bishop was in his happiest mood and drew out each guest to the best advantage. Mrs. Wilson began to realize the worth of Mrs. Smithers and Mrs. Smithers grew very friendly toward the pretty, soft voiced little lady, while Mr. Jim and Miss Amy spoiled and petted the six children to their hearts' content.

"This is better," said Molly afterward, "than diamonds and shiny clothes in a show."

The Lines In One's Palm.

Square or spatulated fingers in the science of palmistry denote the philosophical and practical temperament, taper fingers signify an artistic temperament and very pointed digits are a sure sign of the dreamy, psychical nature. Much is learned by the general quality and configuration of the lines which cross the latter. The life line running around the base of the thumb denotes long or short life, good or ill health, according as it is long or short, clear and unbroken or otherwise. The heart line, running across the palm nearest the base of the fingers, signifies the quality of the possessor's emotional nature, also the kind of love she will give and receive. This will be enduring or temporary according to whether the line be long and clear, forked or crossed and chained. Below this is the head line, which indicates the mental and moral qualities and achievements and deficiencies.

The line of fate runs perpendicularly across the middle of the palm and is a very important factor in the happiness or unhappiness of its owner. It should be clear and narrow, unchained and uncrossed by the fine wrinkles which score so many palms, and it should never come to an end on the line of the heart, since this signifies disappointment in love. A cross on the "mount of Mercury," which is just at the base of the fore or index finger, is an unfailing sign of a happy marriage.

ALWAYS INSIST UPON HAVING THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

Kingsley's Love For Children.

The love of many women may be as great, but of few is it at once so wise and so great as that which Charles Kingsley had for his children. For the sake of their health he built for them an outdoor nursery on the highest point of his rectory house, and there he would join them when his work was done, bringing a wild flower, a fern, a beetle, a lizard, a field mouse or something that would draw forth their powers of observation and make them fond of the works of God's hand. "Oh, daddy, look at this delightful worm!" one of his guests heard, not without surprise, his little girl say. Kingsley was careful not to confuse his children by a multitude of small rules. "It is difficult enough to keep the Ten Commandments," he would say, "without making an eleventh in every direction." He had no "moods" with his family, for he cultivated by strict self discipline, in the midst of worries and pressing business, a disengaged temper, that always enabled him to enter into other people's interests, and especially into children's playfulness. He became a light hearted boy in the presence of his children. When nursery griefs and broken toys were taken to his study he was never too busy to mend the toy and dry the tears.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Waltz of the Ostrich.

The dance of the ostrich is one of those peculiar native customs which certain fowls develop, without any apparent incentive except it may be the law of heredity. It usually occurs at early morning, when the young, strong birds are let out of their inclosure, and is said to be entirely due to awkwardness and uncertainty. This leads them to advance and turn in a dervish-like whirl which is very quaint and fantastic, as they float about assisting their motions by their outspread wings. They circle and reverse almost as a waltzer would, and when a large number of these strange birds go through their dancing antics it is almost impossible to believe that they have not been taught the accomplishment by a dancing master. Their waltz often ends in disaster, as they break each other's legs, which is certain death, or become dizzy and fall down in a demoralized heap. The kick of an ostrich has been known to destroy life.

Embarrassing.

In a suburban school a teacher once proved that it may be embarrassing to use oneself as an illustration. She was hearing a class in spelling and defining words. The word "orphan" had been correctly spelled, but none of the class seemed to know its meaning. After asking one or two of them she said encouragingly:

"Now, try again. I am an orphan. Now can't some of you guess what it means?"

The blank look on their faces remained until one of the scholars raised his hand and said, in the most guileless manner possible:

"It's some one that wants to get married and can't get a husband!"

The Vest a Minor Garment.

The waistcoat has always been a garment of minor consideration. It appeared and disappeared according to the requirements of the varying costumes in earlier times, and first had official recognition under the reign of Charles II. It was in 1666 that Pepys makes mention of the waistcoat in his diary: "This day the king began to put on his vest, and I did see several persons of the house of lords and commons wearing a long cassock close to the body."

Pertinent Advice.

A student noted for his carelessness in dress once approached Professor Simon Newcomb of Johns Hopkins university for advice. He was thinking of leaving college and going into business, having had a flattering offer.

"Now you know my case, professor," he said, "and if you were in my shoes what would you do?"

The professor looked very serious and replied:

"Black them, of course!"

Universal and Eternal.

"Yes, life is universal and eternal, for time is one of its factors; yesterday the moon, today the earth, tomorrow Jupiter. In space there are cradles and tombs. The red carbon stars will soon be dead; the hydrogen stars, like Vega and Sirius, are the stars of the future; Procyon, Copella, Arcturus are the stars of the present. Aldebaran seems to be already an autumn fruit." So said Flammarion.

An Obedient Boy.

Merchant—Did you deliver my message to Mr. Smith?

Boy—No, sir; he was out and the office was locked up.

Merchant—Well, why didn't you wait for him, as I told you?

Boy—There was a notice on the door saying, "Return at once," so I came back as quick as I could.

Sparring For an Opening.

Guest (after struggling valiantly but unavailingly for some time with fowl)—Waiter, what kind of a bird is this?

"Canvasback duck, sir."

"No wonder I couldn't do anything with it. Run and get me the scissors."

Shook.

Molly—You say you shook all over when you proposed to her?

Cholly—Yes, I did.

Molly—And how about the girl?

Cholly—Oh, she only shook her head. —London Modern Society.

Beyond the Pale of the Law...

By H. A. BRUCE

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When the news was brought to me, Jasper Mathieson, that I had inherited a goodly sum from Miss Rebecca Ainsworth, I could not help breathing a sigh of relief. Death had at last loosed my tongue, enabling me to make public the facts concerning a mystery of years long ago.

One May morning some thirty years ago Henry Ainsworth, the wealthy antiquary, was found foully done to death in his bed. There were living in the house at the time three persons besides the victim—Rebecca Ainsworth, the antiquary's maiden sister, a spinster of fifty years; an old butler and a maid servant. As a professional detective my first care was to interrogate these carefully.

Neither of the servants had heard a sound on the night of the murder. Both had retired at 11 o'clock, about an hour after the master of the house had sought his couch, and both had slept peacefully until 6 o'clock, when they had been awakened by a shriek from Miss Ainsworth.

That lady testified that she and her brother had remained in the library until 10 o'clock. At that hour her brother bade her good night, and they went to their rooms. Miss Ainsworth further informed me that she had slept until nearly 6 o'clock, when, as was her custom, she dressed and went to knock on her brother's door, for he also was an early riser. Rapping two or three times and receiving no reply, she opened the door and was so alarmed at what she saw that she uttered the cry which startled the servants.

Mr. Ainsworth had been stabbed by a dagger, one of a set of oriental weapons he had collected while on a tour of the east. The murderer must have been in the library to have obtained it, and to the library we accordingly went.

It was a high, oak paneled chamber, only called a library by courtesy.

There were a few books in evidence, but most of the space was filled with wonderful and curious objects. On a small table in an alcove were several skulls labeled and ticketed, marking every stage in evolution, from the cranium of a Patagonian to that of a famous scholar. The oaken walls were covered with weapons, primitive, mediæval and modern. Ranged under a lofty mantel stood four caskets containing mummies from Egypt. Images from Hindoo, Aztec, Burmese and Chinese temples were scattered about the room.

What especially impressed me was an image about four feet and a half high, apparently of some dull bronze marble. Its hands were folded placidly on its breast, but the features formed a terrible contrast to the repose of the figure. The eyes were wide open and bore an expression of intense hate. The upper lip was raised in a snarling fashion, disclosing fanglike teeth. The nostrils were dilated. One could not repress a shudder while gazing on this silent statue.

Miss Ainsworth informed me that it was not really a statue, as I had supposed, but a petrified man, the body of an old Hindoo fakir unearthed by her brother while engaged on some excavations in India. The antiquary had told her that he had smuggled it out of the country, as the natives venerated it as a god and had threatened his life if he disturbed it.

Wilkie Collins' story of "The Moonstone" flashed into my mind as I heard this. At once I formed the theory that possibly some superstitious Hindoo had murdered the antiquary, the object being to recover the petrified man and take him back to India.

An interesting piece of information was volunteered by Miss Ainsworth, who told me that about 8 o'clock the morning after the murder she had entered the library and had observed a smear of blood on the mouth of the image. Neither of the two windows in the library had been found open, and the door was shut as usual.

At Miss Ainsworth's solicitation I consented to sleep in the house. After dinner in the evening I made my way to the library, where I enjoyed a perfecto and spent two hours examining the curios.

I was about to go to my room when I was startled by hearing a low, hissing noise, like a long drawn sigh. The sound seemed to come from the image, and I at once conceived the idea that this was hollow and that a man might be hidden in it. I tried to move the pedestal, but could not. The thought of a secret entrance into the room then occurred to me, and I tapped all over the panneling, but everything sounded true. Baffled, I stood in the center of the room and gazed slowly around.

While not superstitious, I confess I experienced an uneasy feeling as I stood in that silent chamber. I was convinced that the key to the riddle of Henry Ainsworth's death was concealed in the room, and I decided that it was my duty to spend the night there and to keep wide awake.

I lighted a fresh cigar, picked up a book (oddly enough Mrs. Crowe's "Night Side of Nature") and composed myself to read. Enthralling as the volume was I soon found my interest in it flagging. Yet I did not fall asleep—my nerves were too keenly on edge to admit of slumber. How long I sat motionless I do not know. What I do know is that I was thinking deeply and that my head was bowed as is my custom when perplexed. It may have been a few minutes, it may have been an hour, when I was startled by a sound of some one grinding his teeth. Instantly I looked up.

Before me stood the shriveled form of the petrified Hindoo, quick with the breath of life, his eyes ablaze and a knife in his upraised hand. In that moment I had the solution of the Ainsworth mystery. Self hypnotized, the fakir had outdone the marvels of his occult brethren of the east and had been asleep for centuries only to awake to—murder.

This came to me in a flash of intuition, for ere I could rise to defend myself I felt a keen stinging in my shoulder and fell to the floor unconscious.

I came out of this swoon to find myself in bed, with the village doctor and Miss Ainsworth by my side. I then learned that I had sustained a flesh wound only. Concerning the manner of my injury I maintained a discreet silence, for I felt that my story would not be believed.

When able to dress I descended to the library, where the domestics were setting things to right under the supervision of Miss Ainsworth. Not a sign of life could I detect in the Hindoo fakir, though there was a smear of blood on his hideous mouth. I tapped him gently, and a metallic ring was the reply. Clearly he was able to maintain his petrified condition.

As soon as the servants left the room I told Miss Ainsworth my experiences during the night. As I had expected, she was at first incredulous, but I succeeded at length in convincing her of the truth of my statements. When I assured her that with the passing of the petrified man all danger would be at an end and showed her how the murderer of her brother was beyond the pale of the law she gave her consent to summary vengeance.

That night the petrified man, carefully packed in a lead weighted box, reposed at the bottom of the lake on the shores of which stood the Ainsworth home, and I must confess that not one scruple did I have in thus acting as the judge, jury and executioner of the antiquary's slayer.

Ayer's
This falling of your hair! Stop it, or you will soon be bald. Give your hair some Ayer's Hair Vigor. The falling will stop, the hair will
Hair Vigor
grow, and the scalp will be clean and healthy. Why be satisfied with poor hair when you can make it rich?
"My hair nearly all came out. I then tried Ayer's Hair Vigor and only one bottle stopped the falling. New hair came in real thick and just a little curly."—MRS. L. M. SMITH, Saratoga, N. Y.
$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for Thick Hair

Max Muller's Honesty.

Speaking once of languages to Max Muller, a woman of India, herself a scholar, asked how many he knew.

"I hope I know my mother tongue," he replied. "I am acquainted with a few others."

"Why this caution?" laughed the lady.

"I will tell you," said the great Sanskrit scholar. "There came to me one day as I sat here in my study, the Buddha on my hearth, a man who seemed my ideal of the Sanskrit priesthood. He spoke to me in an unknown tongue. I asked him what language he was speaking.

"The man huddled himself together on the floor and wept.

"'I have honored you all my life,' said he, 'as the greatest living Sanskrit scholar in all the world. I speak to you a simple Sanskrit salutation, and you do not understand me.'

"Since then," said Professor Muller "I never say that I know any language."

It was merely the difference between the spoken and the written dead tongue that had puzzled him. But that takes nothing from the humility of the linguist, a humility as refreshing as it is rare and scarcely the mark of the age to which Professor Muller belonged.

The Ticket She Couldn't Cash.

A handsomely gowned woman stepped up to the box office of a Broadway theater one night last week and deposited three tickets on the window ledge.

"One of our party disappointed us," she said. "Would you kindly take back one of these tickets?"

"Certainly," replied the obliging treasurer, slipping the ticket into the rack and glancing up expectantly at the next purchaser in the line. The woman tapped her gloved fingers impatiently on the window ledge.

"Well?" inquired the treasurer.

"My money, if you please."

A cynical smile stole over the treasurer's face. "Then you didn't understand that those tickets were complimentary," he said.

Just a suspicion of a flush suggested that the woman had understood, and she moved away murmuring "Really?"

There had been a wee circle punched in the ticket, and the treasurer said she knew well enough what that circle meant. It was the trade mark of the theater's complimentary tickets, and the woman had been coming in on the same sort of tickets for two seasons.—New York Press.

An Argument.

"I heard you snoring upstairs."

"Upstairs? Impossible. You heard me downstairs."

"I say I heard you upstairs."

"I say you heard me downstairs. I slept downstairs."

"True, but I heard you upstairs."

"How on earth could you hear me upstairs when I was snoring downstairs?"

"Because I happened to be upstairs and heard you."

"Then why don't you say that when you were upstairs you heard me snoring downstairs?"

"But I can't. I did not hear you downstairs. I heard you upstairs."

"Then put it this way just to please me and end the dispute, 'I upstairs heard you snoring when you were sleeping downstairs.' Is there any objection to that?"

"When you were sleeping downstairs and I was upstairs I heard you."—New York Press.

A WESLEY INCIDENT.

First Methodist Lay Preacher Followed In a Year by Twenty.

The societies met on Sundays, but never at the hour of church service, and, when neither Wesley nor any other clergyman was present, spent the hour in prayer and religious conversation or exhortation. From exhortation before the society to formal preaching before it was only a step, but to Wesley it seemed a very long step.

While in Bristol he learned, one day in 1739, that one of his converts, Thomas Maxfield, had been preaching before the Foundery society. He hurried up to London to stop it. But his mother, who since the death of her husband had been living in a room of the Foundery building, met him with a protest, "John, take care what you do with reference to that young man, for he is as surely called to preach as you are." Admonished by this counsel from one whose caution on all churchly matters he knew to be quite equal to his own, Wesley reluctantly consented to hear Maxfield preach. After listening, he exclaimed: "It is the Lord's doing. Let him do as seemeth to him good." Convinced in spite of deep rooted disinclination, he sanctioned the first Methodist lay preacher. Within a year there were twenty.—C. F. Winchester in Century.

Professional Trust.

To any who regard the whole legal profession with suspicion I can only answer: "You are probably right in saying that if a lawyer had played the vulture he would not tell of it, yet in truth these evil birds of prey are not the majority in the law. If they were more than a small minority our profession could not sustain the almost boundless confidence it enjoys from the whole business world. Remember, a lawyer is judged day by day, and by his deeds he is justified or condemned. If a significant number of us were traitors to our clients or if by our hypocrisy we undermined the body of professional ethics, the keen and undeceived men of this generation would not be placing in lawyers' hands every day their most momentous interests and trusting implicitly in the honesty of their advice. Suppose we do have our little professional attitudes and poses and pomposities; those are but superficial mannerisms which may make us awkward and tedious when we, too, would write a popular article, but which have nothing under heaven to do with our faithfulness to our clients. On that faithfulness we meet our judgment day six times a week."—Everybody's Magazine.

Beecher's Application.

One Saturday afternoon two Brooklyn men were on their way over Fulton ferry to the City of Churches. Mr. Beecher happened to be on board. As the ferryboat felt its way into the slip Mr. Beecher seemed to be looking on abstractedly. As the boat struck the piling at the side, which creakingly yielded, Mr. Beecher's face lighted up. One of the men, who knew Mr. Beecher's method of sermonizing, remarked to the other: "There will be something about that in tomorrow's sermon. Let us go and see." The men were in Plymouth church the following morning as suggested. Sure enough, in the course of the sermon Mr. Beecher made some such reference as this: "There are in every community men who perform for society the service that yonder piling does in the ferry slip—when they are struck they gracefully yield, yet are not quite swept from their position. They stand for principle, but they tactfully yield in nonessentials. Those buffer souls are valuable members of society."

His Second Stomach.

Smugglers' brains are proverbially fertile, and a clever expedient was once adopted to import brandy into Paris without paying the octroi duties, says the Golden Penny. For several weeks a splendid elephant and his keeper belonging to a circus had constantly gone in and out of one of the Paris gates, when one day a custom house officer suddenly thrust his probe into the creature's side. The spectators were horrified, but the elephant did not appear to feel any pain, while from the wound fell four tiny barrels of brandy. The keeper, considering that a little extra size in the unwieldy shape of his change would not be noticed, had incased its stomach in the old skin of a larger elephant and had filled out the space with brandy—a very profitable enterprise.

A Desperate Man.

It was in a restaurant, and the young wife looked anxiously at her husband as he devoured a double portion of lobster salad.

"I wish you wouldn't eat that, dear," she urged. "You know it never agrees with you, especially at night."

"It doesn't, but I don't care," he said as he tackled a huge mouthful. "It's my turn to take care of the baby tonight, anyhow."—New York Press.

A Fair Warning.

Mrs. Browne—Don't you think the new neighbor is cute? She has such a coaxing little way about her.

Mrs. Greene—Well, she'll get herself into trouble if she tries her coaxing little way on either of my hired girls.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Where Friendship Ceases.

"That girl with Johnson there—a friend of his, I presume?"

"Nope; used to be, though."

"So? Had a falling out?"

"Not exactly. He married her."—Baltimore American.

Much better results can be obtained by paying a woman a compliment than by trying to argue with her.—Boston Globe.

Pride.

Von Porker—Aren't you satisfied with that antenuptial settlement?

Lord Grafter—No, sir. I don't want to lose my self respect after marrying by having to run to your daughter for every thousand.—Life.

Alphabetical Lovemaking.

She—Are you fond of tea?

He—Yes, but I like the next letter better.—Modern Society.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, AUG. 21, 1902

A ROYAL WELCOME.

Great preparations were made to give Mayor John P. Feeney a royal welcome on his return from Europe last evening. A catalogue of them occupied nearly half a column in the Boston papers of Wednesday morning.

According to the programme he was to arrive at Boston on Wednesday night or early Thursday morning. He was to be met there by a committee of prominent citizens consisting of Edward F. Cassidy and Dennis L. Sullivan. They were to keep the Mayor there until the departure of the train that reaches Woburn at 8 19 p. m., which the party were to board and proceed to their destination.

On arriving at the B. & M. station in this city the finest horses and carriage that could be hired would take the Mayor and the committee to the band stand on the Common, which was to be brilliantly illuminated. On their arrival the National Band would instantly strike up "Hail to the Chief."

On the stand the exercises were to be of the most interesting character. First, after appropriate music by the Band, an address of welcome would be delivered by Alderman Jeremiah A. O'Donnell, Chairman of the Reception Committee.

Next, John W. Johnson, Esq., President of the City Council, was to present Mayor Feeney with a magnificent silver Loving Cup in behalf of his many admirers who had contributed to its purchase, of the committees, and of the populace.

Eloquent responses to these addresses were planned for from the Mayor. In the mean time church bells and factory whistles were expected to do their best.

Nearly all of which was carried out so far as the JOURNAL has been able to ascertain, and will have a strong bearing on the next Woburn Mayoralty campaign.

THE LOVING CUP.

The Loving Cup eloquently presented to Mayor Feeney by John W. Johnson, President of the City Council, in behalf of a score or more of generous friends and donors, was furnished by Messrs. L. E. Hanson & Co., the well-known jewelers and silversmiths of this city, for which they were paid a handsome sum. It was made especially for that purpose and hasn't a duplicate in Boston. It is solid silver, 8 to 10 inches high, nearly twice that broad, three handles, and one of the handsomest and most elegant pieces of silver work, in design and finish, ever seen in this community. It was delivered to the committee Tuesday evening.

Hanson & Co., Mr. Willis L Varney, Manager, were accorded great praise and warmly thanked for the excellent and highly satisfactory manner in which they executed the order for the Cup.

☞ We learn from the Everett *Republican* that Mr. J. Howard Nason, who up to three years ago was a long time respected resident of Woburn, has yielded to the solicitations of his hosts of friends there to become a candidate for Representative to the next Legislature. As President of the Pine Tree Club, the largest social organization in Everett, and a leader in the moral activities of that growing city, he is one of its most popular citizens and bids fair to secure the Republican nomination and election which his numerous supporters are energetically and enthusiastically seeking for him. While a citizen of Woburn no man was held in higher esteem, or enjoyed in larger degree the confidence of the people, than Mr. Nason. His standard of morals was high, and he lived up to it. A man of the strictest integrity, conscientious in the discharge of duty, he commanded the respect of every one acquainted with him and was conversant with his character. We believe the Republicans of Everett could do no better than elect Mr. Nason to the next House, and it is the hope of the JOURNAL and his many friends in this city that he will get there by a big majority.

☞ The choice of the Dow farm on Montvale avenue for a site for the new schoolhouse meets with general approbation. Give the people a problem to solve and time to think it over and they will almost invariably work out the right answer. That is public opinion which is nearly always correct whether applied to persons or things. The action of the School Board in accepting the conclusions of the Council satisfied a large majority of the inhabitants of the city. The location is a good one. Close figuring shows that it will accommodate more High School scholars than any other considered by the authorities. That was a prime object in selecting a lot for the new building. When the house is finished and the grounds put in order people will be surprised to think there was ever any opposition to the Dow farm.

☞ It was suggested by *Practical Politics* last week that many people in Woburn would like to have Mr. Elwyn G. Preston, Secretary of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, and Water Commissioner of the Woburn Board of Public Works, run again next fall for Mayor of this city, and expressed a disbelief in his willingness to do so. It could have been truthfully added by that paper that Mr. Preston would be a stronger candidate this year than last, although in every instance where he has come before the people for their suffrages he has proved himself an exceptionally strong vote winner. Whether he would accept a nomination or not is another question.

☞ Last week Col. Rice of the 26th Regt., U. S. A., was promoted to Brig. Gen. and retired, having reached the age limit. The Regiment landed at San Francisco from the Philippines recently. Just what effect the retirement of Col. Rice will have on the other officers we do not know, but it looks as though it might mean a step higher for Lieut. L. E. Hanson of Co. B.

☞ Veterans of the 32d Regiment, M. V. I., are to hold their annual reunion at Revere Beach next Thursday, Aug. 27. Major Ambrose Bancroft and others of this city are Veterans of that Regiment and will attend the reunion.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Fitzwilliam—Stamps.
J. G. Maguire—Mort. Sale.

— John Duncan is visiting Woburn this week.

— The strike of the carpenters is quiescent.

— Elizabeth Armstrong is vacating at Concord, N. H.

— Considerable residence building is going on in Ward 6.

— Miss Alice Murray is visiting friends at Gloucester.

— Miss Lizzie Leahy is taking her outing at Block Island, R. I.

— M. Bancroft, Sewing Machines and finding, 410 Main street.—6m

— The Foncar patent leather factory at North Woburn is being enlarged.

— A war of "blue" and "green" stamp and the buyers pay the fiddler.

— Walter I. Ashbee clerk at the Chemical Works is taking his vacation.

— Miss Carrie Nelson has been spending her vacation at Cottage City.

— Hugh Murray is at Cleveland, Ohio, attending convention of Scottish Clans.

— The family of Mr. Thomas W. Kenney are having a fine time at Bass Point.

— Houses let and rents collected by E. Prior Real Estate agent, 349 Main street.

— Patrick Tunbig was seriously hurt at the Chemical Works last Monday.

— There was a smart rain last Sunday evening accompanied by thunder and lightning.

— Patrick Flaherty is driver of the hook and ladder outfit while Charlie Buckley is away.

— The North Woburn A. A. beat the Wilmingtons in a game of ball last Saturday 13 to 7.

— Miss Mamie Griffin will spend next week with friends in Woburn.—*Wakefield Banner*.

— The Woburn Machine Co. are putting up a large 2-story brick building for their business.

— Mrs. Albert Buxton and her children are spending their vacation at Eastham on the Cape.

— The family of Mr. Winthrop Hammond were at last accounts visiting at or near Philadelphia.

— Labor Day comes on Sept. 7, two weeks from next Monday. It will be a legal and general holiday.

— Maud McGrath is having a good time at Old Orchard. Her cousin Margaret Whalen is helping her.

— Clerk of the Court Arthur E. Gage and family took a trolley trip to Providence, R. I., last Wednesday.

— Mr. Charles H. Taylor, the photograph artist, is making many handsome pictures about these times.

— Mr. and Mrs. Eustis Smith are at home from Block Island, R. I., where they passed a happy vacation.

— Mr. F. P. Brooks, the popular druggist, went to Ashby a few days ago to visit his parents and friends there.

— Mr. James Begley is at Veazie, on the Kenduskeag, Maine, where his family have been sojourning several weeks.

— The family of John W. Johnson, Esq., are at Falmouth. Mr. Edward joined the other members there last week.

— Gregory, the auctioneer and real estate agent, has an ad. in this paper that ought to interest some people in this city.

— Last Saturday the Walnut Hills beat the Montvale A. A. 16 to 5 in a game of ball on the Salem street grounds.

— Charlie Buckley is away on his vacation. He attended the races at Readville and went from there to Saratoga.

— Mr. James Skinner is remodeling the J. D. Gilman house corner of Eastern avenue, making two good tenements of it.

— Miss Marian T. Hosmer is the guest of her brother, Prof. Frank A. Hosmer, at Amherst, Mass., at the present time.

— A picture of "The Bridge" at Orr's Island from Miss Carrie W. Thompson is hereby thankfully acknowledged.

— A large 3-story building is being erected on Broad street by the Murray Leather Co. for the manufacture of patent leather.

— Mrs. John I. Munroe of Warren Avenue went to Mt. Vernon, N. H., last week. She was accompanied by Miss Elizabeth Damon.

— Watermelons, muskmelons, cantaloupes, etc., all of the first quality, sweet, juicy and healthy, are constantly on sale at Angelo Crovo's.

— James Malloy of baseball fame, and John Breslin of the Robbins Drug Co. preferred Portland, Maine, to any other place for their outing.

— Thomas F. Kerrigan is at Boothbay, Maine. He is a member of the Boston postoffice force. Maine is well filled up with Massachusetts people.

— Mr. Frank M. Frost of Boston has bought the homestead of the late Timothy Winn on Main street, this city, of Mrs. Susan M. Lane of Boston.

— Rev. E. F. Snell of West Newton will conduct the services at the First Baptist Church next Sunday, Aug. 23.

— The St. Charles C. T. A. S. lawn party on Dow lawn, Pleasant street, last Friday evening, was a fine social event and great success. It was a fair still night and everything else was in proportion. There has been no more enjoyable party this season.

— Fitzwilliam of 373 Main street is in the stamp business for keeps, as may be seen by looking at his advertisement in this paper. Please mark carefully the fact that the "Blue" stamp has intrinsic value. Fitzwilliam & Co carry an excellent stock of goods, and are fair and popular dealers.

STRAW MATTINGS
FOR SUMMER HOUSES

Our new importation includes all grades from China and Japan, many patterns of which are exclusive. Always cool, cleanly, and sanitary.

RUGS

Royal Wilton, Saxony Axminster, Seamless, and other Axminster and Brussels rugs, in sizes 9 x 12, 8.3 x 10.6, and 6 x 9. Hundreds of small rugs—Smyrnas, Wiltons, Axminsters, Japanese, etc., etc., at exceptionally low prices.

RUGS

Heavy Brussels Art Squares, many of them in Oriental designs and all reversible, sizes 7.6 x 9, 9 x 9, 9 x 10.6, and 9 x 12; price about $1.00 per square yard.

JOHN H. PRAY & SONS COMPANY
Pray Building **658 Washington St.** Opp. Boylston St.
BOSTON

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

NEW SUMMER GOODS!

Latest Styles in Pattern and Cloth,
—AT—
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

Do You Need a Tonic!

Our customers say they can find nothing more valuable than GRABOW MALT. Easily assimulated. Pleasing to taste. 18c. per Bottle. $1.00 for six.

Foods for Invalids and Children.

	OUR PRICES
MALTED MILK	40, 79 and $3.00
ESKAY'S FOOD	20, 40, 65 and $2 19
MELLEN'S FOOD	35 and 55
CEREAL MILK	20, 40 and 80

and all others at correspondingly low prices.

☞ We save you money on everything.

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
GREEN SIGNS. GREEN STAMPS.

— Many picnics and athletic sports are planned for Labor Day, Sept. 7.

— The Walnut Hill A. G. are to enjoy a trolley ride to Crescent Beach tomorrow.

— Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Doherty are pleasantly passing a fortnight at Mt. Vernon, N. H.

— The early arrival of Lieut. Hanson, U. S. A., would not greatly surprise his many friends here.

— A good many Woburn residents have participated in New Hampshire's Old Home Week since last Monday.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— Miss May Holland, the Boston Branch's efficient accountant, is visiting in fair Portland, Maine.

— Prior's Real Estate Agency has sold property No. 113 Main street to David Ahern who buys for improvement.

— Miss Emma F. Hovey, Principal of the Plympton school, and one of the educational standbys of the town, went to Centreville, Cape Cod, last week for a vacation visit.

— Louie Chadbourne, who left here 15 years ago for Arizona, has been spending the past few days here among his many friends who were glad to welcome him back.

— There were 17 men at the morning service, and 12, counting 3 young men, at the evening service, at the First Congregational Church last Sunday. People on vacation.

— W. R. C. 161 had splendid weather Wednesday for their trolley trips and visit at Salem Willows. A large number of the ladies left here in an early morning car.

— Judge John G. Maguire of the District Court has returned from his summer vacation and when seen on the streets early this week he was looking hale, hearty and happy.

— Sisters Marie Barbara and Marie Teresa, who are connected with the R. C. Visitation of Illinois, have been visiting Marie Barbara's mother, Mrs. Mary Coughlin, in this city.

— A meeting of Crystal Fount Lodge, I. O. O. F., is to be held on Monday evening, Aug. 24, to take action on the report of a committee on the revision of the By-Laws.

— We must confess that the weather yesterday was of the genuine Dog Days variety. It was not lacking in heat, steam, or any of the minor characteristics of the real article.

— Bates & Son's grand Graphophone concert on the roof of Smith's market at Smith's Corner drew an immense audience last Tuesday evening. It was a fine musical treat.

— Mr. A. W. Whitcher has presented the large picture of Rev. Dr. March in his study, called "Among His Books," bearing the Doctor's autograph, to the First Parish, after having had it handsomely framed. It will be cherished by the people of that church.

— Company G, 5th Mass. Regiment arrived at their Armory in this city safe and sound last Friday evening at the close of one of the best annual musters they have ever had. Everything conspired to make military life at Camp Duxbury during the week all that the heart could wish.

— Corporal Fred C. Keene was delighted with Camp Duxbury in every particular. No other campgrounds and musterfield will ever be preferred by him to Duxbury, if he knows himself.

— Mr. Gilman F. Jones of the Central stables let a fine team to a stranger last Sunday and has seen hide nor hair of the man, horse, or carriage since, nor any information concerning them.

— Copeland & Bowser are selling off their spring and summer stock regardless of cost, preparatory to filling up big with fall goods. They are offering great bargains. First come first served!

— The National Band gave a fine concert on the Common last Wednesday evening. Many of their pieces were cheered to the echo. There was the biggest kind of a crowd present.

— Mr. S. Franksford Trull, Secretary of the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company of Boston, and wife left here last Friday for a tour of the Great Lakes and a visit at St. Paul, Minn.

— Chairman H. S. Riley of the School Board enjoyed a fine vacation season at Sandwich, N. H. Principal John B. Hoag of the Cummings school and wife also passed their outing in that town and neighborhood.

— Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Leeds returned to their home in this city last Tuesday after a fine and enjoyable outing consisting of visits to Rockport and other seaports, and stops and calls all along the shore of Cape Ann.

— Mr. Frederic A. Flint, the talented and genial manager of the old and highly popular merchant tailoring establishment of G. R. Gage & Co., repaired to his summer home at Camden, Maine, on Aug. 12, instant.

— Hot days and cold nights, as has been the condition of things this week and month, are just the weather to fill one with malaria germs and bring on ague. Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets are a specific remedy and preventative.

— Hammond, the Leading Clothier, and clerks, are cleaning out the shelves, drawers, cases and counters of his large fine store to make room for the great fall stock which the people will soon have the privilege of looking at.

— The Woburn contingent at Newfound Lake, N. H., was augmented by the arrival of Mabel and Florence Ferguson last week. Maude H. Littlefield, Florence Eaton and Laura Evans are also at that retired and beautiful country resort.

— The land is bought, the location accepted by the School Board, now, when is work on the new school house to begin? And by the way, are the Council, or the Board, to decide on which part of the 36 acres the building is to be erected?

— The vast contribution of bright and fragrant flowers at the funeral of the late Edward A. Brooks was testimony of the popularity of that young man. He had a host of good friends and deserved them, for he was honest and generous hearted.

— Last Friday Mr. Thomas Moore, the grocer, wife and daughter Nellie left here and sailed from Boston for Nova Scotia with the laudable intent of touring that interesting Province. They will visit its principal cities and places of popular resort.

— Rev. and Mrs. Ebenezer Thompson are entertaining Miss Florence Curran who is a daughter of Postmaster Curran at Stevens Point, Wisconsin.

— By permission of E. P. Fitzwilliam & Co., the firm of Copeland & Bowser will give Blue Stamps instead of Green. Exchange your Green Stamps at E. P. Fitzwilliam & Co.'s 373 Main street.

— Edgar Bond Blake came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Warren N. Blake, No. 13 Abbott street, this city, on Sunday, Aug. 9, 1903, and received a cordial welcome. It was his first appearance there. Mr. and Mrs. Blake will please accept our congratulations.

— The schools in this city are to reopen on Sept. 14, just previous to which date there will be a great coming back home of scholars and their parents. Likewise of teachers. The new Superintendent too will be called upon to show what kind of stuff he is made of.

— Mr. James L. Pinkham, formerly a foreman at the Russell Counter Company factory in this city, who moved from here several years ago, died at the home of his son, where he resided, in Edgeworth, Malden, last week greatly lamented. The funeral was held last Sunday, Aug. 16.

— Legg, the photographer, has opened fine rooms at 369 Main street, rear of the coal office of John R. Carter & Co., where he will engage in his old business of picture making, for which he has the best of facilities. Legg was always considered a good artist, and had a large patronage.

— Many sidewalks in this city are in a ruinous and disgraceful condition. This statement will not be news to the people who travel them. There is but little decent walk in the town. On the minds of strangers coming here they make an unfavorable impression. And in many spots they are dangerous.

— Last Tuesday was Mildred and Edith Rogers of Newton Day on the Floating Hospital, and fine weather they had for the trip down the harbor. Miss Gladys Aldrich of this city and Smith College Class '03 assisted Miss Evelyn Trull, Smith Coll. Class, '04, in the Kindergarten during the day.

— A false report of the arrival of Saxonia, with Mayor Feeney on board, at her anchorage in Boston, Wednesday noon put the Feeney reception committees on their metal, for it was at once decided to hold the reception on Wednesday evening, instead of Thursday. Cassidy and Sullivan hastened to the wharf but failed to sight the ship.

— Last Friday noon successful raids were made by burglars on the residences of Mr. Horace N. Conn 150 Montvale avenue, and Mrs. Helen P. Junkins on Greenwood avenue, at both of which money, watches and jewelry of considerable value was secured by the thief. He was a gentlemanly appearing fellow and worked his game with great skill and daring.

— Officer Thomas Mulkeen will begin to take the school census of this city next Tuesday week, or Sept. 1, 1903. He might, if so disposed, come very close to getting the exact number of children with one eye shut and both hands tied behind him, so long has he been employed in the work and so familiar has it made him with our juvenile population.

— The B. & N. electric car that left Lowell at 9.30 Tuesday evening for Woburn collided with a 1-horse team hauling a load of furniture, with two men aboard, driving towards Lowell, killed the horse outright and reduced wagon and furniture to kindlingwood and junk. The team was going along on the track and not seen soon enough to prevent the accident.

— The Woburn Brass Band has been engaged to play at Cambridge on Labor Day, and for the Winchester Boat Club in the evening. It is one of the best and most popular Bands in the State, and as a Leader Mr. Thomas H. Marrinan stands at the head. It has also been engaged by the Boston Fusileers to furnish martial music for their outing at Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard, on Aug. 23-25.

— September 1 is approaching, in fact it is plainly in sight; it is the date for closing seaside resorts; and many Woburn people are returning to their homes. Mountain travel is however still brisk and not a few of our wealthy citizens are enjoying the salubrity of mountain air and rugged scenery of Northern New England. But sharp frosts and cold rains will fetch them back to their domiciles here.

— Clerk John Lynch of the Board of Health says that scarlet fever has seen its best days in Woburn, at least for the present. Furthermore, he is of the opinion that there would be no more of it if people were less careless about visiting houses in which there have been cases, and those who have had it would refrain from mingling quite so freely and promiscuously with others liable to take the disease.

— There was terror and dismay at City Hall when "Dennie" Sullivan struck it for contributions to the Mayor Feeney homecoming celebration last evening. "Dennie" turned on the screws and the incumbents had to "come down" hard. He was one of the brace of head pushers in the grand and notable, and long to be remembered, and highly honorable, social, friendly, and semi-official event.

— For the purpose of giving credit where it belongs we would state that the postal card containing a famous and striking scene in the city of Lisbon, Portugal, was sent to us by Mr. Winslow D. Conn, son of Col. Charles K. Conn of this city. He is Master Machinist on the U. S. S. cruiser Brooklyn, whose advancement in the U. S. Navy has been rapid and fully merited, and not by Mayor John P. Feeney, as at first thought.

— This is Old Home Week in New Hampshire, the State in which it originated a few years ago. The idea overflowed into Maine the next summer, and struck Massachusetts in 1902. New Hampshire people laid out for a great week this year and from all accounts have had one. It is a fine scheme and may become a permanent custom, but is not quite firm on its foundation yet, as the failure of some of the attempted celebrations in Maine this year plainly proved.

"ON THE STREET"

By "the Street" is usually meant the financial centre of a great city.

The men who do business there are among the best-dressed men in the world.

What "the Street" says is as final in matters of attire as in matters of finance.

We clothe a great many of these men and have done so for years.

We ask *you* to consider this fact when next you buy clothing.

Macullar Parker Company,
Clothing for Men and Boys,
400 Washington Street, BOSTON.

A Typewriter for $20.

The great cost of Typewriters has heretofore prevented many people from purchasing a machine.

THE ODELL TYPEWRITER

is a perfect machine in every particular.

CALL AND EXAMINE *Whitcher's*

BY PERMISSION OF

E. P. FITZWILLIAM & CO.

LOCAL AGENTS FOR THE

Blue Trading Stamps

THE FIRM OF

COPELAND & BOWSER,

of this city will give Blue Trading Stamps instead of Green.

We will exchange your Green Stamp Books for an equal number of Blue Stamps (1 for 1), and in addition we will give you **$5.00** worth free by taking your book to our store.

E. P. FITZWILLIAM & CO.,
373 Main Street.

— Mr. Alvah J. Foster of Church avenue and his son Carl went to the 5th Regiment muster at Duxbury last week Wednesday, Governor's Day, on their bicycles and had a fine time. The next day they wheeled to Plymouth, stood on the "Rock," circled around the country there, and returned home, having made 150 miles on their bikes, and came to the end of the journey as fresh and lively as when they went away. For a lad 10 or a dozen years old Carl may well feel elated over his cycling feat.

— The Woburn gentleman who has for the last three years been in the habit of trying to verify the accuracy of local news published by the newspapers in this city and has utterly failed to find a single item that was true and correct from stem to stern, must be a busy person and a hustler, to boot. The story is incredible although the gentleman who tells it, and takes pride in the rehearsal of it, is considered upright, honorable and especially accurate in the matter of statements. If he does not make an exception of the JOURNAL his yarn is taken no stock in at this establishment.

— Two weeks from tomorrow, to wit, Sept. 5, will witness the end of that usually peculiar season of the year generally known as Dog Days. As the JOURNAL took occasion to remark a couple of weeks ago, the weather during the present reign of the Dog Star has been queer and far from typical. Heat and humidity, its two most prominent characteristics, have been lacking, and although the atmospheric conditions during the almost 40 days, or since July 25, have been conducive to personal comfort they have borne but little resemblance to the real Dog Day article. It is possible that September may make up for the deficiency.

— Not all the people who make nightly pilgrimages to Woburn for their intoxicating drinks hail from Lowell, by any means. Lexington sends large delegations of thirsty souls to this city nearly every evening in the week and their boisterous and roisterly conduct is a sore grievance to our peaceful, sober and well behaved inhabitants. It is a shame for Lexington to do so! She is such a staid old town, and so nice and orderly and genteel; and she turns up her nose so contemptuously to other towns, and shakes the dust of them from her garments so carefully; it is really too bad that she should take to drink! We are dreadfully fearful that Lexington, with her worshiped "Minute Man;" her boasted Revolutionary fame; her culture, wealth and aristocracy, is rapidly going to the dogs. A brief survey of the contents of the last nightly electric car from Woburn to that town would be enough to greatly strengthen that suspicion.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— A letter received from Miss Mary D. Prior a few days ago conveyed the intelligence that she and Miss M. Adeline Hinckley, both teachers in our High School, were present and witnessed the coronation of Pope Pius X, also, the magnificent illuminations of the Vatican, the churches, cathedrals, etc. They had an excellent view of the new Pope. It was an event of a lifetime, and one these estimable young ladies will never forget.

— The Blue Trading Stamps are a safe collection and will be good at any time as the value is placed on the stamp. Any number of Blue Trading Stamps are good for a premium. All other stamps require a full collection before giving any returns. They place the value on the full collection only, not on the stamps. E. P. Fitzwilliam & Co., 373 Main street will exchange Green Stamps for Blue Trading Stamps one for one and give you $5 00 worth extra on a new collection. This offer will be open for a short time only.

— Samuel W. Mendum, Esq., a smart Woburn and Boston Lawyer, possesses all the qualifications necessary for the making of a firstclass President of a Pine Tree Club. Away back in the early years of America's existence, not in prehistoric times exactly, the English Government, or Sir Ferdinando Gorges, Knight, or the Bay State Colony, we disremember which, presented Mr. Mendum's emigrant ancestor with 150 acres of land in Kittery, Maine, on which he settled and lived and did his share towards populating the town to the day of his death. At a Court holden at Georgianna (York) in 1651 Goody Mendum was indicted "for saying she looked on Mr. Godfrey as a dissembling man;" and at a Court holden at the same place in 1666 Robert Mendum was a member of the grand jury. These statements, and others, all in his possession, enable him to read his title clear to Maine origin and qualify him for the honorable post of President of a P. T. C. His grandfather was the last occupant of the Kittery farm above mentioned, he having moved to Portsmouth, N. H., on arriving at manhood, where Samuel's father was born. While on a genealogical hunt last year Lawyer Mendum found the identical farm given his emigrant ancestor, pondered over it, and perhaps dropped a tear and sighed a lament over what "might have been." Mrs. S. W. Mendum is now visiting her ancestral home at Lewiston, Maine, and her being a Maine-ite makes the above remarks respecting her husband's fitness for President, as aforesaid, all the more binding.

Boy Cured of Colic After Physician's Treatment Had Failed.

My boy when four years old was taken with colic and cramps in his stomach. I sent for the doctor and he injected morphine, but the child kept getting worse. I then gave him half a teaspoonful of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and in half an hour he was sleeping and soon recovered.—F. L. WILKINS, Shell Lake, Wis. Mr. Wilkins is bookkeeper for the Shell Lake Lumber Co. For sale by all druggists.

An Ancient Document.

Recently rummaging among the private papers of the late Mr. Charles Trull of Auburn street in this city a gentleman of antiquarian tastes and habits ran across the following document which had been carefully preserved by Mr. Trull and is a real curiosity, as our readers must admit.

It is a list of eatables and drinkables provided for the Muster Day, October 9, 1828, of that famous old Military Company, the Boston City Guards, of which Mr. Trull was a member, and furnished abundant evidence that the soldiers of 75 years ago were "heavy on the trencher," whatever else they might have been. We would remark in conclusion that the handwriting is better than that usually found at the present day, and the ink as black and bright as though just laid on.

40 lbs. Salt Beef.
30 lbs. Tongue.
12 doz. Boiled Eggs.
Boxes of Mustard.
4 gals. Pickles.
1-4 box Cigars.
75 Rolls Bread.
200 lbs. Crackers.
20 lbs. Cheese.
2 gals. Brandy.
2 " Gin.
1 " S. C. Rum.
2 " Cherry Rum.
2 " Wine.
" Milk.
10 lbs. Butter.
10 lbs. Coffee.
12 lbs. W. I. Sugar.
10 gals. Cider.
1 bushel Apples.
Men for the Day.
G. Harnings's bill $10.

Mrs. Mollie Allen, of South Fork, Ky., says she has prevented attacks of cholera morbus by taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets when she felt an attack coming on. Such attacks are usually caused by indigestion and these Tablets are just what is needed to cleanse the stomach and ward off the approaching attack. Attacks of bilious colic may be prevented in the same way. For sale by all druggists.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—There will be no services during August. Reading room closed during August.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by Rev. E. F. Snell, of West Newton.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Christian Endeavor Meeting.
7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching.
7.45 P. M., Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—11th Sunday after Trinity. Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Evening Prayer at 7.
No Sunday School during July and August.
Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev. Norman E. Richardson, Acting Pastor. Subject: "The Reasonableness of the Ideal Element in Christianity."
12 M. Sunday School.
5.45 P. M., Missionary Class.
6.30 P. M., Public Service. Subject: "The Inhumanity of Dives."
Monday, 7 P. M., Probationers' Class.
Wednesday, 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In this city, Aug. 12, by Rev. John W. Ward of Stoneham, Lewis E. Graham and Annie Morris, both of Woburn.

In this city, Aug. 12, by Rev. George H. Tilton, Harvey W. Clark and Clara Ella Tilton, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Aug. 17, Elsie E. Kimball, aged 25 years, 11 months, 18 days.

In this city, Aug. 14, Charles P. Richardson, aged 4 months, 24 days.

Pork AND Lard Are Cheaper

Best Pure Lard,	10c per lb.
Pork,	10c " "
Peanut Butter,	15c " "
Queen Olives,	35c per qt.

We are headquarters for
Kennedy's Biscuits.
Call and see the great variety we keep.

DO YOU USE SALADA TEA?
☞ We sell it.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

HOME SAVINGS BANK
(Incorporated 1869)
75 TREMONT STREET
BOSTON
OPPOSITE TREMONT TEMPLE

Deposits and Surplus above
$9,500,000

Interest allowed on deposits of three dollars and upwards.
Office Hours:—Every business day 9 A.M. to 2 P.M.

CHARLES H. ALLEN, President.
GEORGE E. BROCK, Treasurer.

TO LET.

No. 655 Main street, next to Mr. S. F. Trull's residence, near Mishawum Road, contains 10 rooms, bath, furnace, and 2 acres of land. Rent reasonable. Enquire of C. E. COOPER & CO., Mechanics Building.

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

Another Week of Low Prices in Cotton Cloth.

We advise our customers to take "Time by the Forelock" and make up their winter's supply duridg the vacation season.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Ice Cream. Sherbets.

STRAWBERRY, VANILLA, COFFEE, CHOCOLATE, PEACH | STRAWBERRY, PINEAPPLE, ORANGE, LEMON

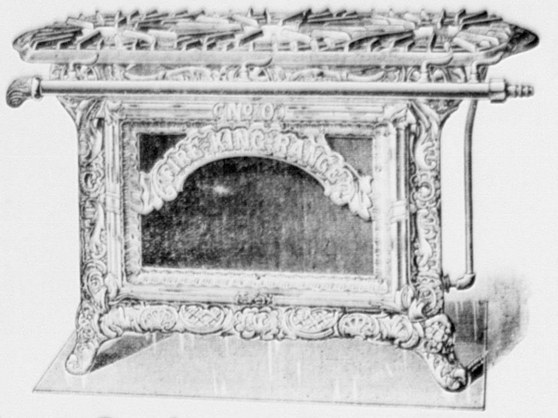
MADE TO ORDER.

FRUIT PUNCH, FRAPPE, ORANGE, STRAWBERRY, PINEAPPLE | SULTANA ROLL, FROZEN PUDDING, MACCAROON, COFFEE PARFAIT, BOM GLACE

Our Ice Cream is made from deep set Jersey Cream and Fresh Fruit Juices.

CRAWFORD'S,
412 Main St., Woburn.
TELEPHONE: 48-3.

THE HEIDELBERG BOYS: A scene in "The Prince of Pilsen." Tremont Theatre, August 31.



Keep Cool and Save Money.

Comfort, Cleanliness, Convenience and Economy secured by the use of

GAS STOVES.

Headquarters for the celebrated Humphry Arc Light, and all Gas Appliances.

WOBURN GAS LIGHT CO.,
314 Main St., Dow Block.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co.

On and after June 1, 1903, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Burlington and Billerica at 5 45 a. m.

Leave Woburn for Burlington, Billerica and Lowell, at 6 45 a. m., hourly till 11.45 a. m, half hourly till 9.45 p. m., 10 15 and 10 45 p. m. to Billerica only.

Leave Lowell at 5 45 a. m., hourly till 11.45 a. m. half hourly till 9 45 p. m.

Leave Billerica for Woburn or Lowell, at 6 30 a. m., and hourly till 12 30 a. m, half hourly till 10 30 p. m. Also 11 and 11 30 p. m. for Woburn.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6 55 a. m., hourly till 12 55 p. m., half hourly till 11 55 p. m.

Cars arrive at Woburn 7 15 a. m., hourly till 1.15 p. m., half hourly till 12.15 midnight, connecting at Woburn with B. & M. trains for Boston at 7.12, 8 14, 9 06 a. m. and 4.11 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

First car leaves Woburn at 6.45 a. m., hourly till 9.45 a. m., half hourly till 10 45 p. m.

Leaves Billerica at 7.30 a. m., Lowell at 6.45 a. m.

For special cars or other information address C. W. E. HARRISON, Supt., Woburn, Mass.

Tel. 112-4.

The Boy with a BROWNIE

has the jolliest vacation.

Ever tried making pictures from start to finish yourself? It's fun with the right material.

Let us show you!
Brownie Cameras, $1 and $2.
Brownie Developing Machine, $2.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.

..Are.. You Particular

About your laundry? Let us try it. We please particular people.

Woburn Laundry
26 Montvale Ave.
Telephone 29 4.

RICHARD A. WHITE

Successor to E. A. Brooks,

Undertaker
— AND —
Funeral Supplies

Boarding and Livery Stable.

12 Park St., Woburn.

Telephone 54 - 3.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
349 MAIN STREET, - WOBURN.
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For Sale.

THE RESIDENCE of the late John Johnson on Arlington Road, Woburn. Terms reasonable. Inquire of J. W. or E. F. JOHNSON.

"WINNING FARM" SONG.

BY MR. CHARLES FOREST BARTER.

[Dedicated to the children who love Winning Farm]

Far from the city's heat and noise
There stands a lovely home,
Where many happy girls and boys
In the summer months may roam.
A breeze from heaven bathes the brows
Of the children gathered there,
And fills their hearts with praise and love
For the country home so fair.

CHORUS:

O Winning Farm, thy praise I sing!
I hold thy memory dear,
I love thy flowers and waving trees,
Thy woodlands far and near.
Thy hills and valleys fertile green
Will never lose their charm;
My heart shall sing its love for thee,—
Three cheers for Winning Farm!

The days go by in happy play,
The childish heart is free,
Sweet mem'ries form for later years,
Wherever they may be.
The birds make merry in the trees,
The flowers bloom for all,
With song they greet the morning sun,
With prayer the twilight's fall.

Chorus.

W. C. T. U.

We wish to call the attention of readers of the JOURNAL to the Flower Mission work done by the W. C. T. U. The following article will show how much good may be done by a few flowers:

"THE MISSION OF FLOWERS."

Almost the last words that a beautiful little golden-haired Chicago girl said before her death was that she wanted to pick some flowers for Jesus. At her funeral her friends brought a large quantity of roses, carnations, daisies, lilies and other flowers. After the funeral was over, instead of placing these flowers on the little grave they were made into small bouquets with a little scripture text attached and then distributed by the grief-stricken mother and aunt in the Woman's Department of the Bridewell prison. They sang two little songs that the child used to love to sing. One was "We should be like the flowers." A woman who had been brought there through drink to which she had taken because of the death of her own little girl, was in tears during the singing. After the meeting the mother and aunt went to her and comforted her. As they sang the song, "We should be like gardens," the prisoners pressed their faces a little closer against the bars to listen.

"The rest of the flowers were taken into the Hospital ward and to the Boys' Reformatory. The mother talked to the boys and told them a story she used to tell her child. Mr. Sloan, the Superintendent, was particularly kind to them and showed them all over the institution. We relate this incident because it exhibits a beautiful spirit of helpfulness which deeply impressed our hearts, and which cannot fail to awaken helpful thoughts in the hearts of all our readers."

Mrs. Collamore will be in the kitchen of the Congregational church every Friday afternoon from 3 to 4 o'clock, and any flowers brought to her will be very thankfully received.

C. M. WARREN.

Dysentery Cured Without the Aid of a Doctor.

"I am just up from a hard spell of the flux" (dysentery) says Mr. T. A. Pinner, a well known merchant of Drummond, Tenn. "I used one small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhoea Remedy and was cured without having a doctor. I consider it the best cholera medicine in the world." There is no need of employing a doctor when this remedy is used, for no doctor can prescribe a better medicine for bowel complaint in any form either for children or adults. It never fails and is pleasant to take. For sale by all druggists.

Mrs. Kimball.

Mrs. ELSIE KIMBALL, wife of Mr. Harry O. Kimball, daughter of Ald. Mark C. Felch, and sister of Mrs. George Durward, died suddenly at her home No. 10 Cleveland avenue last Monday afternoon, August 17, 1903, during the absence of her husband, of heart failure. She left a child 10 days old and the husband to whom she had been married about three years, who has the sympathy of the community in his bereavement. She was in apparent ordinary health up to the moment of her death, but had been afflicted with heart trouble for some time which she and others felt might prove fatal at any moment. Still her sudden passing away was a severe shock to her family and friends, by all of whom she was loved and esteemed.

The funeral was held at 3 o'clock Wednesday afternoon and was generally attended by neighbors and acquaintances.

Winning Farm.

This week is for girls at delightful Winning Farm. There are 23 of them, and a merry crowd they make.

Everything goes on smoothly and beautifully here; the children are "on their good behavior."

There is to be only one week more for boys, and two weeks more ends the season. Nearly 200 children have been made happy and healthier here this summer, and there are many more to come.

There have been many visitors to the Farm this week who have been cordially received and entertained by the Matron, Mrs. J. C. McGarrey. Mrs. H. M. Merriam of Lexington presented a very fine picture and lots of good things for the children, and others brought candy, peanuts, fruit, etc., with which they were wonderfully pleased.—X.

When you want a physic that is mild and gentle, easy to take and certain to act, always use Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. For sale by all druggists.

Mortgagee's Sale — OF — REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Benjamin F. Waldron and Gertrude M. Waldron, his wife, in her own right to the Woburn Cooperative Bank, dated April 10th 1902, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2959, Page 261, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

MONDAY, the fourteenth day of September, A. D., 1903,

at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, containing about forty-eight thousand nine hundred and eighty eight (48,988) square feet and bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by Main street ninety-five and 5-10 feet; northerly by land of Lucretia H. True about four hundred five and 5-10 feet; westerly by land of the Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation one hundred forty-eight and 2-10 feet; southerly by land now or late of Dexter Carter three hundred ninety-three and 4-10 feet; being the same premises conveyed to me by John R. Carter by deed dated August 7th, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2391, Page 115.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles and municipal liens, if any, upon said premises.

A deposit of $200.00 will be required at the sale; the balance of the purchase money to be paid within ten days, upon passing papers, at office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

WOBURN CO-OPERATIVE BANK, Mortgagee,
By John C. Buck, Treasurer.
Woburn, Mass., August 20th, 1903.

W. R. C. 161.

Woburn Relief Corps 161, and invited guests, also several members of Post 161, enjoyed a trolley trip to Salem Willows Wednesday, going by special car, leaving Woburn at 9.30 a. m. and returning at 9 p. m.

A fine dinner was served them at Mussey's, and the party were joyous to find it in readiness on their arrival.

After the dinner the remainder of the afternoon was spent in sight seeing and enjoying the cool breezes. Nothing occurred to mar the pleasures of the day.—PRESS CORR. 161.

Not Over-Wise.

There is an old allegorical picture of a girl scared at a grass-hopper, but in the act of heedlessly treading on a snake. This is paralleled by the man who spends a large sum of money building a cyclone cellar, but neglects to provide his family with a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy as a safeguard against bowel complaints, whose victims outnumber those of the cyclone a hundred to one. This remedy is everywhere recognized as the most prompt and reliable medicine in use for these diseases. For sale by all druggists.

WINCHESTER.

Either depleted wallets or lack of "beach weather" is responsible for the return of some of our vacation outers.

The fall of the year is the time when malaria gets in its heavies and most fatal work. The work can however be rendered harmless by a free and judicious use of Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets, a scientific remedy discovered, or invented, many years ago, by Dr. Gordon, a Surgeon in the English army stationed in India. There is nothing "quack" about the Tablets.

This town can boast, and truly, of one of the finest Boat Clubs in this Commonwealth—that's a fact! The nicest young men in town belong to it, and every one of them can tell the difference between pond water and dry land at a glance. As fresh water sailors they can't be beaten, and as oarsmen—well, you ought to see them pull once. They are going to have a time on Labor Day night, Sept. 7, and do things to the music of the Woburn Brass Band.

How hard it is for some old newspapers to get out of the ruts they have made while passing along life's highways! Take the *Times* for instance: it continues to print year after year a list of our taxpayers who are assessed $100 and over, and presumably with the innocent but mistaken idea that it is giving the public fresh news. Why, bless its old heart! the practice of publishing the dry and totally uninteresting stuff was abandoned by Editors with modern ideas long and long ago. It is nothing more nor less than "threshing over old straw."

The Assessors are proud of and the people gratified with the handsome increase in real estate valuation for taxation purposes in this town the current year. The increase over last year is $272,750 which is an unerring index to the growth and sound prosperity of the town. There was a falling off in the amount of personal property returned of $187,325, but such returns are never a true test of the financial condition of a municipality. It is real estate that tells the story. In this view of the case Winchester is rapidly forging ahead in wealth and population.

The Modern Way.

"I wish to marry your daughter," said the young man. The old man was a sensible old man.

"Can I support you in the style to which you have been accustomed?" he asked.—Puck.

The Very First American Coins.

The very earliest coinage that can properly be said to be "strictly American" was ordered by the original Virginia company in the year 1612, only five years after the founding of Jamestown. These coins were minted at Somers islands, now known as the Bermudas. For a period of more than a quarter of a century after this, however, tobacco and beaver skins were reckoned as lawful currency. In 1645 the assembly of Virginia met and declared that it "had maturely weighed and considered how advantageous a quoine (coin) would be to this colony, and how much better it would be than a sole dependency upon tobacco and pelts." After this they provided for the coinage of copper coins of the denominations of twopence, threepence, sixpence and ninepence, but this resolution was never carried into effect. The first coinage in America proper was the series of coins "struck" at Boston under the order of the general court of Massachusetts passed May 27, 1652, the coins being three, six and twelve pence denominations, "in forme flatt and stamped on one side with the letters 'N. E.' and on the other the value of the piece."

Laughter as a Moral Power.

Is laughter immoral? That is a very important objection urged against comedy from generation to generation. It is not only not immoral, but it is the preservation of morals to cultivate by use a faculty for all sorts of laughter. It is the hallucination of prevalent evil which drives men to despair. Now, evil always seems to be prevalent when you scrutinize it, for scrutiny involves confined attention to what lies immediately under the lens in the focused light. Being wherever we see, we surmise—nay, affirm—it to be everywhere. But were it really everywhere you and I could not be here to express such an opinion. Clearly the thing to do then is to belittle the evil by fair means and foul, to undignify it and so rob it of its horrors that we shall not lose wits or heart. By laughing at the evil we get rid of the false impression of its omnipotence, we get a little courage, and our despair turns a somersault up into glory from the swinging trapeze of faith.—International Quarterly.

The Wise Fox.

The Lion, the Ass and the Fox went hunting together, and it was agreed that whatever was taken should be shared between them. They caught a large fat Stag, which the Lion ordered the Ass to divide. The Ass took a deal of pains to divide the Stag into three pieces, which should be as nearly equal as possible. The Lion, enraged with him for what he considered a want of proper respect to his quality, flew upon him and tore him to pieces. He then called on the Fox to divide. The Fox, nibbling off a small portion for himself, left the rest for the Lion's share. The Lion, highly pleased with this mark of respect, asked the Fox where he had learned such politeness and good breeding. "To tell the truth, sire," replied the Fox, "I was taught it by the Ass that lies dead there."—Æsop.

A Perpetual Sacred Fire.

In the peninsula of Abeheron, formerly belonging to Persia, but now a part of Russia, there is a perpetual or, rather, what the natives call an eternal sacred fire which is known to have been burning continually for more than 2,000 years. It rises from an irregular orifice of about twelve feet in depth and 120 feet square. The flames, which are constant, rise to a height of from six to eight feet, unaccompanied by smoke or disagreeable smell, waving back and forth with the wind like a field of golden grain.

Nature's Protection For the Ear.

The membrane lining the canal of the ear contains a great number of little glands which secrete a waxy substance having an intensely bitter taste. The purpose of this is to prevent the entrance of insects and to keep the ear clean, as the layer of wax dries in scales, which rapidly fall away, thus removing with them any particle of dust or other foreign matters which may have found entrance to the ear.

Where Pa Came In.

"What has your ma named the baby May?" asked a neighbor of the little girl playing in the yard next door.

"Henry Arthur Algernon Judkins," said the tot proudly.

"Why, I thought you were going to name him after your father?"

"Well, so we did—Judkins," was the convincing reply.—New York Times.

Taking Things.

"I always take things as they come," said the pickpocket as he dexterously relieved the man ahead of him of a watch and purse.

"And I take men as I find them," added the policeman, clutching him gently but firmly by the arm.—Dubuque Telegraph-Herald.

Gossip.

"Casey, the conthractor, is gittin' on very peaceable wid his wife these days," remarked Mr. Rafferty.

"Peaceable," answered Mr. Dolan. "I should say so. They're so peaceable they ain't even sociable."—Washington

The Ancient Girdle.

In Rome a man's investiture of his girdle showed that he was intent on work of some nature. When he took it off and let his tunic fall it was patent to all that business was over and that he was free to speak to his friends at his and their leisure. Thus the girdle served a purpose—negative in its character, of course, but a purpose nevertheless. Its sphere of usefulness did not end here. It was figurative of property. When a man or woman put off his or her girdle it was a token of renunciation of some right or privilege. The widow of Philip I., duke of Burgundy, for instance, renounced her right of succession by "putting off her girdle on the duke's tomb." Per contra, the princes of Ireland in taking the oath of fealty to King John, laid aside their girdles, their skeans and their caps. "In the ceremony of excommunication," says a writer, "the bishop cut or tore away from the culprit the girdle that was about him and the newly made husband in Rome took from his wife the maiden girdle of sheep's wool in which she was bound up to the day of her marriage."—Chambers' Journal.

Good Points In Dogs.

Among the many canine qualities worthy of imitation a lover of the "four footed brothers" emphasizes their contented resignation to the circumstances of life. Dogs, he says, do not go about trying to do good to other dogs by urging them to bark in the same key and bite with the same tooth as themselves, nor, which is a merciful provision of nature, do they become bored by the people with whom their lot is cast and want to try a new master every few months. Whatever the disadvantages of their homes may be, they stand by them and make a cheerful best of it. Over and again a dog puts his heart before his outraged stomach and lets his affections dominate his indigestion rather than desert his master for a better board. Many a master, concludes the dog champion, would do well to emulate in points like these the meanest of his "little yellow curs."

How to Take Coffee.

The London Lancet commends the practice of drinking coffee after dinner, as coffee is an antidote to alcohol. Those whose digestions are disturbed by the use of hot coffee are advised to secure the advantages of its stimulating properties by taking it in the form of jelly. We are assured that a clear coffee jelly after dinner is every bit as good as the hot infusion, while it is free from some of its drawbacks. Coffee, unlike alcohol, diminishes organic waste, rouses the muscular energy without the collapse which follows alcoholic imbibition, and gelatin in the form of jelly is cooling, assuages thirst, is soothing and has a tendency to absorb any excessive acidity of the stomach.

The Yankees of Portugal.

"Observe them, senor," said a hotel keeper in Lisbon to one of his English guests. "They are the Yankees of Portugal."

He indicated a group of Brazilians, consisting of a prosperous sugar planter, his wife, who literally blazed with diamonds, and two pretty daughters.

"They regard Portugal as their 'old country,' for they broke away from us as the Americans broke away from you. They make immense fortunes in Brazil and come here to spend them, just as the American millionaires go to England."

How a Chinaman Buys Eggs.

Many Chinamen frequent Philippine markets and are good patrons, as many have restaurants and need large supplies. A Chinaman usually buys a number of eggs and always carries with him to market a small tin pail full of water to test their usefulness. If the egg falls to the bottom of the pail it is good; if it rises to the top it is bad and is refused, only to be carefully wiped off by the vender and put back in stock to catch a customer without the pail.

Identity of Ideas.

Yabsley—I have always had an idea that after a couple had been married for some time even their thoughts became to a great degree identical. Am I right, Peck?

Mr. N. Peck—You are. About this time my wife is thinking over what she'll say to me for coming home so late, and so am I.

Helping Him.

Intrepid Widow—Speaking of conundrums, Mr. Slocum, here's a good one. Why is the letter "d" like a wedding ring?

Procrastinating Bachelor—Oh, I'm no good at conundrums.

Intrepid Widow—You give it up? Why, because "we" can't be "wed" without it!

A Clear Case.

She—I've noticed Dr. Singleton calling at the house of that young widow almost every day. She must be pretty ill.

He—Not ill; only pretty.

It is better to write one word upon the rock than a thousand on the water and the sand.—Gladstone.

Unexpected Humor.

In my early days I once tried to engage as model a big negro who made a living out of chewing glass in sundry barrooms for the entertainment of those gathered there.

"I want to paint you," I said when he had taken round the hat after his performance.

"What cullah, boss?" he asked suspiciously.

"Why, natural color, of course," I replied. "I want to paint your face, you know."

"Yah; I'se not taking any, boss," he said firmly. "The cullah I'se got is good enough for this chile."

I once nearly got hammered for making a colored sketch from life of a very respectable golf caddie in an attitude of ease, subsequently adding a street corner as a background and sending it to an exhibition under the title "A Loafer." The man came round to see me in a violent rage, said he was "a bloomin', respectable, 'igh class golf caddie and no loafer," and if I didn't alter the title of that dashed picture he'd either put his solicitor on to me or jolly well bash me.

Oh, yes; there's a lot of humor about if you only look for it in places where you don't expect to find it.—Tom Browne in Booklovers' Magazine.

The Hundred and Fifty-first Psalm.

Your Bible, if it is of the regulation sort, closes the book of Psalms with the One Hundred and Fiftieth. In the Greek Bible, however, there is another, entitled "A psalm of David after he had slain Goliath." Athanasius praises it very highly in his "Synopsis of the Holy Scriptures." It was versified by Apollinarius Alexandrius, A. D. 360, and a Latin translation of it may be found in the works of Fabricus. The English translation is by Baring-Gould, the well known antiquarian:

PSALM CLI.

1. I was small among my brethren, and, growing up in my father's house, I kept his sheep.
2. My hands made the organ and my fingers shaped the psaltery.
3. And who declared unto my Lord. He, the Lord, he heard all things.
4. He sent his angels and they took me from my father's sheep. He anointed me in mercy from his unction.
5. Great and goodly are my brethren, but with them God was not well pleased.
6. I went to meet the (giant) stranger, and he cursed me by all his idols.
7. But I smote off his head with his own drawn sworn, and I blotted out the reproach of Israel.

The Bee and His Useful Sting.

It will be a surprise to many to learn that the most important function of the bee's sting is not stinging, says a bee raiser. I have long been convinced that the bees put the finishing touches on their artistic cell work by the dexterous use of their stings, and during this final finishing stage of the process of honey making the bees inject a minute portion of formic acid into the honey.

This is in reality the poison of their sting. This formic acid gives to honey its peculiar flavor and also imparts to it its keeping qualities. The sting is really an exquisitely contrived little trowel with which the bee finishes off and caps the cells when they are filled brimful with honey. While doing this the formic acid passes from the point of the sting, and the beautiful work is finished.

A Bird That's Hard to Kill.

Penguins have an extraordinary amount of vitality and are harder to kill than any ordinary cat. The writer once had occasion to kill a large bird aboard his ship, the Southern Cross, and, making use of the weapon next his hand, he drove a large spike squarely through the creature's head and finished the operation by nailing it fast to the deck. That seemed to make the job very complete, and he went below decks for dinner. Coming up an hour later, his astonishment was prodigious on beholding the penguin, head erect, flippers out, waddling about, apparently without thought of the spike, which still remained transfixed in his cranium.

A Curiosity In Nomenclature.

The negroes in the British West Indian island of Grenada find it very difficult to keep track of their descent and their relatives because of a curious custom they follow in naming children. The father's Christian name is given to the son for his surname. Thus, if a man is named John Jones, his son may be called James John and that son's son Robert James and so on to the end of the chapter. Naturally in a few generations families get into a hopeless muddle, and nobody knows exactly to whom he is related.

Gaining a Little.

The discouraged artist stood off from his latest work and viewed it with a gloomy face.

"There's no use talking about it," he said morosely. "I can't paint as well as I did ten years ago."

"Oh, yes, you can," said the tried and honest friend to whom he made the confession. "It's only that your taste is improving."

A Small Boy's Knowledge.

A small boy whose examination papers included a question as to the origin of the alphabet gave the following answer: "Anglo-Saxon was the first man who wrote the alphabet. He wrote it in Greek first and then came to America and taught it to the nation."

Sure To Get It And Sure To Be Good.

We've always something that will interest you, and we are sure you will be pleased in coming here. We want your ideas of the stock.

Come and tell us what you like best and we will tell you how little it costs, and why it is worth the price.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,

409 Main Street, WOBURN.

Watches, Jewelry and Silverware.

☞ FINE REPAIRING in all its branches.

THE BOMB

That Deals Death to Disease.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets

Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box. EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass. GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

THE Shortening Days

Are signs of coming cold. Steam or Hot Water Heat will guard us from it. They do their work with cleanliness, economy and efficiency.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
No. 8 Middle St., Woburn

Wonderful Antiseptic Properties

Cuts, Burns, Bruises, etc., readily give way to a treatment of

CABOT'S Sulpho Napthol
TRADE MARK
LIQUID CLEANLINESS.

Used generally by physicians and hospitals as the best ANTISEPTIC for dressing all kinds of wounds, relieving pain and reducing irritation and inflammation.

Get the genuine. Look for Trade-Mark.

J. E. Herrick, Jr BUILDER.

Estimates given on Stone, Brick and Wooden Buildings.
Jobbing promptly attended to.
Masons, Carpenters and Painters at reasonable prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Office: 439 Main St., Woburn
SHOP 15 PROSPECT STREET.
Telephone 103 - 4.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,
Teacher of Pianoforte,
4 Fairmount St.,
WOBURN, - MASS.

Wanted for Cash

A SMALL HOUSE, from 5 to 7 rooms: modern conveniences: land suitable for garden: must be near electric or steam cars. Address P. O. Box 237, Arlington, Mass.

ROASTS — OF — Beef and Lamb.

Choice Poultry.

J. LINNELL'S,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 128-6.

Heinz Pickles — AND — Food Products.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

Also, a new and well selected stock of

GROCERIES.

W. J. Buckman
No. 433 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE 104-7.

WANED!

A quick buyer for a valuable estate on Main street, Woburn, situated right in centre of city, comprising store, dwellings, shop, etc., containing over 13,000 feet of land. Land and buildings are assessed for 20,900. Present rental $2160; when all rented $2556. This is a good conservative investment, and the estate will accept an offer over $21,000, nothing less considered. Further particulars see or write Edward J. Gregory, 10 Tremont street, Boston. Tel. 4339.3 Main.

To Let.

Desirable Offices to let in First National Bank Block.
Apply at the Bank.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.

Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.

Office: 349 Main St., Woburn.

Piano For Sale.

Apply at No. 16 Clinton street, Central Square, Woburn.

HER GUARDIAN FROM AVENUE A

By BENNET MUSSON

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

A cab stood waiting in a cross street near Fifth avenue. It was an ordinary cab, with its driver arrayed in a livery which could by no stretch of the imagination be taken for that of a private family, but to the mind of Billie McAdam it was associated with ill omen.

It is a far cry from Avenue A to Fifth avenue, but Billie had made the transition, with the assistance of Frances Hartley. On one of her slumming tours she had found him, ragged, cold and hungry, the center of a group of hostile urchins who were about to engage him in combat. She had rescued the boy from his perilous position and had interviewed his intoxicated and acquiescent father.

The result of the negotiation had been Billie's installation as hall boy in the Hartley mansion, where the complacency with which he regarded the grandeur of his surroundings and the elegance of his green, brass buttoned uniform was almost balanced by his deep rooted feeling of gratitude for Miss Frances.

If the facile and independent mind of Billie McAdam had one responsibility it was the conviction that he must at all times act as the protector and guardian of Frances Hartley. There was her father, of course, a dignified, aristocratic and prejudiced gentleman of the old school. He counted, in a way, but Billie felt vaguely that Wilfred Hartley could not hark back from his thirty years' experience in society and clubdom and sympathize thoroughly with a motherless girl of twenty-two who was impressionable, light hearted and rather thoughtless.

Then there was Henry Beach. If being young, rich, handsome and impulsive were all the requisites of life Henry was a person to whom Billie's responsibilities of guardianship could be transferred. But there were other things that Billie did not understand, but which Mr. Hartley set such store by that they must be of prime importance.

They were negative, most of these things, not having one's father in the retail trade, not being in the shallows of society instead of firmly anchored in its depths.

With the prejudice of youth Billie allowed the feelings of Wilfred Hartley to influence him. He liked Henry Beach, but on the occasions when he admitted him to the house, frequently occasions on which Mr. Hartley was absent, he did not exhibit much cordiality.

Such a time had come this morning. Billy had noted the hired carriage in which Beach arrived. He had observed an unusual flutter of expectancy in Frances' greeting of the young man. Going to the corner to mail a letter, he had seen the cab waiting in a side street. Returning to his station on a hall bench, he noticed that the voices which came in subdued tones from the drawing room had in them a note of suppressed excitement.

Billie sat on his bench and fidgeted. Then he deserted his post, stole into the library and, noiselessly pushing back a folding door, installed himself behind some curtains in the drawing room.

Frances Hartley stood near a window, and beside her was Henry Beach, who looked imploringly at her tear stained face.

"I cannot bear to deceive my father, Henry," she said as Billie guiltily secured his place of vantage.

"It is for only once, dear," Beach replied low and earnestly. "We can go in the cab I have waiting and be back here safely married by the time your father returns from the club. Then there will be a scene, and the worst that can happen will be his withholding his forgiveness for a week or two." And so the man talked as many men have talked before.

Frances demurred, but in the end her head sank to Henry's shoulder, and Billie knew she was the woman who hesitates, and he stole softly away.

His idea of the duties of a guardian was elemental; it was to strike straight from the shoulder. His first thought was to get rid of the cab, his next to notify Mr. Hartley.

Seating himself at the library table, he hastily printed the following note:

Kum Home to Onse I hav took the Kerriage. BILLIE.

Addressing this to Mr. Hartley, he hurried to the hall, grasped his cap and ran to the waiting cab.

"Gent wants to see ye at de house. I'll hold yer horses," he announced to the cabman, relapsing in his excitement to his familiar Avenue A dialect.

Billie waited until the man had turned the corner. Then he climbed to the driver's seat of the cab, grasped the reins and started the horses. Presently the doorman of a Fifth avenue club was surprised to see a small boy in a green uniform imperiously beckon to him from the seat of a carriage. When the man wonderingly approached a crumpled note was thrust into his hand, with the injunction that it be delivered to Mr. Hartley at once.

Billie's dominant idea was to keep the cab away from the house until all danger of an elopement should be over. The thought that other cabs might be obtained did not occur to him. He drove slowly until he saw Mr. Hartley hurry from the club. Then he turned the horses down Fifth avenue and reconnoitered from a safe distance.

On the brown stone steps of the Hartley house stood Frances, Henry Beach and the cab driver, the latter evidently describing his loss, for he was violently gesticulating. Presently Mr. Hartley ascended the steps, and the attitudes of two of the group changed entirely.

It was now evident to Billie McAdam that the offices of his guardianship had been satisfactorily attended to. He brought the whip down with a snap on the backs of the horses, resolved to restore those steeds to their master.

The animals resented this treatment to the extent of starting forward viciously. At that moment a tallyho dashed by, its guard merrily tooting his horn, and this distraction completed the demoralization of the hitherto docile beasts, for when Billie reached the Hartley house the horses were beyond his control.

A lumbering electric bus swerved toward the curb at that juncture, and the frightened animals, trying to avoid this threatening monster, took to the sidewalk. There was a crash as the cab collided with an iron railing, and Billie, pale and unconscious, was thrown into an area.

That night as Billie lay in his bed in his little room in the servants' quarters with a separate ache in each joint of his small body the door was opened, and Mr. Hartley, Frances and Henry Beach entered.

"How are you feeling now, William?" inquired the old gentleman.

"Pretty well, sir," said Billie, manfully subduing the aches.

There seemed to be some sort of an understanding between the young couple and Mr. Hartley, for he first regarded them with a look of recently acquired complacency. Then he again turned to Billie.

"William," he said, "I have learned today that extreme ideas of caste are unsatisfactory things to hold in a republic, as they often lead to drastic measures on the part of sentimental persons. Your own mental and physical methods I can commend as being violent and dangerous, but effectual. Frances, Mr. Beach and I are paying you this final visit before retiring for the purpose of thanking you."

Billie blinked uncomprehendingly at the old gentleman, but the situation, not the words, impressed itself on his understanding. The aches and pains and the Avenue A dialect were again asserting themselves. He turned wearily on his pillow.

"If dere's t' be any runaways in dis fam'ly I'll take care of 'em," he said sleepily.

Miss Alice M. Smith, of Minneapolis, Minn., tells how woman's monthly suffering may be quickly and permanently relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have never before given my endorsement for any medicine, but **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** has added so much to my life and happiness that I feel like making an exception in this case. For two years every month I would have two days of severe pain and could find no relief, but one day when visiting a friend I run across **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,**—she had used it with the best results and advised me to try it. I found that it worked wonders with me; I now experience no pain and only had to use a few bottles to bring about this wonderful change. I use it occasionally now when I am exceptionally tired or worn out."—MISS ALICE M. SMITH, 804 Third Ave., South Minneapolis, Minn., Chairman Executive Committee Minneapolis Study Club.

Beauty and strength in women vanish early in life because of monthly pain or some menstrual irregularity. Many suffer silently and see their best gifts fade away. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helps women preserve roundness of form and freshness of face because it makes their entire female organism healthy. It carries women safely through the various natural crises and is the safeguard of woman's health.

The truth about this great medicine is told in the letters from women being published in this paper constantly.

Mrs. C. Kleinschrodt, Morrison, Ill., says:—

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have suffered ever since I was thirteen years of age with my menses. They were irregular and very painful. I doctored a great deal but received no benefit.

"A friend advised me to try **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,** which I did, and after taking a few bottles of it, I found great relief.

"Menstruation is now regular and without pain. I am enjoying better health than I have for sometime."

How is it possible for us to make it plainer that **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** will positively help all sick women? All women are constituted alike, rich and poor, high and low,—all suffer from the same organic troubles. Surely, no one can wish to remain weak and sickly, discouraged with life and no hope for the future, when proof is so unmistakable that **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** will cure monthly suffering—all womb and ovarian troubles, and all the ills peculiar to women.

$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

A Shattering Bath.

In the "New Letters and Memories of Jane Welsh Carlyle" is a letter from that witty lady written from a health resort in which she gives an amusing description of her experience under medical treatment:

"A bath woman in a thick white flannel gown, like a white Russian bear, came to my bedside at 6 in the morning and swathed me tightly, like a mummy, first in dry blankets, then heaped the feather bed and bedclothes atop of me, leaving only my face uncovered, then went away for an hour, committing me to what Paulet calls my 'distract ideas' and the sense of suffocation, all the blood in my body seeming to get pressed up into my head.

"Only one thought remained to me—could I roll myself over, feather bed and all, on to the floor and then roll on toward the bell, if there were one, and ring it with my teeth? I tried with superhuman effort, but in vain. I was a mummy and no mistake. So nothing remained to me but to put off going raging mad till the last possible moment.

"When the bath woman came back at 7 she was rather shocked at my state; put me in a shallow bath and poured several pitchers of water over me to compose my mind. It shattered me all to tatters."

Boots and Shoes.

Boots are supposed to have been the invention of the Carians. They were mentioned by Homer, 907 B. C. Grecian women possessed twenty-two kinds of footgear, which may be classed as those which cover all the foot up to the ankle and those which simply tied on the top of the foot with wide ribbons or straps. The practice of shoe and sandal wearing can be traced back for some thousands of years and is probably of eastern origin. Frequent mention is made of the shoe in the Bible, from the book of Exodus to the Acts, and there is mention made of a shoe latchet as early as the time of Abraham.

Not Business.

A man with an armful of bills went into Mr. Schoppenheim's restaurant and asked permission to tack a hundred or so to the wall.

"Vot wos dose?" asked Schoppenheim.

"Circulars advertising a cheap railway excursion."

"You goes avay off for a week or den days, and you goes sheaper as to stay at home?" asked Schoppenheim.

"That's it."

"Unt you vonts to hang dose cirgulars mein restaurant in?"

"You've got it."

"Got vot?"

"The idea."

"Den mein gustomers would read dose cirgulars?"

"That's the idea."

"Unt go avay den days or two veeks?"

"Yes."

"Unt don't eat dinners here vile dey vos avay?"

"Well, they could hardly do that, you know," said the handbill man hesitatingly.

"Dot's vot I dinks meinself. Nein; I guess I von't have any of dose pills hung mein restaurant in. Good day, mein friendt."—London Telegraph.

The Farmer.

The farmer ought to be the cleanest man in his neighborhood, both as to his person and in his character; the gentlest of all gentlemen, the most prompt to meet every obligation, financial and otherwise; the most ready to see and help the neighbor who is in trouble, on time in all his farm operations, ready to take a hand in straightening out any crookedness in the public affairs of his community and of the larger field in which he happens to live, kind in his family relations, positive in all his convictions, yet not self assertive enough to drive men from the truth. Why should the farmer be all this? Because he has been blessed in having a home so near the heart of nature that he ought to catch something of nature's sweetness, strength and uprightness.—Farm Journal.

The Antiquity of the Ballet.

Strictly defined, the ballet is properly a theatrical exhibition of the art of dancing in its highest perfection, complying generally with the rules of the drama as to its composition and form. It was in existence in Italy as far back as A. D. 1500, the court of Turin in that day making especial use of it and the royal family and nobles taking part in it. The ballet was first introduced in France in the reign of Louis XIII., and both that monarch and Louis XIV. occasionally took part in its dances.

In its earliest presentation the ballet appeared dexterously in combination with the other theatrical acts and is said to have "completed the chaotic medley exhibited in these spectacles, which were at once mythological, allegorical, fantastic, warlike and pastoral." The reader will not be slow to observe that its development in the present day has not apparently lost sight of these conditions.

About the year 1700 women made their first appearance in the ballet, which up to that time had been performed exclusively by men, as was the case also with plays and operas, but no woman ballet dancer of any note appeared until 1790.

English Servants and Caste.

Between the two classes of upper and under servitors in England the line of demarcation is drawn with even greater sharpness than between those of master and mistress. Often for the meat course these two classes dine together in the servants' hall. When this is the case absolute silence is preserved during the time, as it is a point of honor with the upper class, composed of butler, lady's maid, groom of chambers, valet, housekeeper, etc., not to share household secrets with those below the salt, and also they have no mind to listen to the prattle of their inferiors. For subsequent courses the upper servants repair to the "housekeeper's room," where are spread relishes and desserts superior to those provided for the others, and conversation goes on unchecked. At the present day this "housekeeper's room" is the scene of regular late dinners, at which visiting servants, if of the "upper class," are present. At the servants' parties, in order to avoid confusion, it is customary for them to adopt the names of their masters, so that while real dukes and duchesses feast above stairs their duplicates or doubles masquerade below.

Looking Glasses.

In the mirrors of today the light is reflected by a layer of silver or an amalgam of tin, but a proportion of light is lost in the process of reflection, and the image is less luminous than the original.

The value of a looking glass is usually estimated by the thickness of the glass, because the thicker it is the stronger it must be. But speaking scientifically thick glasses are defective, because the outlines of the image reflected are less clearly defined.

There are really three reflections and consequently three images in every glass mirror, one from the upper surface of the glass, the second from the lower surface and the third from the metallic layer at the back.

An ideal mirror is one with a perfectly flat surface, but it is only possible to obtain this result in comparatively small glasses. The larger glasses do not reflect a true image, because it is not possible to make them quite flat.

Unquestionable Irony.

Browbeating lawyers sometimes find their match in female witnesses. An instance illustrating this is recalled in which a once famous member of the Philadelphia bar was quietly but effectively "squelched" by a lady whose evidence was very damaging to his client.

He realized this, and, being nettled at the impertinence of her manner, he resolved to embarrass her if he could. So he said: "Madam, I observe that in giving your testimony you make frequent use of the word 'irony.' May I ask if you understand its full meaning?"

"I think I do, sir," she replied. "Let me illustrate. If I were to call you a gentleman I should unquestionably be indulging in irony."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Why He Carries a Cane.

The man from London who always carries a cane in fair weather gives his reason for doing so:

"You see, carrying a stick is not only very proper, but it is also a very useful accomplishment. Why, don't you know, a man who always carries a stick never loses an umbrella. By carrying a cane I get so accustomed to having something in my hand that if I start away without it I miss it before I have gone half a dozen steps. Now, when I carry my umbrella it is just the same. There is nothing like habit. Try it, and you will never lose an umbrella."

The Ubiquitous Mosquito.

The mosquito wanders pretty much all over the world, and is found from the tropics to Lapland, where it is also a great pest. So numerous are mosquitoes in some localities in South America that the wretched inhabitants sleep with their bodies covered over with sand three or four inches deep, the head only being left out, which they cover with a handkerchief. Even thick clothes afford at best a very partial protection, being readily penetrated by the proboscis.

Cupid's Affliction.

Wife (standing with her husband before shop window)—Here are so many things that would give pleasure to your wife and that you might purchase for her; but, no matter how many beautiful things there are, you seem quite indifferent, as though you saw nothing.

Husband—A sure proof of my affection for you, for love is blind.

The Ruins of Thebes.

Thebes, Egypt, at the present time presents ruins twenty-seven miles in circumference. The remains of many of the buildings, such as columns, arches, etc., are of such gigantic size that no known modern machinery would be equal to the task of taking them down, to say nothing of putting them in their present positions.

The Agent Worries.

Cassidy—What rint do they charge for a house loike yours?

Casey—Sivinteen dollars.

Cassidy—My, that's high! Don't ye hov throuble in gettin' it togither?

Casey—Faith, Oi don't, but the agent does.—Philadelphia Press.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

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See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

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Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

HARPOONING A TARPON.

An Exciting Sport That Demands Coolness and Dexterity.

The harpoon is cast. There is a crash in the water and a big wave rolls outward. As the skiff is driven forward by your boatman you recover your harpoon pole. As you take it aboard your first spare glance discovers the line drifting rapidly over the bow.

The line is seized loosely and paid out hand over hand. If clutched tightly there will be torn and blistered fingers. If the line is hard twisted it will suggest red hot wire. It will tear the flesh; it will kink and squirm and writhe. Beginning gently, an increasing strain is put upon the line until the boat is in rapid motion. As the tarpon feels the strain a gyrating, glistening, silvery mass hurls itself six or eight feet clear of the water.

The sight of the skiff gives him new life. His next dash carries him through a narrow channel and you lose line to him. In making a sharp turn your skiff grounds on an oyster bar. By the time you are again afloat you have out nearly 300 feet of line, with not a dozen coils left. But the boat is soon under headway, the boatman pushing frantically and the stretching of the line helps. You have taken up the tarpon's gait, his speed slackens; once more you recover line and again breathe freely.

Fifteen minutes of alternate rushing, leaping and sulking, with bubbles of air rising more and more frequently to the surface, and the end comes. The great fish rises to the surface, and, rolling over on his side, surrenders as completely as he has struggled tenaciously.—Country Life In America.

Testing the Lungs.

Draw in as much breath as you conveniently can, then count as long as possible in a slow and audible voice without drawing in more breath. The number of seconds must be carefully noted. In a consumptive the time does not exceed ten and is frequently less than six seconds; in pleurisy and pneumonia it ranges from nine to four seconds. When the lungs are sound the time will range as high as from twenty to thirty-five seconds. To expand the lungs go into the air, stand erect, throw back the head and shoulders and draw in the air through the nostrils as much as possible.

After having then filled the lungs raise your arms, still extended, and suck in the air. When you have thus forced the arms backward, with the chest open, change the process by which you draw in your breath, till the lungs are emptied. Go through the process several times a day, and it will enlarge the chest, give the lungs better play and serve very much to ward off consumption.

Microscopic Penmanship.

The subject of microscopic workmanship really divides itself into two classes—penmanship and mechanical construction. History has handed down to us many examples of this form of caligraphic mania, of which the chief symptom is a desire to compress the greatest number of words into the smallest possible space.

Pliny the Younger declares that Cicero once saw the "Iliad" written so small that it could be inclosed in a walnut shell. This affirmation was regarded as improbable until the seventeenth century, when Huet, bishop of Avranches, France, an excellent Greek scholar, proved that it could be accomplished.

The gospel of St. John and the Acts of the Apostles were written within the circumference of a farthing in the sixth century by an Italian monk.

How a Dying Man Feels.

Numerous experiments made in hospitals and upon heroic scientists who have permitted tests to be made upon themselves right down to the moment of death, warrant these conclusions: That a dying man may be burned with red hot irons and yet not feel the least pain; that consciousness may remain in the dying almost to the moment of actual dissolution, but that most people generally lose the power of thought long before death; that in cases of death where there seems to be extreme suffering, with writhing and spasms, such phenomena are generally due to reflex muscular action; also that fear weakens the muscular system and hastens death, while the reverse may prolong life.

Enemies at a Social Function.

Mrs. Lowe, wife of Robert Lowe, afterward Viscount Sherbrook, was a tremendous partisan whenever her husband was concerned. After the reform bill of 1867 Disraeli and the Lowes made no pretense to any mutual liking. At a dinner once at Lady Waldegrave's the guests had all paired off till only Disraeli and Mrs. Lowe were left. With his inscrutable smile and complete appreciation of the humor of the situation, Disraeli bowed and extended his arm, "I suppose there's no help for it, Mrs. Lowe," when both burst into hearty laughter.

Slightly Confused.

"What nonsense that man talks!" remarked Senator Sorghum as the department visitor closed the door.

"What did he say?"

"Something about a profit being without honor somewhere or other. I want to go on record as saying that there isn't a country on the map where a profit is not held in high esteem."—Washington Star.

Cruel.

"Ah, me!" sighed the lovelorn Mr. Kallow. "I tossed and turned upon my bed last night, and I couldn't sleep a wink."

"That so?" replied the heartless maid. "What's the matter? Are you teething?"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Beautiful Indian Women.

It is said that some of the most beautiful women of the world are to be found among the Indians of the Tehuantepec isthmus in Mexico. They are of mixed blood, Spanish and Indian, though the Indian traits generally predominate.

Their costume for high and holy days is somewhat extraordinary. They wear skirts of satin or silk, heavily lace trimmed, and with short sleeved waists which may or may not be of the same material. The headdress is the principal feature, being an immense affair of accordion plaiting stiffly laundered. It is usually white and comes nearest in point of resemblance to the headdress of a Sister of Mercy.

There is a curious custom among the men and maidens of exchanging the twigs of certain trees in perfect secrecy, except that each new twig is carried to the father or mother or guardian of each, who formally gives consent to the further exchange of tokens. This is continued until the exchange of orange blossoms signifies betrothal. This pretty method of courtship is dying out.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VIII, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, AUG. 23.

Text of the Lesson, I Sam. xx, 12-23. Memory Verses, 14-17—Golden Text, Prov. xviii, 24—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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11-13. If it please my father to do thee evil, then I will shew it thee and send thee away that thou mayest go in peace, and the Lord be with thee.

In former years—1889 and 1895—we had studies in the opening and closing verses of this chapter, and now we have a central portion, but are recommended to study the whole chapter, which is the story of Jonathan's love and faithfulness to David and their separation because of Saul's persistent effort to kill David. As Saul's persecutions of David increased David one day said to Jonathan, "As the Lord liveth and as thy soul liveth there is but a step between me and death" (verse 3). Jonathan could not believe that his father really meant to kill David, and so he said he would sound his father and let David know, and that is where our lesson today begins. Jonathan solemnly calls God to witness that whether the tidings from his father be good or evil he will surely let David know.

14, 15. And thou shalt not only while yet I live shew me the kindness of the Lord that I die not, but also thou shalt not cut off thy kindness from my house forever.

Then he speaks of a time when the Lord shall have cut off all the enemies of David from the face of the earth. At their last meeting Jonathan said, "Thou shalt be king over Israel" (xxiii, 17). He evidently believed God and loved and honored him whom the Lord delighted to honor. It was not merely kindness that Jonathan asked of David, but the kindness of the Lord; so after Jonathan's death we hear David inquiring, "Is there yet any that is left of the house of Saul that I may shew him kindness for Jonathan's sake, * * * that I may shew the kindness of God unto him?" (II Sam. ix, 1, 3.) When we have learned to know and enjoy "the kindness and love of God our Saviour (Tit. iii, 4), it should be our greatest desire to show or make known that loving kindness to others, even to our enemies if we have any.

16, 17. And Jonathan caused David to swear again by his love toward him, for he loved him as he loved his own soul.

I have quoted partly from the margin. That Jonathan loved him as his own soul is written again in xviii, 1, 3, where it is also said that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David. In his lamentation over him he said, "Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women" (II Sam. i, 26). The conduct and words of Jonathan are all so suggestive of the greater love of a greater King's Son, who has knit His soul to ours and stripped Himself of all His glory that He might save us from wrath and exalt us to His throne, and who also says to us, "Whatsoever thy soul desireth I will even do it for thee" (xviii, 4; xx, 4; II Cor. viii, 9; Mark x, 51; John xiv, 13, 14; xv, 7). When these two men parted, they kissed and wept until David exceeded (xx, 41). There was nothing that they would not do for each other if it lay in the power of either to do it. Yet all was but the faintest shadow of the love of Christ to us.

18-22. If I expressly say unto the lad, Behold, the arrows are on this side of thee, take them; then come thou, for there is peace to thee and no hurt as the Lord liveth. But if I say thus unto the young man, Behold, the arrows are beyond thee; go thy way, for the Lord hath sent thee away.

These verses tell how Jonathan arranged to give David the information as to whether he was to return or flee for his life. The rest of the chapter tells of Jonathan's interview with his father and the discouraging tidings he was compelled to convey to David. Saul's words to his own son and his attempt to kill even him (verses 30-33) told too plainly what David's lot would be if Saul got him in his power. Jonathan's leaving his father's table and his subsequent fasting showed how deeply he felt the wrong done to David. If we were as sensitive concerning wrong said or done to our Lord Jesus Christ and would refuse to stay in the company of those who ill treat Him, it would be only doing right in His sight. In these days when so much shame and contempt are being heaped upon our Lord by preachers and professors who pose as His friends it is well to act as Jonathan did to his own father and refuse to keep company with such despisers of God and His word.

23. And as touching the matter which thou and I have spoken of, behold, the Lord be between thee and me forever.

Again as they parted after their much weeping Jonathan used the same words, adding, "And between my seed and thy seed." So he relied on David's faithfulness. And how much more may we rely upon the faithfulness of our Lord Jesus Christ and God the Father! Do we fear the trials by the way? God is faithful, who will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able. Do we fear that sin shall conquer us and cut us off from Him? If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. Is it the matter of blamelessness in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ? God is faithful, by whom ye are called unto the fellowship of His Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it (I Cor. x, 13; i, 9; I John i, 9; I Thess. v, 23, 24). When David came to his last hours, his comfort was the faithfulness of God. "Although my house be not so with God, yet He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure" (II Sam. xxiii, 5).

No Temptation.

Mrs. Farmer—Wouldn't you like to to do a little work just to see how it feels?

Weary Willy—No, lady; de morbid and horrible hez no fascination fer me wotever.—Puck.

After all, happiness isn't a question of riches, pie, a good complexion or love and power, but of contentment.—Atchison Globe.

His Revenge.

He—And so your answer is final. You will not be mine?

She—Never! But pray don't go and blow your brains out.

He—It would be an idle attempt. People say if I had any brains I never should have proposed to you.

Testing It.

"Say, old man, let's go out and have a big time tonight."

"What are you celebrating?"

"I've just thought out a new excuse to mention to my wife."—Harper's Bazar.

HANGMAN'S PAY.

The Way an Oriental Executioner Helps to Fill His Purse.

In the east a hangman's trade is very profitable. As soon as a person is condemned to be hanged notice is sent to the executioner, who has the privilege of erecting the scaffold wherever he pleases, and at sunrise the next morning he begins his work. Accompanied by his assistants, who guard the condemned man and carry material for the scaffold, he goes to some prominent place in front of a large dwelling and there proceeds to erect the scaffold.

A few minutes later the owner of the large dwelling rushes out and implores him to go somewhere else.

"I don't want to have a man hanged in front of my house," he explains.

"All right," says the hangman. "I'm willing to go elsewhere provided you pay me for my trouble in coming here and for the time which I have spent at the job."

Though the sum which he names is pretty large, the owner of the large dwelling pays it without a word, whereupon the hangman goes to another large dwelling, where a similar scene is enacted.

In this way several hours are spent by the executioner in extorting money from all the magnates in the neighborhood. When his purse is at last well filled he erects the scaffold in some dark wood, and soon the unfortunate man, who has been tramping after him all day, is at rest.—New York Herald.

The Kind of Ear That Is Rare.

The ear that Darwin illustrates in his "Descent of Man" as being allied to the pointed type belonging to our simian relatives is not as uncommon as many may imagine. It is my observation that this peculiarity of the fold in question is oftener to be observed in women, and in many of these cases the persistence of the wisdom teeth is also a characteristic. I have in mind two cases of this sort, one of a man, the other of a woman, both residents of one of our leading cities and among their social and intellectual forces.

The latter is a remarkable reversion to an earlier type in ear, in teeth, in length of arm, in painless childbirth, in flexibility of hand joints and in other marked characteristics. It appears to me that the ear, like the vermiform appendix, the suspension of the viscera, the position of the orifice of the bladder and the unprotected condition of certain main arteries, is yet in a transitional state and not fully adapted to the newer human conditions imposed by the erect position and the artificialities of civilization.—Science.

A Mortified Wife.

The Rev. John Mathews, who was a pioneer Methodist preacher of Alabama, has been remembered for his strict views and many peculiarities, according to Lippincott's. His wife, who was more liberal in her ideas, was fond of dress and once sold a bureau and with the money bought a new hat. The following Sunday Brother Mathews, being disturbed at the beginning of his discourse by several of the congregation turning to see the late arrivals, said: "Brethren and sisters, don't bother to look around any more; I'll tell you who comes in." This he did, calling each one by name, much to the mortification of the tardy members. His wife was among the last, and when she walked down the aisle he said: "Make way there for Sister Mathews. She is coming with a bureau on her head."

Philadelphia's First Book.

The first book of any kind published in Philadelphia was Atkin's Almanack for the year 1686. It was an unpaged pamphlet of ten leaves, only two copies of which are now known to be in existence. The first copy of the Almanack printed was sent to Colonel Markham, Penn's deputy, who reported to the council that the book had erroneously declared Pennsylvania to have been founded by "Lord Penn." The council disapproved such a high sounding title and directed the author and printer (William Bradford) to "forthwith and effectually blott out ye words 'Lord Penn.'" This had the effect of recalling the whole edition and the abolition of the obnoxious words.

Throwing the Slipper at a Wedding.

The throwing of the slipper after the bride comes apparently from barbarous times, when the relations of man and wife were really very much akin to those of master and slave, for it seems that the shoe was an emblem of authority, and at an Anglo-Saxon marriage a shoe was given by the bride's father to her husband in token of transference of power over her, the groom usually indicating his appreciation of that fact by tapping his new wife lightly on the head with it.

Coral From Italy.

Much of the costly red, white and pink coral used for ornamental purposes is obtained from the coast of Italy. Men go out in boats and drag the rocky bottom of streams with wooden frames or nets, in which the coral becomes entangled, but the delicate branches are crushed in this way. The finest coral is obtained by diving.

One View of Dialect.

Dialect tempered with slang is an admirable medium of communication between persons who have nothing to say and persons who would not care for anything properly said.—Thomas Bailey Aldrich in Century.

Where there is one scholar who becomes insane through overstudy, there are hundreds who remain inane by reason of understudy.—Boston Transcript.

No man who needs a monument ever ought to have one.—Hawthorne.

Cleanliness.

Cleanliness is next to godliness. What an ideal world this would be if cleanliness were the rule everywhere and in everything — clean houses, clean streets, clean bodies, clean hearts, clean accounts and clean characters.—Maxwell's Talisman.

He Knew.

Mrs. Caller Down—You needn't think that I'm going to fix your trousers at this hour of the night.

Caller Down—Tut, tut! It's never too late to mend.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Unmanageable.

"Even that impecunious little Dodgem can afford an automobile. I wonder how he manages it?"

"He can't."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Very few people talk just enough and not too much.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

Correct!

This recipe is out o' sight:
To right wrong right you write right right.—Baltimore News.

Business Cards.

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Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASS WARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.

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The Wearing of Hats.

In the thirteenth century the use of the scarlet hat, which distinguished cardinals, was sanctioned by Pope Innocent IV. Throughout mediæval times the wearing of a hat was regarded as a mark of rank and distinction. During the reign of Charles I. the Puritans affected a steeple crown and broad brimmed hat, while the cavaliers adopted a lower crown and a broader brim, ornamented with feathers. In the early part of the reign of Henry V. hats became popular, and in the time of the wars of the roses all men of high and low degree (with the exception of 'prentices, who wore caps) wore hats. The cocked hat made its appearance in the reign of James II., and could be converted into a variety of shapes. It was known under several names, as the Brigadier, the Ramilies, the Regent and the Frederick.

Even to the present day the naval full dress is incomplete without the cocked hat, and on the continent many functionaries, civil as well as military, continue to wear it. Our old militia, line and field officers used to wear them of immense proportions. The round hat, such as Ben Franklin wore, was taken to Paris from this country by the young officers who fought for our independence under Rochambeau and Lafayette. It met with great favor there.

Antiquity of the Pump.

Machines for raising water may be said to be as old as civilization itself, and their invention extends so far beyond written history that no one can say when the art of lifting and distributing water began. Egypt, the land of unfathomable antiquity, the oldest civilization of the orient, noted not only for her magnificence and power, but for knowledge, wisdom and engineering skill, understood and made practical use of such important hydraulic devices as the siphon and the syringe, the latter being a remarkable invention and the real parent of the modern pump. Whether or not syringes were ever fitted with inlet and outlet valves, thus making the single action pump, is not known. But bellows consisting of a leather bag set in a frame and worked by the feet, the operator standing with one foot on each bag, expelling the inclosed air, the exhaust bag being then lifted by a string to refill it with air, implies the use of a valve opening inward, and it is difficult to conceive of a continuous operation without one.

Hung at the Girdle.

In the middle ages at the girdle were hung the thousand and one odds and ends needed and utilized in every day affairs. The scrivener had his ink horn and pen attached to it, the scholar his book or books, the monk his crucifix and rosary, the innkeeper his tallies, and everybody his knife. So many and so various were the articles attached to it that the flippant began to poke fun.

In an old play there is mention of a merchant who had hanging at his girdle a pouch, a spectacle case, a "punniard," a pen and ink horn and "a handkerchief, with many other trinkets besides, which a merry companion seeing said it was like a haberdasher's shop of small wares." In another early play a lady says to her maid: "Give me my girdle and see that all the furniture be at it. Look that cizers, pincers, the penknife, the knife to close letters with, the bodkin, the ear picker and the scale be in the case."

The First "Lady In Trade."

Perhaps the most notable instance on record of the feminine street trader is that of the "White Widow," otherwise the Duchess of Tyrconnell, the Frances Jennings of the De Grammont memoirs, who, at the time of the revolution in 1688, according to Horace Walpole, "being reduced to absolute want on her arrival in England and unable for some time to procure secret access to her family, hired one of the stalls under the Royal Exchange and maintained herself by the sale of small articles of haberdashery. She wore a white dress wrapping her whole person and a white mask, which she never removed, and excited much interest and curiosity."—London Chronicle.

A Baker's Dozen.

The expression "baker's dozen," which is in point of fact thirteen, has a history. For a baker in the olden times to give short weight in bread exposed him to considerable penalties, and thus the custom arose of adding an extra loaf to the dozen as compensation for any possible deficiencies in the rest of the batch. The extra article was originally a safeguard to avert the chances of a heavy fine.

The Editor's Fear.

English Magazine Editor—I am afraid—

Assistant—Yes?

English Magazine Editor—That we are not labeling our humorous department plainly enough. Unless we make the titles less ambiguous half our readers will not know the articles are funny.—Baltimore American.

The Antiquities Were Out.

A traveler recently inquiring at a feudal castle in England whether he could see the antiquities of the place received the simple answer from a servant, "I am sorry, sir; my lady and her daughter have gone to town."

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. LIII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 28, 1903. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 39.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 22, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 6.55, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY-To Boston** ,9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P.M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.

For Nashua ,Manchester and Concord,N.H.at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23 7.50, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y
Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30 , p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham ,5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m.. and every 30 minutes until 11.05. p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.
In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
115 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway
WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 26, 1903, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6.37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2.37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M.; every half hour to 12.07; then 12.30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.
MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

CHAPTER FIVE

By Izola L. Merrifield

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

Half way between the Crescent ranch and the schoolhouse lay the western border of the Black Hawk range. If Don Easton happened to ride to the ridge of low, ragged buttes above the little valley trail he could catch a glimpse of the new schoolteacher's hat with the violets on it when little Sammie Trent took her to and fro in the buckboard from the ranch to the school.

One day Sammie rode out on the range on his own pinto, Buckeye, and told Don the news.

"We've got the new teacher at our place, Don. She's a Jim Dandy too. Pop let me go to school with the rest of the kids just because she said I was wasting my talent hoeing round. She ain't a real teacher either. She's studying us folks. Jumping Moses, Don, you ought to hear her talk. And she's going to study you pretty soon. You're chapter 5—on herders."

"Is she homely, Sammie?" Don asked gently.

Sammie shut one eye and clucked his tongue hungrily.

"Gimme two crackers and a dried herring and I'll tell," he said.

Don bargained and handed over two crackers with the herring laid between. Sammie munched contentedly. It was a long way from the ranch.

"Her hair's kind of pretty. It don't curl up exactly, but it kinks a little when the wind blows. And it's brown, kind of. And she smiles sweet as anything, and her eyes are blue, kind of, and she's awful gritty. She's learning to ride, and she fell off once and never yowled a bit."

A week after this the buckboard was discarded, and Don saw Sammie ride by on the pinto, while the schoolteacher was on a small lightweight black and white pony. Sometimes she went by alone, as the days passed and her confidence grew. Don would leave the sheep with the dogs and watch for her at sunset, lying face downward in the soft, thick grass on the edge of the buttes. He could see her from the time she passed the cottonwoods that fringed the divide until she turned the corner of Big Butte far down the valley, and beyond the way was clear to the ranch.

There was a secret satisfaction to him in this self imposed sentinel duty over her lonely ride. It was a welcome break in the monotony of his life, and he dreaded the time when the grass and water would give out and he would have to move farther on to new range.

When the spring days came and the wild flowers lay like a royal carpet for the feet of the black and white pony the schoolteacher would dismount and gather them on her way through the valley. Then came a day when the sentinel saw from his post that she was in trouble. The black and white pony had wandered ahead of her, cropping the grass and new clover, when suddenly he pitched forward, one fore leg sinking deeply into a beaver hole. With his heart aflame, Don had gone to the rescue and pulled the pony out. The ankle was sprained, and she limped badly. Flushing beneath his tan, he had told the schoolteacher who he was, just one of the Crescent herders, and had offered her his horse to ride home on. She had accepted thankfully, and Sammie was sent after the lame pony the next day.

"Ain't she a thoroughbred, though?" he asked, chewing on a bit of flag root he had found down near the creek. "Her name's Marjorie Allan."

"When is she coming to study chapter 5?" asked Don carelessly.

"Guess she hasn't got that far yet," returned Sammie seriously. "She's studying flowers and bees and birds and things now."

"Sammie"—the herder's voice was gentle and persuasive—"don't you want a job herding sheep along about sunset?"

"What you got that's better than herrings?" asked Sammie in mild interest.

"A whole nickel a day."

"I'll come tomorrow," said Sammie.

The new arrangement lasted a month. Every afternoon at sunset Sammie herded faithfully, while Don and the schoolteacher rode slowly from the cottonwoods to Big Butte. Then one day Don told him he need not come any more, and his face was grim and hopeless. Sammie looked at him shrewdly while he cracked a switch at a few mosquitoes that were feasting on the pinto's mottled hide.

"She's just a girl, even if she did come from Kansas City and writes books and things," he said pleasantly. "Did she throw you down, Don?"

The herder was silent.

"'Cause you're a herder?"

"Go home," said the other gently without looking at him, but Sammie saw the clinched hands and he rode away whistling.

Three weeks later there came news to the ranch. The herder on the Black Hawk had moved his sheep eight miles northward toward the Big Horn country, and there were growlings among the cattlemen up there over his encroaching on their territory.

"But isn't the range free?" asked the schoolteacher when Sammie explained matters to her.

"You dassent say so nowadays less 'n you've got a gun to back it up," said Sammie. "Pop thinks Don will get all the trouble he's looking for."

Miss Allan looked at him, her blue eyes grave and anxious.

"What will they do to him?"

"Chase him off and scatter the sheep. Maybe let a little daylight into him if he stops to argue."

"Are we far from him?"

"He's about four or five miles northeast I guess. We could see the smoke if they fired the grass or his wagon," he added encouragingly.

Miss Allan was silent, and Sammie smiled at the pinto's ears. She was getting to chapter 5, he decided, on herders. And he saw, too, that she rode out of her way every day to get a view of the range. And every night at the ranch she asked if news had come from the cattlemen.

But all was quiet until one day the schoolteacher had remained later than usual. Sammie did not question when she turned away from the home path and rode up the hill until they reached a spot where the range lay before them. Far to the northeast a faint line of smoke trailed lazily up to the clouds, and she held her breath as she watched it.

"Sammie," she cried, her hands gripping the pony's bridle tightly, her face paling, "Sammie, what is it?"

"Just smoke," said Sammie shortly, knowing what lay behind the appeal. "I guess we can make it in an hour. Less 'n they've fixed him already."

But she rode on beside him fearlessly until they had passed scattered, frightened groups of what sheep were left, and halted beside the smoking ruins of the herder's wagon. It was she who found him first, lying unconscious a dozen yards from the wagon. There was a wound in his forehead. While Sammie stood with wide, scared eyes, she told him to run to the creek and bring water, then to ride on to the ranch for help.

With the water Sammie had brought her she bathed the wound and kept his parched lips moist, and the black and white pony moved up and down like a restless shadow between her and the charred wagon.

Once he opened his eyes and stared up at her in wonder, and she laid her hand lightly on his hot forehead.

"I am sorry," she said softly, and the pony moved out of hearing as he answered her.

A little after moon rise there came the thud of hoofs on the ground and the lone vigil was ended. Next morning Sammie's freckled face looked cautiously in the open window of the room at the ranch where the herder lay.

"Hello, Don," he said cheerfully. "Ain't she got grit, though? Ain't she a thoroughbred?"

Don smiled at him in proud assent, and moved his bandaged head in a half nod.

"How's chapter 5—on herders?" asked Sammie in a whisper.

"All done," said Don, his eyes bright with happiness. "Next one's on weddings, but there's a herder in it, too, and she's going to take the leading part."

The Wily Heathen.

An Englishman who was appointed to an important post in China got married soon after. Among the recipients of the usual little cardboard boxes containing a piece of wedding cake was a Chinese merchant with whom the bridegroom had an outstanding account for goods supplied. After the honeymoon one of the first persons the newly wedded husband met was his Celestial creditor.

"And how did you like the cake?" said the Englishman laughingly after the usual congratulations.

"Ah, ha!" returned the Chinaman, with a cunning leer. "Me no such big fool to eat him, sah. Me put cakee in fire. Burn him up. He, he!"

"Oh, that's too bad!" said the Englishman, very much hurt. "You might have tasted it, at least, out of compliment to my wife and myself. Why didn't you?"

"Me too clute, sah," said the Celestial, with the same cunning smile. "You owe me monee, sah; senuee poison cakee; I eat him; I die; you no payee up. Houp la! He, he, he! I know you Ingleesh!"

ALWAYS INSIST UPON HAVING THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

Love Letter Romance.

Half a century ago a young Englishman while traveling met a beautiful girl and promptly fell in love with her. A few days later he returned home, and his first act was to write her a love letter. In it he told her that he could not be happy without her and that if she regarded his proposal favorably he would expect a reply by the next mail.

To this letter he received no answer, and so disappointed was he that from that time until his death, which occurred recently, he shut himself up in his home and lived like a hermit. Most of his time was spent in reading, and the day after his funeral the heirs began to search the books in his library, for they thought it quite possible that the eccentric old man might have hidden some bank notes in them.

They found none, but in a tattered old pamphlet they found another kind of note, the love letter which was written fifty years ago and which the writer had forgotten to mail.

The Successful Physician.

During the time spent in this hospital I learned many things that no textbook teaches, among them the secret of the successful physician. I discovered that while knowledge was a necessity it was not the only thing; tact, energy, sympathy and kindliness counted for more. The most competent physician was not inevitably the most prosperous, while the assiduously attentive ignoramus who made up in care what he lacked in skill kept the hospital crowded and in the fullness of time had his own sanitarium.—Everybody's Magazine.

Gave Him a Rise.

"Books that have helped me!" chuckled Tommy as he piled enough bound volumes of the Congressional Record on a chair to enable him to reach the shelf where his mother kept the marmalade.

Tips to the Wrong Persons.

Some one in canvassing the tip subject has discovered that we tip the wrong people all the time. Particularizing, the discoverer declares that it is the cook, not the waiter, who should receive this material expression of our favor and that it is the engineer, not the conductor, who should have the extras for getting us about on time when we travel in haste. Of course this discovery will not result in the searching out of the man behind the man who reaches out his hand for the tip. We shall continue to send our gratuities along on the same old lines, getting a smug contentment over feeling that we have done our duty—or is it the satisfaction of making the petty display of our cash resources?—and that we can't be expected to chase up the real benefactor, but it adds another complication to the tip question for those who already find it too perplexing.—Boston Transcript.

The Sting Ray.

Of the many dangers which beset navigators of the tropical rivers of South America perhaps the natives fear the sting ray most. It is poisonous and is to be found in very large numbers when the river is low. That is the time when boatmen have to get in the water to push their canoes over the shallows. They are often stung by the tail of the ray and usually die unless medical assistance is promptly given. The ray cannot be seen, as it is of the same color as the sand on which it coils itself. The stab of its sharp knife-like tail is the unwary navigator's first intimation of its presence.

An Ice Poultice.

In many cases of inflammation an ice poultice is a very useful application. It is made in this way: Spread a layer of linseed meal three-quarters of an inch thick on a piece of cloth and upon the meal, put at intervals lumps of ice about the size of a marble. Sprinkle meal over the ice and cover all with the cloth, turning the edges over. In this way the ice will last much longer than it otherwise would and the poultice will be quite comfortable.

As to Eating.

It is a good plan not to eat when you are hurried.

When you are troubled.

When you have no appetite.

When you are laboring under any strain of mind.

When you cannot lay aside every care and give yourself up to leisure by enjoyment of the meal.

The Bluff Physician.

The Doctor—You would have an attack of brain fever but for one thing.

Impatient Patient—And what's that?

The Doctor—The fact that nature made you an immune from that particular variety of fever.—Baltimore American.

A Wingless Angel.

Bilson—Jimson seems to be devoted to his wife.

Timson—No wonder; she is the most angelic creature I ever saw. Why, I believe she could even keep a girl.—New York Weekly.

A Case In Point.

"It is pathetic," he said in a sentimental tone, "to see the way in which people cling to ideals in spite of disappointment."

"Yes, Charley, dear," answered young Mrs. Torkins, "especially when the ideal is a race horse."—Washington Star.

PEGGY OF THE PINES

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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"John Carter!"

The name seems to come out of her dream. Peggy opens her eyes, a little dazed.

Of course there are other John Carters. Carter is a rather commonplace name after all. So is John.

The high heels of Peggy's patent leathers click on the polished floor of the alcove and Peggy's blue kimonoed figure appears between the curtains of the arch that divides the room.

"Sleepyhead!" is Catherine's scornful welcome.

Peggy smiles and trails languidly over to a low chair by the fire. She sits down and shakes a veil of soft, red brown hair over her flushed cheeks.

Edith passes her the box of chocolates and the conversation goes on.

"I wonder which one of us it is," sighs Louise.

"If the corner of the conservatory could speak I think it would whisper 'Catherine,' " says Edith.

The color that flames up into Catherine's cheeks matches the red of her crape gown.

But Peggy, looking through her veil of hair, sees that she likes it—likes to be teased about Jack; Peggy's Jack—well, not exactly hers—yet, but he has proposed to her every year since she was in pinafores, and if she hasn't said "Yes"—

"A box for Miss Catherine," states the soft voiced maid at the door.

The box is full of red, glowing roses—American Beauties.

Catherine takes the card out of the little white envelope and looks at the girls complacently.

"John Carter," she reads.

Oh, little Peggy, little Peggy, it is well that your face is hidden by the silken veil, for the blushes are gone.

Edith's lips are set in a rather tense line.

"What does he say?"

"Red as a rose is she."

"Rather hackneyed for a clever man," comments Edith.

"There is another box for Miss Edith," says the maid, "and one for Miss Louise."

"Not a single valentine for you, baby," says Louise to Peggy. "But the men haven't found you out yet."

She opens her box, gives one glance at the card and leans over to see Edith's.

Then the two girls laugh.

"John Carter!"

Across Catherine's smooth forehead there flickers just the shadow of a frown, but she rallies.

"How impartial. What does he say on yours, girls?"

Louise has orchids, Edith violets. Each card contains a maudlin valentine sentiment, but Peggy listens to the conventional lines with prejudiced ears. There is only one consolation—Jack isn't a Mormon! He can't marry all three of them.

But over Catherine's face there broods something of dissatisfaction, and Edith gathers up her violets and slips out of the room without a word. After awhile the other girls follow, and Peggy is left alone.

She goes and stands by the window, where, through the gray mist, she can see the blurred lights of the big city. Oh, how homesick she is! She wants to see Mammy Chloe and Aunt Sophia, and most of all she wants to hear the wind sighing through the pines.

She goes over to her trunk and from its very bottom she drags out a big box, and as the darkness comes on she muses sadly over the bits of lace paper and faded ribbons.

The girls find her thus when they come in later.

"Valentines?" says Louise. "Old ones?" She picks up a tiny lace paper affair with two red hearts and a Cupid.

Roses red and vilets blue,
Sugar is sweet and so are you

"That came when I was seven," says Peggy.

"Are they all from one man? Oh, Peggy, Peggy, I believe you have a romance."

"They are all from Jack," says Peggy without malice, and then she stands blushing, for what will they think of Mr. John Carter now?

But the name suggests nothing to the three girls.

"Some one you know in Virginia?" asks Catherine.

And Peggy knows that, after all, she has told nothing, and she resolves to hold her own.

"He has sent me one each year since I was five. We grew up together."

"Why, what a little romance," says Edith indulgently, with amused and uplifted eyebrows behind Peggy's back. "Of course he loves you."

"Of course," says Peggy with an assurance she is far from feeling.

"And you love him."

"I haven't told him so," says Peggy, and the girls look at her open eyed. They are not used to small Virginia princesses who have to be wooed long.

"A box for Miss Margaret," announces the maid.

"Margaret? Oh," says Catherine, puzzled. "Oh, Peggy, she means you."

"Yes," says Peggy and reaches out her hand.

The girls watch her while she unties the string.

"Do you wish a light, miss?" asks the maid.

But Peggy does not hear her, for there steals into the room a faint, wonderful fragrance, the fragrance of the pines of Virginia.

Louise steps forward and lifts the cover. Under the waxed paper in the long box are silky tassels of shining green, wet still with the moisture o the woods.

There is an envelope, half hidden under the mass of green. Peggy's hand shuts over it; she has seen the writing. No prying eyes shall read John Carter's message to—"his fourth girl," as she calls herself bitterly.

"Read it, Peggy," cries Louise.

But Peggy stands up defiant, the box in her arms.

"Go and dress!" she commands. "We shall never get ready."

"The country lover," comments Catherine, as the girls go to their rooms.

But when the girls are gone Peggy does not move for a little while. She stands very still, with a pale little face. Then suddenly she buries her face in the scented green. At last, with trembling fingers, she tears open the envelope. But no single line of wornout sentiment confronts her. Within is a sheet of closely written paper:

My Dear Peggy—I am in paradise, with the Eve left out. I am in the woods, but the spirit of the pines is away, and the old, old trees sigh and sigh and whisper with me, broken heartedly, "Where is our Peggy?"

When Mammy Chloe told me that you had joined Louise Dalton's house party the light went out of the sun. I want you here, and I had traveled all these miles that I might come to you on St. Valentine's day and ask you again—for the thirteenth time, dear—if you wouldn't

Mammy Chloe says that you are homesick. So, dear heart, I send you a bit of home. To the other girls I have sent flowers and verses that mean nothing, but to my Peggy I send her own pine.

I shall get back to New York with this and send it up to you to let you know that I shall dine at the Daltons' tonight. I found a note from Louise and will telephone her. Come down early, and I will meet you at the foot of the stairway. And, Peggy, oh, Peggy, if you mean to say "Yes" this time wear a bit of the pine, and I will know that my Peggy is my own—at last. JACK.

An hour later a wonderful little figure in a pale green trailing gown, with a rope of pearls around the young neck and a silken bit of pine among the laces at her breast, comes out of the door and glides down the hall. As she reaches Louise's room she sees through the open door that the rest of the girls are there, but she passes by unheeding.

Down the long corridor to the stairway. The girls follow her, and look over the railing as she turns the curve below them.

"She is really beautiful," says Catherine, as the light falls on the upturned radiant face.

"Poor Virginia lover," laughs Edith, "if Peggy looks like that all the evening, he will have rivals."

Just then a man comes across the broad hall and advances to meet Peggy.

He is tall, strong and handsome.

"John Carter," breathes Catherine, and starts to descend.

But Edith holds her back.

"Look," she says.

They meet half way up the stairway—little Peggy and John Carter. He takes her hand in his. Then there is a breathless moment and the watchers slip away discreetly.

"Jack!" they say, with a light breaking in upon them.

And then they know—beautiful Catherine, and stately Edith, and gracious Louise—that it is little Peggy, after all—little Peggy of the Pines.

Ayer's
Why is it that Ayer's Hair Vigor does so many remarkable things? Because it is a hair food. It feeds the hair, puts new life into it. The hair
Hair Vigor
cannot keep from growing. And gradually all the dark, rich color of early life comes back to gray hair.
"When I first used Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair was about all gray. But now it is a nice rich black, and as thick as I could wish."—MRS. SUSAN KLOPFENSTIEN, Tuscumbia, Ala.
$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for Gray Hair

Getting on In the World.

A tortoise, plodding along, was approached by a pigeon hawk, which dropped from the ether like a bullet and perched upon its shell.

"Come; let's race," he said banteringly.

"On one condition," replied the tortoise.

"Name it."

That we make it a week's journey."

"Done."

They immediately set out. The tortoise knew that if he gained the victory it must be by great diligence; he must never pause or turn aside; he must strike a bee line and not permit himself to be distracted. So he crawled along, intent only upon one thing—reaching the goal.

The hawk, on the contrary, knowing what an easy task was before him, made sport of the contest. He circled in the air, ascending into the clouds, descending to earth again, sailing, soaring, giving himself up to the pleasures of flying here, there, everywhere. He visited one acquaintance after another and had a good laugh at the tortoise. Finally so much time had been wasted that when he came within sight of the winning post the plodding, earnest tortoise had just reached the goal.

Moral.—The tortoise won the race, but the hawk had all the fun.

The First Wedding Ring.

The wedding ring, according to Henry Swinburne of the seventeenth century, was first designed by Prometheus and fashioned out of adamant and iron by Tubal Cain. He says that it was "given by Adam to his son to this end—that therewith he should espouse a wife." Men were, as all women know, deceivers ever, and some of these unscrupulous creatures were wont to wed with rings made of rushes, imagining them to be less binding than a strong and valuable ring. The bishop of Salisbury, however, stepped in and forbade this practice in 1217.

Silver was more frequently used than gold for wedding rings, and they were made in all kinds of shapes, some twisted, like two joined hands, or a pair of hearts stuck together with an arrow. Often they were adorned with precious stones and had "posies"—that is, scraps of verse—inside, such as:

Fortune doth send you, hap it well or ill,
This plain gold ring to wed you to your will.

FORKS AND FASHION.

A Young Girl's Embarrassment and a Token of Appreciation.

She had lived all her life in a country village, a daughter of the poorest of poor country doctors, and when the great surgeon who once had befriended her father visited him in his illness the pretty daughter was invited to a dinner and reception at his house. Aglow with excitement, the girl packed her "Sunday dress" and took the train for New York.

When the guests were all seated at dinner she hesitated at the shining array of silver beside her plate, then picked up her meat fork and began to eat her oysters. Glancing under her eyelids at the guest nearest her, she blushed crimson as she realized her mistake.

Her hostess, perceiving her embarrassment, quickly drew attention to herself by telling a story, which was drawn out to the length of the course. At the end of the story, in illustrating a point, she held up a fork, saying:

"And the stem of this wonderful flower was no longer than this fish fork."

The social novice was further relieved at the meat course when a fork was quietly dropped on the table by the same hand that placed the plate before her.

When the evening's entertainment was over, as she approached her hostess, the young girl, unobserved by any one else, took from her corsage a beautiful rose, which she laid in the white hand extended to say "Good night."—New York Press.

Eyes That Change Color.

Although the eyes of children may deepen or alter in color with their growth, the change of hue in the iris is principally due to the development of disease. The most marked changes are produced by an inflammatory disease known as acute iritis. The iris of the eyes of the sufferer from this disease entirely changes color, principally owing to the loss of distinctness in its fibers, with a consequent clouded appearance. The pupil is contracted, and small brownish white specks appear in it, produced by the breaking away of adhesions of the iris to the capsule of the lens.

The varieties of color in the eyes of different individuals and of different kinds of animals mainly depend upon the color of the pigment which is deposited in cells in the substance of the iris, and the eye can, therefore, only be said to change color when there is a change in the color of the iris. The color of the sclerotic coat, or white of the eye, is frequently affected by disease or accidents, of which the well known bloodshot appearance is most common.

"Original" and Actual Sin.

A wealthy Australian Scotsman named Allan died some years ago and bequeathed a considerable sum of money to provide perpetual prizes to the Presbyterian children of the commonwealth for proficiency in Scriptural knowledge. A report of the Allan bequest committee, presented to the Presbyterian general assembly in Melbourne, contained some entertaining reading. "What is the difference between original sin and actual sin?" elicited these answers among others: "Original sin is Adam eating forbidden fruit; actual sin is Cain killing Abel." "One is good sin; the other is bad sin." "Original sin is sin without murder, but actual sin is sin; meaning swearing." "Original sin is the things we ought not to do." "Actual sin means a want of obedience; but original sin is a work of Providence."

Treatment of Bunions.

Bunions are serious and hard to treat. About the only thing to do is to wear seamless stockings and shoes with kid or fine calf uppers. Avoid heating the feet and change the shoes frequently. Any sweet oil will heal the soreness of a joint, and sometimes anointing it with iodine will bring relief. When a bunion gets troublesome the best plan is to buy a stick of sulphate of copper, pare away the dead skin and cauterize the spot. The operation is a trifle painful, but it is only momentary, while the sense of relief that is sure to follow is like the "peace that passeth understanding."

"The High Seas."

By "the high seas" referred to in article 1 of the constitution of the United States is meant the open sea—that is, the waters outside the civil jurisdiction of any country whatever, which, according to the law of nations, is limited to one marine league, or three geographical miles, from the shore. Even the great lakes, beyond the limit designated above, are regarded as "high seas."

The Usual Delay.

Restaurant Proprietor (to guest)—It's too bad you have had to wait so long. Our men have just gone on a strike. How long since you gave your order?

Guest—About half an hour. I didn't know there was a strike. I thought it was merely the usual delay.—Chicago Tribune.

Airing His French.

"Gracious! What in the world is that man ordering such a lot of dishes for? Will he be able to eat them?"

"Oh, no. He merely likes to show that he can pronounce all those French names."—San Francisco Bulletin.

The Unblushing Rascal.

"Snifkins says that when he gets married he wants not only a pretty girl, but a good one."

"The bigamist!"—Town Topics.

Breaking In a New Pipe.

"Notice that chap in a brown hat?" said a man to his companion in a walk. "Trying to break in a new pipe; trying to smoke it the first time, and fills it to the muzzle. He'll never in all his life—or as long as he owns that pipe—enjoy it"—

"Oh, won't he?"

"Never; only one way to break in a new pipe. Put in a pinch of the weed at first and smoke it all; another pinch only larger than the first; smoke it all out; clean the pipe; gradually you can fill the pipe to the muzzle, and finally be able to smoke her all out clean as a whistle."

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, AUG. 28, 1903

GOOD WEATHER.

The people of Wells, York county, Maine, were blessed with fair weather last Thursday for the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the incorporation of the town, and improved it in a royal manner. It was a great day for "Old Wells."

Congressman Charles H. Littlefield of Rockland made the principal address, and William J. Hobbs, Esq., General Auditor and Comptroller of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company, a native of Maine, and Honorables George Goodwin, Trafton Hatch, and others followed in bright and interesting speeches.

Some of the bloodiest battles in the early Indian Wars were fought on the soil of Wells, scenes and incidents in which were represented in the great parade of the celebration on Aug. 27, 1903.

No town in Maine has better reason to be proud of its history than Wells.

THE YACHT RACE.

In the year 1851 American yachtsmen sent to England the yacht America to try for the prize offered in an international race around the Isle of Wight that summer.

The America won the cup, brought it home, and it has been held on this side of the water 52 years without a break, although 26 attempts have been made by English yacht clubs to "lift" it.

Another struggle for possession of the trophy is now on. The first trial was a flummux. On Aug. 22 Reliance, the American defender of the cup, beat Shamrock III, the challenger, 9 minutes in one of the finest races ever witnessed off Sandy Hook, with wind conditions favorable for the challenger. On August 25 Reliance beat her antagonist, Shamrock III, 1 minute and 19 seconds.

Yesterday's race was a failure on account of lack of wind. When the wind went down Reliance was 1 1-2 miles ahead of Shamrock III.

APPROPRIATION EXHAUSTED

Information is given out that the highway appropriation for the current year has been expended, with some July bills still unpaid, and unless a supplemental one is made that Department of the city government will have to do business on tick the remaining six months of the year.

It hardly seems possible that such a condition of things could exist in the management of our highway affairs they being conducted by a Commissioner who has had so much experience and is so well qualified for the office as Mr. Kelley is said to be.

PAVING THE WAY.

In a carefully considered and ably written article in its Saturday's issue Haggerty's *Times*, the official organ of the Democratic Party of Woburn, as good as committed itself to the renomination and election of Mayor John P. Feeney in the next municipal campaign.

REASON TO FEEL PROUD.

Mayor Feeney of Woburn has reason to feel proud over the successful reception tendered him on his return from abroad. It was a fitting testimonial to his popularity.—*Wakefield Item.*

The talk around here is that it means for Mayor Feeney another term in the Mayor's chair.

☞ The second triennial Exposition of the Merchants and Manufacturers Exhibition Association of Boston will open on Oct. 5 and close on Oct. 31. It will be open every day from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m., Sundays excepted, and receive for display all products and manufactured articles known to civilization. The most famous Bands in the world have been engaged to furnish music for the great Exposition, which is to be one of its special features. The JOURNAL will say more about it later.

☞ The Woburn JOURNAL says the reelection of Representative Nowell this fall is a fixed fact, but what follows leads us to anticipate there will be a hot time in Woburn.—*Reading Chronicle.*

That's right. Representative Nowell is the man the Republicans of the District want for another term at least in the House; and by the same token, for the Republicans of Woburn to agree on a candidate is going to be no fool of a job.

☞ It is suspected that Mayor Glines of Somerville is in the Congressional fight to stay. At least, reports warrant that conclusion. Many Republicans in the District hope it is true, because they profess to be weary of the McCall rule. It is generally understood that Mayor Glines is an able and popular gentleman, but there is a possibility that he may lack the pluck and grit to enter the lists against tne champion Mugwump, McCall.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

J. W. Shaw—To Let.
T. L. Pierce—To Let.
H. F. A. W.—Notice.
J. G. Maguire—Taxes.
E. J. Gregory—Auction.
Wakefield-Reading Co.—Fair.
L. & B. S. R. R. Co.—Hearing.

— Miss Emma F. Fowle is visiting at Centreville.

— William F. Sawyer is fishing at Wilton, N. H.

— Harry Nickles is a teacher in the Monson Academy.

— Labor Day comes one week from next Monday, Sept. 7.

— Misses Louisa Kenney and Annie Ring are at Onset Bay.

— Mr. John W. Shaw advertises the Shaw house for rent.

— Court Norden, A. O. F., will hold a Labor Day picnic.

— Mrs. Secretary Conn has a H. F. A. W. notice in this paper.

— Letter carrier Young and family have been visiting in Maine.

— Mr. and Mrs. George H. Newhall are visiting at Plymouth.

— Mrs. Emma H. Wright of Arlington Road is at Greenville, N. H.

— Read carefully the new ad of the Robbins Drug Co. in this paper.

— M. Bancroft, Sewing Machines and finding, 410 Main street.—6m

— The public schools of this city will reopen for business on Sept. 14.

— The Walnut Hills beat the Readings in a game of ball bad last Saturday.

— A Ferris Wheel all the way from Coney Island at the Wakefield-Reading Fair.

— St. Charles and South Border ball teams are to play a game on Labor Day.

— Houses let and rents collected by E. Prior Real Estate agent, 349 Main street.

— The Sons of Veterans all along shore have planned for a great time on Sept. 7.

— Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Burdett got home from Bethlehem, N. H., last Saturday.

— Lieut. J. M. Portal went to Portland, Maine, with the "Heavies" last Saturday.

— Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Brigham had a charming trip down on the Coast of Maine.

— There is some talk of extending the Wednesday afternoon closing one or two weeks longer.

— Three good horse races every day at the Wakefield-Reading Fair Sept. 15, 16, 17, 18.

— Dr. Lewis has returned after spending two weeks vacation at Centreville down on Cape Cod.

— James Skinner, Esq., President of the Woburn Co-operative Bank, and family are at Chatham.

— Miss Clara Fox has just returned from a visit to her brother, Mr. J. W. Fox, at Pottsville, N. Y.

— Miss Mary F. Haggens, bookkeeper at Hammond's clothing store, is at Hillsboro Bridge, N. H.

— Miss M. L. Dickerman has gone to Tennessee to teach in a Conservatory of Music in that State.

— The Wakefield *Banner* tells the incredable story that snow fell in that village one day last week.

— Whitcher has made some fine pictures of Lexington Common, which are on exhibition at his drugstore.

— Mrs. A. B. Dimick of 47 Fowle street has had for a guest Miss Mary A. Emerson of Willimantic, Conn.

— Postmaster Wyer and family returned from Vermont last Saturday after a considerable period of rest there.

— Mr. L. Houghton Allen has been having a good time lately with his friend Fred A. Flint at Camden, Me.

— The Annual Fair and Supper of the Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. church will be held on October 21 and 22.

— Misses Josephine and Nellie O'Brien and Jennie Lynch have returned from a pleasant outing at Onset Bay.

— Prior's Real Estate Agency has sold property No. 113 Main street to David Ahern who buys for improvement.

— Dr. Charles H. Buss, the dentist, finished his vacation at Bethlehem, N. H., last week and is again at his post of duty.

— The schoolrooms and books are to be thoroughly disinfected between this and the opening of the schools on Sept. 14.

— The family of Mr. Thomas Heartz went away last Monday for a week's visit at Long Beach, Rockport, Cape Ann.

— The day's outing of the employees of the Central House at Silver Lake last week was a jolly and highly successful one.

— Mayor Feeney is at the helm of the Ship of State once more, and the good staunch craft is sailing along on an even keel.

— Steam heat was necessary to insure comfort in the JOURNAL office last Tuesday afternoon. How was that for Aug. 25?

— The guests of Mrs. S. C. Scrivens, Miss Josephine and Daisy Russell, have returned to their home at Montreal, Canada.

— On Tuesday, Sept. 15, Childrens' Day, every child 12 years and under will be admitted free at the Wakefield-Reading Fair.

— Both yourself and wife can go to the Wakefield-Reading Fair this year. Why? Last year admission 50 cents, this year 25 cents.

— The leather factories in this city were never busier than at present, nor fewer employees out of work. That makes trade lively.

— Mr. and Mrs. L. Waldo Thompson take their vacation outings just as the spirit moves. They have already had several of them.

— William Feeney is selling the "Old Hundred" cigar which he declares on his word and honor is the best 10-cent cigar on the American continent.

— The City Council will hold a meeting on Wednesday evening, Sept. 9. The Clerk's docket has several matters on it for consideration and action.

—Rev. Frank N. Allen, a native of Woburn, whose wife is also a Woburn born, preached an excellent sermon at the First Congregational church last Sunday.

— Private Durward of Co. G, 5th Mass., has been booked for one of the marksmen at the interstate tournament at Seagirt, N. J., on Sept. 2-12, inclusive.

— Chief of Police McDermott is taking his vacation at Bethlehem, N. H. He was lucky to get away before "Taxpayer, Ward 7's" article appeared in the *Times.*

— The Public Library may reopen for the delivery of books on Sept. 1st. The doors will be open for the reception of books before that date. Those having books out will please take notice.

STRAW MATTINGS
FOR SUMMER HOUSES

Our new importation includes all grades from China and Japan, many patterns of which are exclusive. Always cool, cleanly, and sanitary.

RUGS

Royal Wilton, Saxony Axminster, Seamless, and other Axminster and Brussels rugs, in sizes 9 x 12, 8.3 x 10.6, and 6 x 9.

Hundreds of small rugs—Smyrnas, Wiltons, Axminsters, Japanese, etc., etc., at exceptionally low prices.

RUGS

Heavy Brussels Art Squares, many of them in Oriental designs and all reversible, sizes 7.6 x 9, 9 x 9, 9 x 10.6, and 9 x 12; price about $1.00 per square yard.

JOHN H. PRAY & SONS COMPANY
Pray Building 658 Washington St. Opp. Boylston St.
BOSTON

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

NEW SUMMER GOODS!
Latest Styles in Pattern and Cloth,
— AT —
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

Use Sea Salt
in your bath. Invigorates and healthful. A large sack for 12 cents.

Violette Ammonia 23c. Bottle.
A refreshing and agreeable addition to the bath.

WITCH HAZEL.
A superior double distilled Extract. $1.00 gal.; 40c. qt.; 25c. pt.; 15½ pt.

We sell you the best of everything at Cut Prices.

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
GREEN SIGNS. GREEN STAMPS.

— Linnell's provision market makes as fine an appearance as any in Middlesex county. Everything, meat, vegetables, fruit, is as neat as a pin and strongly inviting.

— Why do the City Council almost always appropriate a less sum for the Highway Department than they know very well will be needed to carry it through the year?

— After a long siege of scarlet fever Mr. D. J. McDonald, ticket agent and operator at the B. & M. Railroad station in this city, made his first appearance outdoors yesterday.

— Mr. Charles S. Tripp conducted a Nason & Russell excursion party through Nova Scotia last week. He frequently fills that position for the firm and is popular with tourists.

— Mr. George A. Day, Cashier of the First National Bank of Woburn, after a fortnight's vacation, was seen at his desk in the Bank last Monday looking and feeling prime.

— Mrs. Harriet S. Patten of 10 Newbury street and her daughter Mabel E., teacher in the Rumford school, are at Weirs, N. H., attending the Sons of Veterans Encampment there.

— E. J. Gregory advertises an important auction in this week's JOURNAL of the homestead of the late Henry McGown. It is a novel way of selling at auction, but a good one.

— Mr. R. H. White, proprietor of the Park street livery stable, formerly of Nichols & Brooks, is all the time adding fine horses and new carriages to his large and excellent stock.

— Boys races, of all kinds, for boys 15 years and under, and a flag race for girls, with suitable prizes will be given at the Wakefield-Reading Fair Tuesday, Sept. 15, Children's Day.

— In a letter recently received from Rev. Doremus Scudder, D. D., of Honolulu he intimates that he may come here to help celebrate Rev. Dr. March's 90th birthday anniversary.

— Miss Mertena Bancroft, teacher of the piano, has enjoyed an exceedingly pleasant vacation outing with her friend, Miss Thompson, at Medford Square.

— The War of the Stamps, now in full and vigorous progress, almost matches in ferocity of attack and valor of defense the great English contest of some centuries ago, "The War of the Roses."

— City Clerk John H. Finn was chosen Secretary of the Board of Registrars of Voters Association organized in Boston lately, Many Massachusetts cities were represented at the meeting.

— At the close of the year 1902 there were in the Woburn Public Library 44,374 volumes; 13,622 pamphlets; 7,620 manuscripts. Number of volumes circulated for home use during the year, 53,495.

— Last Sunday Rev. Dr. March, D. D., Pastor Emeritus of First church, preached a noble sermon to about 75 people at the Cummingsville chapel. Rev. Ebenezer Thompson will conduct the services there next Sunday.

— A smart revival of business and greater activity in trade is hoped for, now that the vacation season has come and gone. No good reason is seen why such a hope may not be realized. The times generally are prosperous, and why may not Woburn feel the good effects of such a condition of things?

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— Mrs. French, wife of Policeman Austin G. French, starts tomorrow to visit friends in Shrewsbury and Bradford, Vt., and from there she goes to Corinth to attend the wedding of her niece which will take place on Sept. 12.

— After an absence of seven years at College in Maryland James McCormick, son of Ald. Thomas F. McCormick, is on a visit to his family in this city. He goes from here to St. Francis Xavier College, N. Y., as a teacher.

— The north side of Montvale avenue from Main street up to the upper end of the Auditorium might be greatly improved in appearance and ease and safety of locomotion by the application of a good thick coating of concrete.

— Information reaches this office that the apple crop is a good deal below par as to size hereabouts, which is not agreeable news. Apples, applesauce and cider are staple goods that New Englanders greatly miss and sigh for when lacking.

— Capt. J. M. Ellis's men have finished an excellent cellar under Mr. J. J. Grothe's large factory building on Everett street. Mr. Grothe has a first-class carriage manufacturing and repairing establishment, which is doing a good business.

— Mrs. Lizzie M. Allen of Church avenue and her two sisters Miss Agnes and Mary H. Hoover passed a delightful vacation season at York Beach, famed in song and story. They took in many historic spots in the old town, and enjoyed it all.

— North Woburn people are waiting, not with complete patience, for a beginning to be made on the Thompson Library. They want to see the benefits of the Jonathan Thompson will fructify at as early a date as possible. And not to blame, either.

— Mr. Sellew, the proprietor of "Lakeside" in Billerica, has already had customers for his houselots and small farms in that fine place, and the prospect for disposing of all of them is good. He offers a firstclass opportunity for people to buy desirable homes cheap.

— It is currently reported that there are numerous applicants for appointment to the office of Clerk of the Overseers of the Poor and City Almoner made vacant by the death of Mr. Thomas D Hevey who had occupied those responsible posts with credit many years.

— The Woburn Brass is one of the oldest and most popular military bands in the State. It is to be one of the four to furnish music for the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company when they entertain the Honorable Artillery Company of London, England, on Oct. 21.

— During Old Home Week in New Hampshire, August 15-21, Mrs. E. P. Bancroft of 12 Franklin street, this city, attended a reunion of the Alumni of Atkinson Academy, her Alma Mater, and enjoyed it highly. She remained a week at Atkinson, three days of which were devoted by the people of the town to Old Home Week receptions, greetings, public meetings and festivities appropriate to the occasion, and a glad Week it was to her and all other returned wanderers from the homes of their younger days.

— It is rumored on the streets that the Boston & Northern Street Railroad Company have taken, bought, or absorbed the Lowell & Boston line, but definite information concerning the matter is difficult to obtain. Further developments may be expected to appear in a few days.

— Kenneth Johnson of Woburn, who is summering at Marmion Way, visited Squam this week and engaged in several games of chess with the Squam experts. There are quite a few lovers of the game in the summer colony here, but Mr. Johnson defeated them all.—*Boston Globe.*

— There was a smart rain on Tuesday, and a cold one, the glass showing only 56 degrees. It must be admitted on all sides that the summer of 1903 has been the coldest recorded in many years, if, indeed, it has ever within the memory of man been matched in the line of semi-Arctic weather.

— Vacation season at the beaches on the New England Coast is about over. Last Sunday's editions of Boston dailies mentioned many leave takings and desertions and closing festivities at numerous popular seaside resorts, which in a few days will be numbered among the have beens.

— At a meeting of the Board of Public Works the other evening it was decided to go to work and build a new house for Hose 6, on Clinton steret. It is high time that decent quarters for that Company were provided. The idea of building a wooden house should not be entertained for a single moment.

— Lawyer and License Commissioner John Jameson, Esq., spent the 75th anniversary of his birthday last week at Dunbarton, N. H., in the home next to the house in which he was born. Mrs. Jameson participated in and enjoyed the occasion with the venerable Counselor at Law.

— Lieut. John M. Portal of the First Mass. Reg't of Heavy Artillery is to play an important role at the great interstate shootingmatch at Seagirt, N. J., early next month. The selection of two marksmen, Lieut. Portal and James Durward for active work in the match honors our city more than a little.

— Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Stone took their vacation at Wells, Maine, Beach, near the spot where the writer of this item has many a time and oft dug clams for a living. Perhaps they were there to witness the grand celebration of the 250th anniversary of the incorporation of the old town on Aug. 26.

— Miss Mary Feeney, the stenographer, returned from a visit to Old Orchard late last week and is now at her post of duty at the office of the Woburn Light, Heat & Power Co. on Lake avenue. She said to a JOURNAL reporter that Old Orchard has had a prosperous season, and thinks it the boss seaside resort on the Atlantic Coast.

— A level headed business man suggests that the right kind of a hotel boardinghouse built on the Dr. Clough lot opposite the railroad station, properly kept, would pay good interest on the investment. No doubt of it, and it is strange that some man with money does not buy the property and erect such a building.

— Mr. Charlie A. Jones, Treasurer of the Savings Bank, joins his family at the seashore this evening and remains until next Monday morning. As between the seashore with its salt breezes, and Uncle Knapp's down at Blanchard, Maine, with the good partridge shooting and fishing there, he very much prefers the latter.

— The most brilliant exhibition of Northern Lights, or Aurora Borealis, that the people of this city have been privileged to witness and wander about for many a long day was given here last Friday evening neer 9 30 o'clock. It was a peculiar display in many respects as well as brilliant. It was watched by a large number of people.

— Whitfield L. Tuck, who has had charge of the petition to the Railroad Commissioners for through cars over the Boston & Northern street railway from Woburn to Sullivan Square terminal, reports that he has received reliable information that the matter will be arranged in a short time so that there will no longer be need of changing cars in Medford square.

— Morrison Merrill of Wakefield, about 25 years old, while employed by the Woburn Fire Department in repairing wires, fell from a pole at No. Woburn, a distance of 40 feet, and was seriously injured last Monday morning. A rotten pin broke letting him to the ground. He was taken to his home in Wakefield after Dr. Callahan had set his arm which was broken in the fall.

— Last Friday we received a pleasant call from Mrs. Capt. C. P. Jayne, Matron of the Sailors Snug Harbor at Quincy, who reported matters at that institution as in a satisfactory condition. There are 27 boarders there at the present time whose wants are carefully looked after by Capt. Jayne, himself an old sailor and sea Captain, the Superintendent. Both are contented and reasonably happy.

— Mr. Benjamin H. Nichols of Academy Hill has lately bought a farm of 54 acres about 8 miles from Camden, Maine, on Penobscot Bay. It seems just a little odd to see a Massachusetts capitalist buying a farm and going into the agricultural business, by self or proxy, in Maine; but it is safe to say that Mr. Nichols knows pretty near what he is about, and that his Down East farm will prove a paying investment.

— Next Tuesday, as the seasons come and go, the autumn of the present year will be upon us, summer after that being numbered with the things of the past. Of this we are reminded by the shortening of the days, the lengthening of the evenings, by here and there, among the foliage of the trees, spots bright with the "hectic of the dying year," the shrill tune of the katydid, and the fall of the leaf. The change of the seasons and the sharp lines that separate them; nature's resurrection in spring; its ripening in summer; autumn's rich fruitage; and white shrouded winter; these are the chief glory, and the joy, of our New England climate.

"ON THE STREET"

By "the Street" is usually meant the financial centre of a great city.

The men who do business there are among the best-dressed men in the world.

What "the Street" says is as final in matters of attire as in matters of finance.

We clothe a great many of these men and have done so for years.

We ask *you* to consider this fact when next you buy clothing.

Macullar Parker Company,
Clothing for Men and Boys,
400 Washington Street, BOSTON.

A Typewriter for $20.

The great cost of Typewriters has heretofore prevented many people from purchasing a machine.

THE ODELL TYPEWRITER
is a perfect machine in every particular.

CALL AND EXAMINE *Whitcher's*

Wakefield-Reading Fair
SEPT. 15, 16, 17, 18.
ADMISSION, - - - 25 CENTS.
12—RACES—12
Grand Vaudeville. Big Midway. Balloon Assension.
Something doing every minute
At the Wakefield-Reading Fair.

— Please note carefully the "To Let" of Theo. L Pierce in this paper.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— Mr. Fred Rogers reports that the 26th Regt. U. S. A. had arrived at San Antonio, Texas, and was about to start for Ft. Brown. The news came from Lieut. Hanson.

— Beginning this week there are to be dances at Innitou Park, Horn Pond, every Saturday evening till the close of the season. A picnic of 100 persons from Everett was held at the Park last Wednesday.

—It was in 1793 or 110 years ago that the Pecker appletree, subsequently named the Baldwin, a famous apple, was discovered by Samuel Thompson near the south line of the town of Wilmington and north line of Woburn. The apple was developed and improved by Col. Loammi Baldwin.

— A fine looking and merry party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Ham, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stanley took a Lowell & Boston trolley car yesterday morning for a trip to New Hampshire, but the name of their objective point fell somewhat uncertainly on the ear of the reporter as each appeared to have a different idea concerning it. Anyway, they were a happy quartet bent on having a good time.

— Last week, Thursday, while attending to some matters in the loft of his grain mill, Mr. Jacob A. Ham stepped back into a hole in the floor and was thrown down with such force as to fracture a rib on his right side and seriously shake him up. Being a large heavy man the fall was a particularly severe one, but a doctor soon put him to rights, although he is not yet able to do any lifting or much work in the mill.

— Miss M. Adeline Hinckley and Miss Mary D. Prior, teachers in the Woburn High School, are expected to arrive in New York from Naples, Italy, from which city they sail, on Sept. 8, and will reach home soon after. At Naples they witness a splendid spectacular exhibition given by Mt. Vesuvius which is in an active and dangerous state of eruption. They report having enjoyed their European trip very much.

— John Peterson, salesman at the Boston Branch, and wife are visiting at Gardiner, Maine, the native place and home of Mrs. Peterson, where they will remain a week or two longer. A part of their time is being spent in fishing in Cobbosseecontee Lake and stream, and at other times they go about enjoying the charming scenery of the lovely Kennebec Valley, and skimming the surface of the noble river. John's visits are missed on his regular beats.

— The Water Department team driven by Patrick Fallon, with John Plummer and Patrick Regan occupying the wagon with him, was run into by a car of the B. & N. line on Main street near Walnut street about 7 o'clock last Wednesday morning. Fallon was thrown from the wagon under the forward end of the car and had a narrow escape from serious injury, if not death. Plummer and Regan stuck to the wagon and were unhurt. Dr. S. W. Kelley attended to Fallon and dressed his wounds.

— In a backhanded sort of a way Haggerty's *Times* tries to convey the impression that the motive of some of the originators and promoters of the Mayor Feeney reception last week was a desire to fill the office of City Almoner made vacant by the death of Mr. Hevey. The *Times* must have been out of its head to insinuate such a thing. The same paper seems to be trying to kick up a row in the Democratic party by naming three prominent gentlemen as possible aspirants for the office of Mayor. As the organ of the Woburn Democratic party that paper ought to be severely dealt with.

— The wedding of Homer W. Danforth of Worcester and Blanche H. Curtis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Curtis, at the residence of the parents of the bride, 31 Lowell street, this city on Thursday evening, Aug. 20, was an especially pleasant affair. The groom is the son of Mrs. D. Warner Danforth of No. Woburn, and, like his bride, is a worthy and popular young person. The hymenial knot was tied by Rev. Daniel March, D. D., which ceremony was followed by a reception greatly enjoyed by all present. The Curtis residence was handsomely decorated for the occasion, and the bride appeared in beautiful form dressed in white silk with lace trimmings. The happy couple received hearty congratulations on their union from friends and acquaintances.

— The Men's Club and Epworth League team, both of the M. E. Church, played a big game of ball in City Park last Wednesday afternoon, which was witnessed with intense interest by a large crowd of sporting people and friends of the two teams. The Men's Club won out by the splendid score of 13 to 6, and made a record which will be hard to beat. Seldom has a game of ball been played in this city that developed so many "features"—that's what they call them we believe—and never one that received such enthusiastic applause from the spectators. Rev. Norman E. Richardson, pastor, was, without any question, the boss player in the game.

— Gateman James H. Callahan at the Church avenue crossing has the finest show of flowers this season that has ever been seen and delighted spectators on the Woburn Centre B. & M. Railroad lawn. Station Agent Wallace G. Parkins, who is a lover and successful cultivator of flowers, as well as his Assistant at the freight house, Mr William O'Riely, and Gateman Callahan, has taken extra pains to outdo all other Agents on the road, and Mr. Benjamin Hinckley, who is a careful observer of such things, says that the floral exhibitions on the Woburn grounds outstrip everything that he has seen on any of the railroad lines. If Agent Parkins, Assistant O'Riely, and Gateman Callahan are not awarded first prize this fall for a superior show of flowers by the B. & M. R.R. Co., then they will fail to get their just dues, for every part of the station lawn is radiant and beautiful with them.

— The Woburn Golf Club is defunct, and it is said that there was neither money enough in the treasury, nor mourners enough, to give it a respectable burial. On the principle that nothing but good should be said of the dead, we will refrain from further comment, and devote our valuable space to a living subject. We refer to the great game of lawn tennis, now recognized to be the best outdoor game that is played. Of course its activities are too strenuous for the very old and infirm, and these latter can still continue to walk about the field hunting for the elusive golf ball, which, when found, they can have the supreme pleasure of losing again. For the young and middle-aged, with the true love of sport in their souls, the game of tennis occupies first place. Especially is this true with those who seek recreation in Woburn, which has long since been noted for its distinguished advocates of the game. With the opening of the Elmwood Court at Central Square, on the estate of Mr. J. F. McGrath, it requires no prophet to predict that tennis will soon be the leading sport of our city. Mr McGrath has spared nothing to make his Court the best in the State, and the surroundings are in keeping with the court itself. On Labor Day the annual lawn tennis tournament is to be held there, and all Woburn tennis players are invited to contest for a prize to be given by Mr. McGrath. Tennis players and their friends will certainly be out in force, and the games will start at 9 o'clock. The members of the old Mt. Pleasant Lawn Tennis Association, or, more accurately speaking, the old members of that Association, tried the Court last Saturday, and have placed the seal of approval upon its good qualities. On Labor Day all players desiring to contest have only to be on the ground at 9 o'clock and give their entries to the person in charge of the tournament.

An Old Document.

The other day Hon. A. S. Wood unearthed the following document from a multitude of ancient papers and brought it to the JOURNAL for inspection. It will be observed by the reader that its date of month and day is identical with the present issue of this paper, Aug. 28, but it was written 80 years ago. William Winn, the Colonel, was the father of the late William Winn of this city.

Burlington August 28, 1823.

Regimental Orders.

The Officers, non-commissioned Officers and musicians belonging to the Second Regiment, first Brigade & third Division of the Militia of Massachusetts are hereby ordered to assemble at Capt. Banjamin Wood's Tavern in Woburn on Monday the fifteenth day of September next at eight of the clock in the forenoon for drilling. Agreeable to Law, the Officers & noncommissioned Officers will appear with Muskets and other equipments suitable for drilling, and the Musicians with their respective instruments of Musick. The commander of the Regiment requests the Officers & noncommissioned Officers to appear with dark coloured coats, & white underclouthes & the Musicians with their respective uniforms. The Officers & noncommissioned Officers are requested to furnish themselves with sixteene rounds of sporting cartridge. Captains will notify their respective subalterns, noncommissioned Officers and musicians at lest ten day's before the time appointed for said meeting.

William Winn Col. 2nd Reg't. 1st Brigade 3rd Division Mass. Militia.

Coppey Attest
William Tidd Adg't.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—There will be no services during August. Reading room closed during August.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by Rev. E. F. Snell, of West Newton.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Christian Endeavor Meeting.
7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching.
7.45 P. M., Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—12th Sunday after Trinity.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Evening Prayer at 7.
No Sunday School during July and August.
Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev. Norman E. Richardson, Acting Pastor. Subject: "Some Thoughts on the Atonements."
12 M. Sunday School.
5.45 P. M., Mission Study Class.
6.30 P. M., Public Service. Subject: "Charity the True Sanctity."
Monday, 7 P. M., Probationers' Class.
Wednesday, 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In this city, Aug. 20, by Rev. Daniel March Homer Wallace Danforth of Worcester and Blanche Hart Curtis of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Aug. 20, Thomas Wolfe, aged 66 years, 1 month, 17 days.
In this city, Aug. 26, Martin Norton, aged 3 years, 3 months, 11 days.
In this city, Aug. 24, Mrs. Allace Erskin, aged 40 years, 11 months, 22 days.
In Boston, at Mass. Homeopathic Hospital, Aug. 20, 1903, Gerald W. Dorman, aged 23 years, 6 months, 4 days.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Board of Railroad Commissioners.

BOSTON, August 17, 1903.

On the Petition of the Lowell & Boston Street Railway Company for approval of a side track location on Winn street between Elijah and Sheridan streets, in the City of Woburn, as granted by the Board of Aldermen of said city in an order approved July 3, 1903, the Board will give a hearing to the parties in interest, at their office, No. 20 Beacon street, Boston, on TUESDNY, the eighth day of September, next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

And the petitioner is required to give notice of said hearing by publication hereof twice prior to said date in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed in City of Woburn, to serve a copy hereof on the Board of Aldermen of the City of Woburn, and make return of service at the time of hearing.

Per order of the Board.
WM. J. McCULLOUGH, Assistant Clerk.

Pork AND Lard Are Cheaper

Best Pure Lard, 10c per lb.
Pork, 10c " "
Peanut Butter, 15c " "
Queen Olives, 35c per qt.

We are headquarters for
Kennedy's Biscuits.

Call and see the great variety we keep.

DO YOU USE SALADA TEA?
☞ We sell it.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Of the many brands of Toilet Soaps sold by us, none have ever given as great satisfaction as our own

Woburna Lotion Soap.

This is a pure, neutral soap, adapted to the most sensitive skin of infant or adult, making a good lather, and leaving that peculiar soothing sensation so much to be desired.

Price 15c. a Cake. 40c. a Box.

To introduce this more widely we offer a cake for 10c. and this advertisement.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.
361 Main St.

Another Week of Low Prices in Cotton Cloth.

We advise our customers to take "Time by the Forelock" and make up their winter's supply durign the vacation season.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Ice Cream. Sherbets.

STRAWBERRY
VANILLA
COFFEE
CHOCOLATE
PEACH

STRAWBERRY
PINEAPPLE
ORANGE
LEMON

MADE TO ORDER.

FRUIT PUNCH
FRAPPE
ORANGE
STRAWBERRY
PINEAPPLE

SULTANA ROLL
FROZEN PUDDING
MACCAROON
COFFEE PARFAIT
BOM GLACE

Our Ice Cream is made from deep set Jersey Cream and Fresh Fruit Juices.

CRAWFORD'S,
412 Main St., Woburn.
TELEPHONE: 48-3.

CITY OF WOBURN.

City Collector's Taking

— OF —

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., August 25, 1903.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and all other persons are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1901, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that said parcels of real estate will be taken for the City of Woburn at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Tuesday, the twenty-second day of September, 1903,** at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes and street watering assessment, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be taken, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this taking.

WARD 1.

SARAH M. C. PHINNEY.—About 19,638 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Bennett street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Thayer; easterly by Boston & Lowell Railway Corporation; southerly by land of Nathaniel Simonds and land of Almira P. Richardson; westerly by said Bennett street.

Tax of 1901,	$157 25
Street Watering for 1901,	1 88

SARAH M. C. PHINNEY.—About 7,200 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Court street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Church avenue; easterly by land of Dow; southerly by land of Dow; westerly by Court street.

Tax of 1901,	94 35

ROBERT J. W. PHINNEY, ESTATE.—About 13,631 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 29 Warren Avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Choate; easterly by Warren avenue; southerly by a private way; westerly by other land now or late of said Choate.

Tax of 1901,	179 45
Street Watering for 1901,	2 62

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn

CITY OF WOBURN.

City Collector's Sale

— OF —

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., August 25, 1903.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1901, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of said land sufficient to satisfy said taxes with interest and all legal costs and charges or the whole of said land if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Tuesday, September 22nd, 1903,** at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

JOHN REARDON & SONS CORPORATION.—About 69¾ acres of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises on Salem street thence by Boston & Lowell Railroad north 17½° west 855 feet; thence northerly 165 feet; thence north 6¾° east 241 feet; thence north 23° east 105 feet; thence north 6¼° east 162 feet; thence north 31° west 116 feet; thence north 18° west 164 feet; thence northwesterly 150 feet; thence northerly 1115 feet; thence northeasterly 30 feet; thence northwesterly by north 800 feet; thence northwesterly 85 feet; thence 43 feet; thence 203 feet; southwesterly thence by a curved line southerly 146 feet; thence northwesterly 1078 feet; thence southerly 647 feet; thence southeasterly 400 feet and bounded by land now or late of Edgell; thence southerly by land of Edgell 314 feet; thence northwesterly by land of Edgell and owners unknown 1028 feet; thence southeasterly 55 feet; thence southerly and southwesterly by owners unknown 310 feet; thence southerly 40 feet; thence southeasterly 1595.8 feet; thence southerly 1086.6 feet; thence northwesterly 42 feet; thence southerly 73.70 feet; thence on Salem street 250 feet; thence northerly 300 feet; thence southeasterly 125 feet; thence southerly about 285.5 feet to Salem street; thence southeasterly by Salem street 185.75 feet to point of beginning, being same premises described in deed dated June 27, 1898, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2668, Page 321.

Tax of 1901,	$263 63

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co.

On and after June 1, 1903, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Burlington and Billerica at 5.45 a. m.

Leave Woburn for Burlington, Billerica and Lowell, at 6 45 a. m., hourly till 11.45 a. m, half hourly till 9.45 p. m., 10 15 and 10 45 p. m. to Billerica only.

Leave Lowell at 5 45 a. m., hourly till 11 45 a. m half hourly till 9 45 p. m.

Leave Billerica for Woburn or Lowell, at 6 30 a. m,, and hourly till 12 30 a. m., half hourly till 10 30 p. m. Also 11 and 11 30 p. m. for Woburn.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6.55 a. m., hourly till 12 55 p. m., half hourly till 11 55 p. m.

Cars arrive at Woburn 7 15 a. m., hourly till 1.15 p. m., half hourly till 12.15 midnight, connecting at Woburn with B & M. trains for Boston at 7.12, 8 14, 9 06 a. m. and 4.11 p m.

SUNDAYS.

First car leaves Woburn at 6 45 a. m., hourly till 9 45 a. m., half hourly till 10 45 p. m.

Leaves Billerica at 7.30 a. m., Lowell at 6.45 a. m.

For special cars or other information address C. W. E. HARRISON, Supt., Woburn, Mass.

Tel. 112-4.

Mortgagee's Sale — OF — REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Benjamin F. Waldron, and Gertrude M. Waldron, his wife, in her own right, to the Woburn Cooperative Bank, dated April 10th, 1902, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2959, Page 261, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

MONDAY, the fourteenth day of September, A. D., 1903,

at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, containing about forty-eight thousand nine hundred and eighty eight (48,988) square feet and bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by Main street ninety-five and 5-10 feet; northerly by land of Lucretia H. True about four hundred five and 5-10 feet; westerly by land of the Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation one hundred forty-eight and 2-10 feet; southerly by land now or late of Dexter Carter three hundred ninety-three and 4-10 feet; being the same premises conveyed to me by John R. Carter by deed dated August 7th, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2391, Page 115.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles and municipal liens, if any, upon said premises.

A deposit of $200.00 will be required at the sale; the balance of the purchase money to be paid within ten days, upon passing papers, at office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

WOBURN CO-OPERATIVE BANK, Mortgagee,
By John C. Buck, Treasurer.
Woburn, Mass., August 20th, 1903.

By E. J. GREGORY, Auctioneer
Established 1876.
Office: 10 Tremont St., Boston.

PRIVATE AUCTION
BIDS BY MAIL

To the public will be open for all offers on or before Sept 12, at 4 P. M., the estate known as the late Henry McGown, situate No. 11 South street corner of Garfield Avenue, containing 9 rooms, bath, furnace, gas, fire-place, screened, fruit and shade trees, lawn. Newly painted and papered inside, also good stable, carriage and hen house, about 30,000 square feet of land, on two corners, it is assessed for $4500, mortgaged for $1525 which can remain or be taken up. The terms of the sale are viz: No bid to be accepted less than $3400. All cash above the mortgage. All bids to be made either in person or by mail. Biddiug to close at the hour and date stated. Mrs. McGown will show the property up to the day of sale

NOTE. The estate is marked at a price that should command a quick sale.

Particulars see Gregory or telephone 4339-3 Main.

For Sale.

THE RESIDENCE of the late John Johnson on Arlington Road, Woburn. Terms reasonable. Inquire of
J. W. or E. F. JOHNSON.

NOTICE.

It is earnestly desired that there be full attendance at the meeting of the Board of Managers for Home for Aged Women, Tuesday, Sept. 1st, 1903, as business of great importance is to come before the Board.

MARY E CONN, Secretary.

To Let.

Shaw house To Let, next to Methodist Church. All modern conveniences. Rent low. Will be made into two flats if desired
Apply to JOHN W. SHAW,
15 Green St., Brockton.

To Let.

To responsible party. Six good rooms. Large closets. Water. $10.
Inquire of THEO. L. PIERCE,
183 Lexington St., Woburn.

TO LET.

No. 635 Main street, next to Mr S. F. Trull's residence, near Mishawum Road, contains 10 rooms, bath, furnace, and 2 acres of land. Rent reasonable.
Enquire of C. E. COOPER & CO.,
Mechanics Building.

..Are.. You Particular

About your laundry? Let us try it. We please particular people.

Woburn Laundry
26 Montvale Ave.
Telephone 29 4.

RICHARD A. WHITE

Successor to E. A. Brooks,

Undertaker
— AND —
Funeral Supplies

Boarding and Livery Stable.
12 Park St., Woburn.
Telephone 54-3.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
349 MAIN STREET, — WOBURN.
Tue., Thur., Sat., 7.30 to 9 P. M.

JOSLIN & MENDUM,
10 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
Tel. Main 3908-3.

Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

A hearty welcome is sure to greet the return, next Monday evening, of "Prince of Pilsen" to the Tremont Theatre, where Pixley and Luders' merry musical comedy last season broke all summer theatrical records in Boston with a continuous run of eighteen weeks. The piece since then has been played an equally long time in New York and some three months in Chicago, in both cities meeting with the same great favor accorded it at the Tremont. The humor of the story of the German-American brewer from Cincinnati being mistaken in the Riviera for a genuine German prince; the fun evolved from the resulting complications; the wealth of diverting incidents, and the brightness of the dialogue, combine with Gustav Luders' delightfully melodious score to make the work one of the most enjoyable of its kind ever produced. Manager Henry W. Savage has provided new scenery and costumes of even more elaborateness and richness than the originals, and the stage setting is really brilliant. John W. Ransone, who created the cgaracter of Hans Wagner, and who is unapproachably funny, returns in the familiar role, and Ivar Anderson comes back to reappear as Tom Wagner, the young naval officer. Dainty Jeannette Bageard will rusume the role of Sidonie, and Zella Frank will once more appear as the slangy bell-boy. Miss "Polly" Guzman, a Boston girl, who possesses a voice of remarkable dramatic quality, and is an actress of marked ability, will be seen and heard in the character of the flirtations widow, Mrs. Crocker, and the "distaff" side of the cast also includes Helena Fredericks as Edith Adams and Laura Denis as Nellie Wagner. The real Prince of Pilsen is this season played by Hobart Smock, a nephew of the late Vice-President Hobart, a graduate of Rutgers and a member of the Delta Phi. For years his voice was the delight of diplomatic circles at Washington, and he recently was singing in New York. Victor Morley, a clever English comedian, plays Lord Somerset, and Joseph Doner, long connected with the Henderson extravaganzas as character comedian, enacts the part of the excitable French head-waiter. The engagement of "Prince of Pilsen" at the Tremont is for three weeks only, and on September 21, Mr. Savage will produce at that theatre a new musical comedy entitled "The Yankee Consul," the principal roles in which will be played by Raymond Hitchcock, of "King Dodo" fame, and Flora Zabelle.

Not Over-Wise.

There is an old allegorical picture of a girl scared at a grass-hopper, but in the act of heedlessly treading on a snake. This is paralleled by the man who spends a large sum of money building a cyclone cellar, but neglects to provide his family with a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy as a safeguard against bowel complaints, whose victims outnumber those of the cyclone a hundred to one. This remedy is everywhere recognized as the most prompt and reliable medicine in use for these diseases. For sale by all druggists.

Literary Notices.

Every housemother will enjoy the sparkling symposium, How Many Trades Must a Housewife Learn? in the September NATIONAL MAGAZINE Every lover of good fiction will enjoy the six really fine stories. June Winston, Carrie Hunt Latta's new novel composed of ten short stories, begins in this number. It is a deliciously amusing and touching study of child character. Frank Wickizer's Two in an Airship is the wittiest and most original love story of a decade. Eva Hampton Prather's Our Garden of Eden is a charming idyl of girlhood. The other story tellers are Kennett Harris of Chicago, Sara Lindsay Coleman of North Carolina and Louise J. Strong of Missouri. Charles Ferguson discusses The Expansion of the Republic. Dr. Felix L. Oswald, in the first of a series of popular science papers under the general heading, American Auguries, predicts milder Winters and dryer Summers for this continent, and gives his reasons. Dallas Lore Sharp's Some Friendly Birds is a nature study in his best vein. In Some people of the New South Lewis E. McBrayne tells how the new cotton mills below Mason & Dixon's line are calling half a million mountain whites out of ignorance in isolation, and bringing them for the first time into touch with modern civilization. Joe Mitchell Chapple writes of a trip overland From Boston to the Black Hills and Bennett Chapple tells The Story of the Ingersoll Dollar Watch. The pictures and poems of the number are many and fine; the departmental gossip of Affairs at Washington, the Stage and Books as I Find Them (by Kate Sanborn) are timely, crisp and entertaining.

Dysentery Cured Without the Aid of a Doctor.

"I am just up from a hard spell of the flux" (dysentery) says Mr. T. A. Pinner, a well known merchant of Drummond, Tenn. "I used one small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhoea Remedy and was cured without having a doctor. I consider it the best cholera medicine in the world." There is no need of employing a doctor when this remedy is used, for no doctor can prescribe a better medicine for bowel complaint in any form either for children or adults. It never fails and is pleasant to take. For sale by all druggists.

When you want a physic that is mild and gentle, easy to take and certain to act, always use Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. For sale by all druggists.

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(Incorporated 1869)

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BOSTON
OPPOSITE TREMONT TEMPLE

Deposits and Surplus above
$9,500,000

Interest allowed on deposits of three dollars and upwards.

Office Hours:—Every business day 9 A.M. to 2 P.M.

CHARLES H. ALLEN, President.
GEORGE E. BROCK, Treasurer.

WINCHESTER.

Lawyer Samuel Elder and daughters are traveling in Europe.

The *Star* has lately made some changes in its office machinery.

The C. T. A. S. are arranging for a ball at Lyceum Hall on Labor Day.

Col. N. A. Richardson is still a sufferer from his Lexington carriage accident.

Rev. John W. Suter, who is spending his vacation at Andover, Maine, is not in the enjoyment of robust health.

The trips of the Mystic Valley Trolley Club, Hon. George S. Littlefield, conductor, have been popular this season and well patronized.

George S. Hudson, the accomplished yachting reporter, has been engaged in that line for the Boston *Herald* on the great international races for the American Cup.

The gypsy moth continues to agitate and trouble the public heart in this town. A relentless warfare on him is seriously contemplated by some of our prominent citizens, to lead whom it is thought Henry F. Johnson would be a good man.

Boy Cured of Colic After Physician's Treatment Had Failed.

My boy when four years old was taken with colic and cramps in his stomach. I sent for the doctor and he injected morphine, but the child kept getting worse. I then gave him half a teaspoonful of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and in half an hour he was sleeping and soon recovered.—F. L. WILKINS, Shell Lake, Wis. Mr. Wilkins is bookkeeper for the Shell Lake Lumber Co. For sale by all druggists.

Wide-spread Imitation.

The enviable reputation as a cleaner and disinfectant earned by Cabot's SULPHO-NAPTHOL has called forth wide-spread imitation of this unequalled household article. Nothing else, however, seems to combine the unique properties found in Sulpho-Napthol, those of an absolute destroyer of all germ life and a perfect cleaner. Its general adoption by hospitals, institutions, public buildings, railroad and steamship lines is sufficient endorsement of superior merit.

Mrs. Mollie Allen, of South Fork, Ky., says she has prevented attacks of cholera morbus by taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets when she felt an attack coming on. Such attacks are usually caused by indigestion and these Tablets are just what is needed to cleanse the stomach and ward off the approaching attack. Attacks of bilious colic may be prevented in the same way. For sale by all druggists.

DAVY CROCKETT.

His Knowledge of Politics and His Description of Himself.

As an example of Crockett's early electioneering methods one might mention his first canvass for the legislature. Regarding this, he says, "I didn't know what the government was; I didn't know but General Jackson was the government." Meeting Colonel Polk, later to be President Polk, the latter remarked, "I think it possible we may have some changes in the judiciary." "Very likely," replied Davy, "very likely," and discreetly withdrew. "Well," he comments, "if ever I knowed what he meant by 'judiciary' I wish I may be shot. I never heard there was such a thing in all nature."

Again, Crockett, in what is called his "autobiography," a work which he no doubt in part dictated or at least authorized, gives the following account of one of his speeches to a stranger at Raleigh, while Crockett was en route to Washington to take his first seat in congress. "Said he, "Who are you?' Said I, 'I'm that same Davy Crockett, fresh from the backwoods, half man, half alligator, a little touched with snapping turtle, can wade the Mississippi, leap the Ohio, ride a streak of lightning, slide down a honey locust and not get scratched. I can whip my weight in wildcats, hug a bear too close for comfort and eat any man opposed to Jackson!"—Emerson Haugh in Outing.

Fruit Seeds and Appendicitis.

Many very intelligent people are deterred from swallowing the seed of berries, grapes and other fruits lest the lodgment of these small bits of indigestibleness may induce that dreaded accident appendicitis. This fear is utterly baseless, since the healthy appendix is protected by a valvular arrangement which prevents even the smallest seeds from entering it. It is only after inflammation has already destroyed its normal protection that any foreign substance can gain access to it. To feel compelled to eschew all seedy berries and fruits is to seriously curtail one's dietary, and it is entirely unnecessary. In fact, the free and constant use of ripe berries and fruits of all kinds is one of the best preventives of this dangerous disease. Fruit eating prevents or helps to overcome constipation, and constipation is the most prolific cause of appendicitis. The physician should thoroughly disabuse his patients of this mistaken notion. All the smooth seeds are harmless.—Hygienic Gazette.

Blackbird Days.

Jan. 30 and 31 and Feb. 1 are famous at Constantinople, Brescia and along the Danube and the Rhine as the "blackbird days." A curious legend says that originally all species of grackles (blackbirds) were white and that they became black because during one year in the middle ages the three days mentioned above were so cold that all the birds in Europe took refuge in the chimneys. As Brescia the three days are celebrated with a feast called "I giorni della merla," or "the feast of the transformation of the bird."

Money is a bottomless sea in which honor, conscience and truth may be drowned.—Kozlay.

A FLIGHT FROM RUSSIA.

What Tennyson's Father Knew About Emperor Paul's Assassination.

Shortly after the assassination of Emperor Paul of Russia Tennyson, the father of the poet, dined with Lord St. Helens, the British ambassador, in Moscow. Several Russian officers of high rank whose names he did not know were also guests. During dinner a guarded reference was made to the emperor's death. "Why do you speak so gingerly about a matter so notorious?" cried Tennyson impulsively, leaning across his neighbor, a Russian whose breast was covered with orders. "We know very well in England that the Emperor Paul was murdered. Count Zoboff knocked him down, and Benningsen and Count Pahlen strangled him." There was a strained silence; then the ambassador abruptly changed the subject. As the guests filed out into an adjoining room Lord St. Helens drew Tennyson aside. "Don't go into the next room," he whispered, "but fly for your life. The man next you, across whose breast you leaned, was Count Pahlen, and Zoboff was also at the table." He gave a few hurried directions, and Tennyson rushed off, threw his clothes into a portmanteau and fled behind fast horses to Odessa, still in evening garb, though the cold was intense. He lay hidden for weeks and at last, in the disguise of a servant, was smuggled on board an English frigate.

A Kind Action.

When you rise in the morning form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature, says Sydney Smith. It is easily done—a left off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving. Trifles in themselves as light as air will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours, and if you are young depend upon it it will tell when you are old, and if you are old it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum look at the result—you send one person, only one, happily through the day; that is 365 during the course of the year. And suppose you live only forty years after you commence that kind of medicine you have made 14,600 beings happy, at all events for a time. Now, is not this simple? It is too short for a sermon, too homely for ethics, too easily accomplished for you to say, "I would if I could."

Forests and Human Vitality.

One has but to look back through history to see how closely related is the forest to human vitality. It was in the forests of Thessaly that the early Greeks received their energy that later flowered into genius. It was the forest dwellers of Germany that conquered decadent Rome and later gave to Spain the vigor that swept back the Moor and brought under her flag almost the whole known world. But today what is Greece, what is Italy, what is Spain? They have been stripped of their forests, those nurseries of vigor, and their decay has set in. Everywhere the law holds good. It is in the forest that the manhood is nourished which builds up great civilizations. But cities arise, trees are swept away, and the inevitable decline sets in. Forests once destroyed cannot return, and over all the sites of ancient civilization are blowing the desert sands.—Arthur Goodby in New York Times.

Servants In Sofia.

"Twice a year, on April 23 and Oct. 26," writes a young Bulgarian woman living in Sofia, "our streets are full of servants, and people bargain with them for service. During the winter season they are very cheap, as the peasants send all their girls to the city to be hired, they having no work for them at home. The price paid differs. One can get a girl for her board, or pay up to 20 lusor ($4) a month for one who cooks, washes and irons. Girls are often thankful to enter a good family for their board. For the men there is very little work, and the papers are full of suicides on account, during the dull seasons of starvation."

The Candlefish of Puget Sound.

Very queer fish are caught in the waters of Puget sound. One kind is called the candlefish. It is dried and packed in boxes like candles. We are told the fishermen use them to light their homes and that at one time all the boats on the sound used them instead of sperm oil lamps. By putting the heads of the fish downward in a candlestick and lighting the tail, which, in conjunction with the backbone, acts as a wick, it burns like a candle. They eat this fish, and when cooking it is so fat it fries itself.

An Ancient Work on Angling.

The greatest work of antiquity on angling is said to be the "Halleutica" of Oppian, a Greek poet who flourished in the time of Severus, A. D. 198, from which we learn that many artifices in fishing thought to be modern were known to ancients. We also learn from Atheneus that several other writers had written treatises or poems on fishing some centuries before the Christian era.

His "Turnout."

Clerkley—Isn't this earlier than your usual time for going home?

Barkley—Yes, but my wife said if I came out by the 3:45 she'd meet me with the carriage.

"I didn't know you kept a horse and carriage."

"Er—er—it's a baby and carriage."

Hats and Heads.

A hatter had just finished selling a hat to an Irishman.

"The Irish," he said, "have heads of a graceful shape—long and oval and very large. The American has a head shaped very much like the Irishman's, only it is smaller and slightly rounder.

"The German has a square head, flat on top and very wide between the ears. A German's hat always looks too big for him. It looks so because it is so. In order that it may encompass the head's great breadth it must be bought a little too loose in its other dimensions. Some Germans who are particular have their hats made to order on this account.

"I sell hats all over the United States and I find that heads run bigger in the west than anywhere else. The Chicago man has the biggest head in America. The southerner has the smallest. We easterners—Philadelphians, New Yorkers and Bostonians—all have heads about the same size. That size is, on the average, 7. The westerner's size is 7¼; the southerner's is 6⅞."—Philadelphia Record.

Brains For Two.

Mr. Noodle—Clever? Why, she has brains enough for two, Miss Cutting.

Miss Cutting—Has she? Then she is just the girl you ought to marry, Mr. Noodle.—London Tit-Bits.

'Tis better to have lived one day than than to have blinked and breathed a century.—Antrim.

DIET AND DISPOSITION.

The Food We Eat Has a Direct Influence Upon Our Manners.

To say that food has a direct influence upon disposition is to utter a commonplace dietetic truism now accepted and acknowledged by every one who has even a rudimentary knowledge of physiology. If one is inclined to doubt this let him experiment upon the lower animals. Feed a pair of baby lions from the time they are born until they are as large as a fox terrier dog on nothing but bread and milk, and you will have a couple of docile, gentle and loving pets as playful and harmless as kittens. Take a pair of St. Bernard puppies, the gentlest of all the canine family, and as soon as their teeth come begin feeding them raw meat, and you will soon have a couple of snappish, snarling, quarrelsome dogs, inclined to fight each other and ready to pick a fight with every dog in the street. If the meat diet is persisted in they will become a menace to a whole neighborhood.

Is it any wonder, then, that some men and women are snappish, snarling and quarrelsome? We give much less attention to what we feed the human animal than we do to what we feed the lower animals. What does the growling, garrulous, grumpy old scold, who makes life a burden to his family, eat anyway? On what does the nagging woman feed? Why not look into these matters?—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Flour and Teeth.

A valuable letter from a correspondent drew attention to an important and admitted cause of the national degeneration of physique which we have striven to emphasize in these columns. The roller mill has undoubtedly diminished the dietetic value of our bread. The entire wheat grain is of value—the husk (which is a valuable intestinal stimulant), the brown exterior and the white central core. Except for certain invalids white bread is an indefensible absurdity. Better is brown bread, consisting of all but the husk, and best is a whole meal bread, assuming such to be obtainable. The deficiency of salts in white bread is unquestionably related to the deterioration—also familiar to our readers—in the national teeth. We may illustrate this by an argument from Sir Thomas Lauder Brunton. "Why has America the cleverest dentists?" Answer: "Because she has the best flour mill makers." The better the mill is, the finer the flour, the poorer the bread, the worse the teeth and the better the dentists. Perfectly simple!—London Chronicle.

How the Forgetmenot Was Named.

Everybody knows the pretty little forgetmenot and likes the flower more perhaps because of its name than its beauty. How was it so called? The Germans account for it by quite a pathetic romance. It seems that once upon a time a knight and a lady were walking by the bank of the Danube when the latter asked her "gallant gay" to pluck for her a tiny blue flower which she saw growing in the stream. No sooner said than done, but the knight, overbalancing, fell into the river, and owing to the slippery nature of the bank and the weight of his own armor was carried away by the current. As he threw the flowers ashore to his lady he cried out with his last breath, "Vergiss mein nicht!" ("Forget me not!") And ever since the flower has been looked on as the emblem of fidelity.

A Long Felt Want.

Dr. Holmes had an odd liking for ingenious desk accessories in the way of pencil sharpeners, paperweights, penholders, etc. The latest contrivances in this fashion—probably dropped down to him by the inventor angling for a nibble of commendation—were always making one another's acquaintance on his study table. He once said to me: "I'm waiting for somebody to invent a mucilage brush that you can't by any chance put into your inkstand. It would save me frequent moments of humiliation."—Thomas Bailey Aldrich in Century.

Nothing to Speak Of.

The little blind girl was writing a composition on the rabbit and, never having seen a creature of any sort, inquired of her teacher whether the rabbit had a tail.

"Yes, a small one, none to speak of," answered the teacher.

This is the way the little girl introduced the matter into her composition:

"The rabbit has a small tail, but you mustn't talk about it."

Finis.

The Teacher—What were Noah Webster's last words?

The Scholar—I don't remember just what they were, but I know they all begin with the Z.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Last Dance.

He—May I ask you for a dance?

She—Certainly, the last one on the list.

He—But I'll not be here then.

She—Neither will I.

Too Previous.

The Anxious Mother—Are you sure my son has appendicitis?

The Eminent Specialist—We can tell you better, madam, after the operation.—Life.

Which?

"Quietly, you know, is the silent partner."

"At the office or at home?"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

To get a nice polish on eyeglasses moisten with alcohol and polish as usual with chamois. By this means all grease is removed.

Treasure Trove Law In England.

In England treasure trove belongs to the crown. According to the law, if any one finds hidden treasure and conceals it for his own use he is liable to fine and imprisonment. It used to be a hanging matter. However, it may be some encouragement to English treasure seekers, if any such there be in these enlightened days, to know that the laws of treasure trove only apply to such as is discovered by accident. Treasure discovered by systematic search would not come within this description; neither would finds discovered by astrological or cabalistic sciences or by the potent influence of the divining rod.—All the Year Round.

A Costly Mistake.

Witherby—I made the mistake of my life this morning. I told my wife I didn't like her new gown.

Plankington—What, was she angry?

Witherby—Oh, no; it wasn't that. But she wants another.

Life is a calculation; the happy man is he whose calculation is correct.—Cloppy.

Keep Cool and Save Money.

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GAS STOVES.

Headquarters for the celebrated Humphry Arc Light, and all Gas Appliances.

WOBURN GAS LIGHT CO.,
314 Main St, Dow Block.

Sure To Get It And Sure To Be Good.

We've always something that will interest you, and we are sure you will be pleased in coming here. We want your ideas of the stock.

Come and tell us what you like best and we will tell you how little it costs, and why it is worth the price.

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409 Main Street, WOBURN.

Watches, Jewelry and Silverware.

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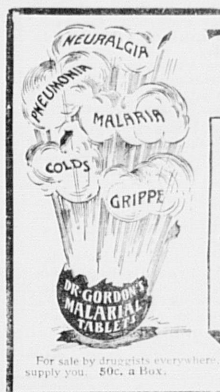

THE BOMB
That Deals Death to Disease.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets

Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box.
EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass.
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THE Shortening Days

Are signs of coming cold. Steam or Hot Water Heat will guard us from it. They do their work with cleanliness, economy and efficiency.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
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HOUSEHOLD CLEANLINESS

CABOT'S
Sulpho-Napthol
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LIQUID CLEANLINESS

is peculiarly adapted for maintaining clean, purified homes, as it kills all disease germs. No other article combines as it does the unique properties of a positive disinfectant and a perfect cleaner. SULPHO-NAPTHOL gives sanitary cleanliness—perfectly healthy home conditions. Get the genuine. Look for Trade-Mark.

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BUILDER.

Estimates given on Stone, Brick and Wooden Buildings.
Jobbing promptly attended to.
Masons, Carpenters and Painters at reasonable prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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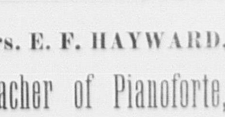

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,
Teacher of Pianoforte,
4 Fairmount St.,
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Wanted for Cash

A SMALL HOUSE, from 5 to 7 rooms: modern conveniences: land suitable for garden: must be near electric or steam cars. Address P. O. Box 237, Arlington, Mass.

ROASTS
— OF —
Beef and Lamb.
Choice Poultry.

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Heinz Pickles
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Food Products.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

Also, a new and well selected stock of

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No. 433 Main St., WOBURN
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WANTED!

A quick buyer for a valuable estate on Main street, Woburn, situated right in centre of city, comprising store, dwellings, shop, etc., containing over 13,000 feet of land. Land and buildings are assessed for 20,900. Present rental $2160; when all rented $2556. This is a good conservative investment, and the estate will accept an offer over $21,000, nothing less considered. Further particulars see or write Edward J. Gregory, 10 Tremont street, Boston. Tel. 4339.3 Main.

To Let.

Desirable Offices to let in First National Bank Block.
Apply at the Bank.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 349 Main St., Woburn.

Piano For Sale.

Apply at No. 16 Clinton street, Central Square, Woburn.

A LORD AND TWO LADIES

By Cyrus Derickson

Scotland Yard had a case on hand that needed to be handled with the utmost delicacy, and it was handed over to Inspector Jones. Jones was a red headed, homely looking man, seemingly more fitted in every way to handle a crowbar in a quarry than to work up a delicate case in police matters, but as a matter of fact he was all finesse to his fingers' ends. This case was one wherein Lord Bathmore refused to pay his just debts to certain tradesmen. Some lords refuse to pay their debts because they can't raise the money to do it, but Lord Bathmore refused to because he denied the bills, though they were sent in by some of the most prominent jewelers in the trade. Not only did the young lord deny the bills and damn the people who sent them, but the daughter of Lady Jane Symonds and the wife of Sir John Bevis likewise denied certain bills incurred at the same time and while in the company of the lord.

When Inspector Jones came to interview the six anxious creditors, each of whom had been let in for at least £1,000, and some of them for three times that sum, they told plain, straight stories. Lord Bathmore had called in company with the ladies at a certain date. He needed no introduction, as he was well known, but he had introduced and thus guaranteed the ladies. In each instance they had been searching for birthday gifts, and nothing but the choicest and the best would satisfy them. That three people of title should call at once was enough to make a shopkeeper gasp for breath, and that the trio should condescend to select liberally of his stock and bear their purchases away with them made him weak in the knees for an hour afterward. Lord Bathmore's credit was good for £20,000 at any shop in London, and it was really too bad that the trio could not be induced to purchase three or four times what they finally selected.

The bills had not been sent until three months later, and they were almost a year old before the various firms dared to add that part payment would be a source of gratification. Then it was that the denials were made, and those denials put the creditors in a hole. It isn't considered proper form in England to serve a titled debtor as they serve a delinquent malefactor. He or she must be treated in a gingerly way until the last hope is gone. It was the flat denial of each one of the trio that sent the case to Scotland Yard and put Inspector Jones to work. It looked like a conspiracy, and it was possible that a trick had been played on the jewelers. It was four weeks before Inspector Jones made his first report, and it ran as follows:

"I find that all the purchases were made in the same week, though on different afternoons. I have had an interview with each debtor, and all deny the purchases. Indeed I have proofs that Lord Bathmore was in Paris all that week and that at least one of the ladies was out of town for the whole month. We must either believe that these three persons are liars and conspirators or that there has been a series of queer mistakes."

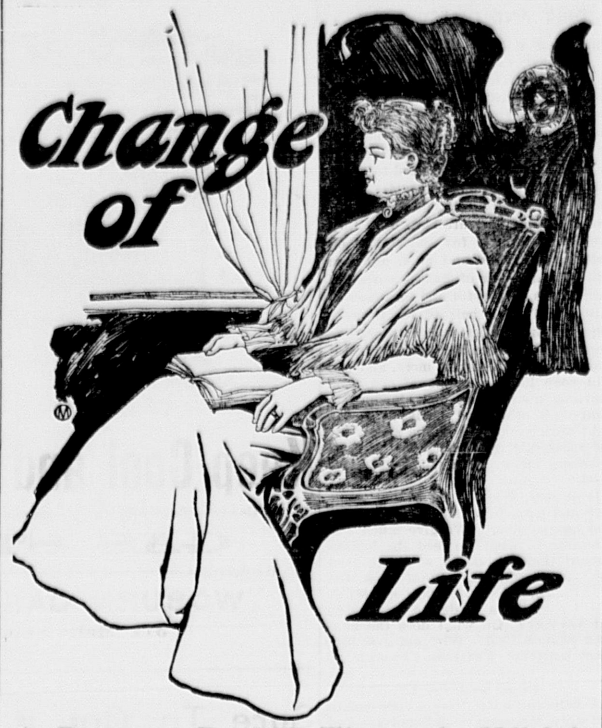
It was far longer before a second and final report was sent in. Inspector Jones did not believe the trio to be liars and conspirators, and he ran up against a stone wall at once. In each and every case my lord and his lady friends had been waited on by the head salesman or one of the house, and in each and every case was well known by sight. The jewelers couldn't be sure of the identity of the ladies, but that it was Lord Bathmore who honored them with his presence they were ready to take their affidavits. Inspector Jones begged to differ with them, but he realized that he had work on hand before he could prove his point. It made the case all the more difficult because it was a year old. As a beginning he visited the pawn shops, and after a long hunt he had the good luck to turn up a string of pearls that had been included among the purchases. But in the end it led to nothing, for the description furnished by the pawnbrokers failed to tally with the persons of the three accused.

Inspector Jones, without being able to advance anything but general reasons, got a further stay of proceedings. He had an intuition that he would drop on the right clew if given time, and the creditors reluctantly conceded that if they went to law and were beaten they stood a good chance of being mulcted in heavy damages. A year went by and the inspector seemed no nearer the end of his case. Then luck stepped in to aid him. Business of another nature called him over to Ireland, and one night he found himself hung up in a small town with only one thing to do to pass away a long evening. That was to attend a play to be given at the town hall by a second rate provincial theatrical company. Two short plays were billed, and between them Professor Fairfax was to perform wonderful feats of juggling and impersonate many well known characters.

The inspector attended, and his interest was only so so until the impersonations began. Then it quickened, and by the time the professor had turned himself into Lord Bathmore the detective was enthusiastic. There were the dress, gait, the voice and the gestures of my lord to a T, as any one who knew him must say, and the applause that followed was all that could have been hoped for. An hour later Inspector Jones was interviewing the professor in jail and saying:

"Now, then, my man, I've got you at last, and you might as well make a clean breast of it. I suspected a trick of some sort, but hang me if I thought an actor would have the cheek to do it."

The professor wasn't easy game, but it all came out at last, and it was a thing to excite admiration in its way. While playing under another name at one of the London music halls the professor had planned the affair. He excelled in the art of making up, no matter how bad his acting was, and having £100 to back his scheme he induced two actresses of his acquaintance to go in with him. He counterfeited Lord Bathmore so closely that he even entered one of the clubs and was addressed on the street. When he had tested his disguise he went shopping with the ladies, and the result was a haul of £8,000 of the finest jewelry. He would have doubled it had not the nerve of one of the women failed. The professor had a business head on him. Not one single article was pawned. The pearls had been stolen from one of the women and pawned by the thief. The idea was to let a couple of years go by before converting the plunder into cash. The three impersonators were arrested and the property recovered, and the trio are still playing at large if not overfastidious audiences in male and female prisons.



A Danger Period Through Which Every Woman Must Pass.

Owing to modern methods of living, not one woman in a thousand approaches this perfectly natural change without experiencing a train of very annoying and sometimes painful symptoms. At this period a woman indicates a tendency towards obesity or tumorous growths.

Those dreadful hot flashes, sending the blood surging to the heart until it seems ready to burst, and the faint feeling that follows, sometimes with chills, as if the heart were going to stop forever, are only a few of the symptoms of a dangerous nervous trouble. The nerves are crying out for assistance. The cry should be heeded in time. **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life, and all women who use it pass through this trying period with comfort and safety.

TWO COLUMNS OF PROOF.

"DEAR MRS PINKHAM: — I was sick and nothing seemed to do me any good until I began taking Mrs. Pinkham's medicine.

"It was Change of Life with me and falling of the womb. I had severe pains all through my body. I had a a terrible cough and people thought I had consumption.

"I took six bottles of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** and two of Blood Purifier, and two boxes Liver Pills, and I am now stouter than I have been for a long time. I can do all my work now, thanks to **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

"If any one wishes to write me, to verify these statements, I will gladly answer their letters."

MRS. CLARA CHEZEM, Jewett, Ill.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: — For seven years I had been suffering, was passing through the Change of Life, and my womb had fallen; menses were so profuse that at times I was obliged to lie on my back for six weeks at a time, could not raise my head from pillow. I had been treated by several physicians, but got no relief.

"I was advised by friends to try **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,** which I did, and after taking it six weeks I was able to be around all the time and do my housework. I know your medicine saved my life and I cannot praise it enough."

MRS. LIZZIE ROECAP, 519 Smith St., Millville, N.J.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: — I have worked hard all my life, and when the Change of Life came I flowed very badly for weeks at a time. I would stop for a day or two, then start again. I went to see a doctor and went through an examination, and spent two hundred dollars for medicine and doctor's bills, but I did not get the relief I expected.

"At that time I saw **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** advertised and began its use. I have found it to be just what I needed.

"I wish every woman suffering from female trouble would try it. I recommend it to all my friends."

MRS. WM. DAILY, Millbank, S.D.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: — I feel it a duty I owe you and every suffering woman in the land to tell of the wonderful results I have found in using **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** and **Liver Pills.**

"Passing through the Change of Life, some of the physicians consulted said nothing but an operation would save me. But your medicine alone cured me."—MRS. MAGNOLIA DEAN, 1441 First Avenue, Evansville, Ind.

$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

It Was Not a Lozenger.

The exception to the rule that funerals are among the most solemn of human customs occurred at a burial in a Quaker settlement.

An aged and highly respected man in the community died, and the funeral was largely attended. In a room filled with relatives and friends of the dead sat an old farmer, whose cough, like some of the ailments that afflict humans, was especially aggravated when the mourners were quietest.

He made several efforts to control the hectic spasms; but, being blunt in disposition and not the least self conscious, he did not realize that he had the nerves of half of the room on edge and consequently did not worry himself about stopping the cough. Much annoyed, but full of sympathy, a spinster lady, a neighbor, who sat behind him, plunged her hand quietly into an ancient reticule and, drawing out something in her hand, passed it to him, saying in a whisper, "Here is a lonzenger, John; it will stop thee from coughing."

The farmer took it rather indifferently, put it into his mouth, bit hard, then suddenly raised half a foot off his chair, with a wry face. Returning the "lozenger," he said in a voice heard throughout the room:

"Here! Thee should be less careless with thy shoe buttons. I have almost broken a tooth."—Philadelphia Press.

The Acanthus In Architecture.

Vitruvius, a Roman architect and engineer who flourished in the reign of Augustus Cæsar, tells the following story:

Callimachus, a Corinthian architect, was one day sitting, lost in thought, in a burial place just outside the city when his attention was drawn to the tomb of a Corinthian maiden of humble birth. The friends of the child had placed on her grave a basket of her toys, and this, covered with a tile to keep out the rain, was placed over an acanthus root.

The leaves of the plant had closely surrounded the basket until they reached the tile, when they had curved outward and downward very gracefully. This so struck the fancy of Callimachus that he set about imitating the figure. His attempts eventually resulted in the invention of the Corinthian style, in which the vase of the capital represents the basket, the abacus the tile, and the volutes the bending leaves.

The era of Callimachus is uncertain, but as the Corinthian column was used by Scopas, the architect of the temple of Athena Alea at Tegea about 394 B. C., he must have lived before that time.

Explicit.

Van Quizz—Where does young Chipston work?

Fitz-Bile—In a wholesale grocery concern.

Van Quizz—I know, but for whom?

Fitz-Bile—Oh, for a gambling house.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Record In Name Signing.

Lucius Chittenden claimed the record for signing his name as a government employee. It was in 1862, while he was registrar of the treasury. A bond issue of $10,000,000 was made necessary by the efforts of our minister to England, Charles Francis Adams, to prevent the delivery of two ships building in England to the Confederates. The bond issue was necessary to furnish security against damages if the case should go against the United States in the English courts. Chittenden was notified at noon Friday to get the bond issue out, and he did so in time to have the bonds taken to New York by special train at 4 o'clock on the following Monday. Not three years ago he prepared a magazine article in which he caims to have signed his name 3,700 times in seven hours at that time, and to have reached a speed of ten signatures a minute. In all he signed his name 12,500 times in the period given, and had to have the aid of an army surgeon to ease for his arm after the first twelve hours. He did not stop to eat, but took food in liquid form, he says, and slept at his desk.—Washington Post.

A Nice Little Task.

An expert mathematician once set himself the nice little task of calculating the number of different ways in which fifty-two cards of a pack can be distributed among four players, thirteen to each, taking every possible combination and permutation.

It would be no use to present the answer here in a long row of figures, for no one can realize to himself what such a numerical array really conveys, nor would it be much better to play with the words billions and trillions, seeing that these are mere words and nothing more to most of us, but the following illustration is more likely to be appreciated by the ordinary reader.

If the entire population of the earth were to deal the cards incessantly day and night for 100,000,000 years, at the rate of a deal by each person a minute, they would not have exhausted the one hundred-thousandth part of the number of essentially different ways in which the cards can be so distributed.

Which Was the Guilty One?

Shortly before Major J. B. Pond, the "lecture bureau expert," was taken with what proved to be his last illness he was entertaining three friends in his office at the Everett House when one of them, in commenting upon the major's book, "The Eccentricities of Genius," asked:

"Major, you have at one time and another known all the celebrities. Tell me, what sort of comparison would you make between Talmage and Mark Twain?"

"That is rather a difficult question to answer," replied the major, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes. "But if you will promise not to ask me to elucidate I'll say this: 'One of them lied only when he had to, and the other lied whether he had to or not.'"

His Return.

Mrs. Hauskeep—Suppose I should give you a nice dinner today, what return would you make?

Hungry Higgins—Well, ma'am, if I liked yer cookin' I'd return jist as often as I could, ma'am.—Philadelphia Press.

USES FOR NETTLES.

They Are Good to Eat and Furnish Thread and Clothing.

There was a time once when the common nettle was not the usually despised weed it is now. People did not root it out of existence or shun it as a nuisance, but cultivated it for use as food, for clothing and for paper manufacture.

It certainly does not look inviting as a food, and yet during the Irish famine hundreds of poor people existed entirely on it, cooking the young plant as greens. There was a method of blanching it by "earthing up," as is now used for sea kale.

Animals, while refusing to touch the growing nettle, devour it eagerly when made into hay, and in Russia, Sweden and Holland it is mowed several times a year for fodder.

The common name given to the nettle in some languages means "that with which one sews," for the fiber was used as a thread several centuries ago.

In Kamchatka the natives use the thread for fishing lines and cordage. In France it is used for paper. In Hindustan and China it is woven into grass cloth, and the Scotch have prepared, spun and woven it into as good linen as the flax makes.

The Chinese nettle yields a fiber as soft as silk, and there is now in Dresden a "China grass" manufactory devoted to the industry of weaving cloth from this and the common nettle.—Stray Stories.

Resourceful Major Pond.

Major Pond was never upset in difficulties. Once he was traveling with Ian Maclaren. There was a breakdown on the railway and the prospect of a lecture engagement being missed and $1,000 lost. What he did was to telegraph a long and merry message to the audience about the breakdown, saying he and Ian Maclaren would be arriving not more than half an hour late. Singing was provided to entertain the audience. When the half hour was up in came another telegram more cheerful than ever, saying that they were coming along and that Ian Maclaren was determined to lecture to that audience if all the railways in the world had broken down.

The Americans are an emotional people, and they were interested. Every twenty minutes in came a fresh telegram with something funny and bright about it and always declaring that the great novelist was advancing. It was half past 10 when the couple reached the platform, and the welcome given them was hilarious.

A Natural Weather Vane.

It was an old belief that if the preserved body of a halcyon or kingfisher were suspended by a thread from the ceiling its bill would always turn toward the quarter from whence the wind was blowing.

Thus Barabas in Marlowe's "Jew of Malta" says:

"But now how stands the wind?
Into what quarter peeps my halcyon's bill?
Ha! To the east? Yes."

Shakespeare also alludes to it in "King Lear" when Kent in his reply to Cornwall rebukes those who—

"Turn their halcyon's beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters."

In more modern days a stuffed kingfisher has been seen hanging from the beam of a cottage ceiling at Botley, near Southampton, and in other places of that neighborhood, where there is a kindred belief that if a dead kingfisher is hung up by its beak its breast will turn with the ebb and flow of the tide.

Cassius M. Clay as a Fighter.

General Cassius M. Clay fought many duels in his day, usually with his long bladed knife, meeting pistol or rifle equally with that trusty weapon. His physical strength was gigantic. He was accustomed to the use of weapons, and he was always cool and never lost his judgment. For example, when an adversary shot him and he supposed he was done for he inflated his lungs to the full, conscious that he would live as long as he could hold his breath; then he drew his knife and did his bloody work. That was when he killed Turner. After all, speaking musingly, reviewing his life, he confessed to a reporter when he was above eighty-four that he was opposed on principle to the duel, thinking it a savage way to settle a difficulty. "But there are some cases for which it seems to be the only remedy," he added.

A Beautiful Toast.

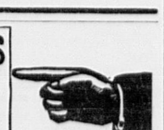
On a grand day in the old chivalric times, when the lady of each knightly heart was pledged by name, when it came to St. Leon's turn he lifted the sparkling cup on high and gave them this: "I drink to one," he said, "whose image never may depart, deep carved on the human heart, till memory is dead." With that he paused as if he would not breathe her name in careless mood thus lightly to another, then bent his noble head as though to give that word the reverence due and gently said, "My mother!"

Fatal Plans.

She—I believe every man is the architect of his own fortune.

He—Yes, but the trouble is most men spend so much time on the plans that they have none left for building.—Exchange.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. TRADE MARK.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

VARY YOUR INTERESTS.

The Wise Man Does Not Allow Himself to Run In a Rut.

The wise man keeps out of ruts. To be certain, however, that he will accomplish this he must begin early in life. He must not begin his life work by restricting himself absolutely to a single channel. This does not mean that he should scatter his forces and attempt everything or should not become a specialist. But the more strictly he specializes the more carefully should he see to it that he does not become narrow and bigoted. The young man should early begin the habit of reading a newspaper. He will thus get a general education that he can obtain from no other source. But he cannot get all the education he requires, even of public affairs, from the newspapers. Let him not make this error. Their news is necessarily fragmentary. He should read regularly one or two good magazines of the class devoted to the discussion of questions of public interest. He should read a little good fiction as well as history and general literature. While he should persistently seek the acquaintance of the best men of his own craft, who are usually the broadest minded, he should also seek friends outside of it. They will help him to see that there are other important crafts in the world besides his own. All this will broaden his views and help to keep him out of a rut.—World's Work.

Elephant Ears.

"Did you ever taste elephant ears?" asked an amateur botanist of his companion as they passed a florist's where one of the plants was displayed.

"No," replied his companion, "I never did."

"It's a good thing for you," said the botanist, "although it is an experience that will remain in your memory for a long time to come. I remember—oh, it seems like a hundred years back, yet the incident is fresh in my mind and as clear as crystal—when three boys were leaning across a wall looking at the plant in a garden.

"I was one of the boys and the other two were telling me what a sweet taste elephant leaves had. At first I refused to taste the plant, but one of the boys put a piece in his mouth—at least he pretended to—and I agreed to chew some also. Well, persimmons are as sugar compared to the drawing and bitterness of the elephant leaf and for half an hour after I had put the bit of leaf into my mouth I drank enough water to float a ship."

Why He Wept.

Helen had been only a few days in the house where Walter was the seven-year-old son and heir when it was perfectly clear that she had made a deep impression on his already susceptible heart. One afternoon he brought a footstool and, placing it in front of her, asked her if she would marry him.

Helen was a little more than four times as old as Walter, and her unmarried state was a matter of keen interest to her friends. She looked at the boy gravely for a moment and then said:

"Why, I can't answer that question offhand, Walter. You will have to wait and give me time to think it over."

Suddenly the boy dropped his head on her knee and began to cry bitterly.

"What is the matter, Walter?" she asked, patting his head.

"I was just thinking," he sobbed out, "that you'd be dead and gone before I was old enough to marry you."—New York Press.

King Billy's Decoration.

A story told by the late Commander Edward Barrett, U. S. N., shows that plated ware when no longer useful for mess purposes on war ships can be devoted to the service of diplomacy. According to this story, some American navy officers, wishing to conciliate an African potentate named King Billy, presented him with a discarded soup ladle and a lot of gay ribbons. This so delighted the dusky sovereign that when he came aboard the ship to make a visit in state he wore the ladle tied on the front of his ample person with the variegated ribbons and also wore a dilapidated stovepipe hat.

Why Rest Is Necessary.

A belief lives strong in the hearts and minds of the majority of mankind, including persons of weak digestions, that a quick, brisk walk taken before a meal gets up an appetite and helps the stomach to digest the food. Now, this is exactly what it doesn't do. Exercise spreads the blood throughout the body. For the proper digestion of food the blood is needed in the stomach. Few realize this important fact. After a long, exhausting walk, bicycle spin or any severe physical or mental strain take a good half hour's rest in a comfortable armchair or lying on a sofa before you eat a substantial meal.

The Bergamot Tree.

There is but one spot in the world where the bergamot tree can be cultivated with profit, a fact of some importance, since its essence is indispensable in the manufacture of numerous perfumes and medical preparations. The spot referred to is Reggio, in Calabria, that extremity of the Italian peninsula which is familiarly known as "the toe of the boot."

His Fate.

Casey—O'Rafferty is a sick mahn. He has heart complaint an' consoomption.

Murphy—Sure, consoomption's a bad disease.

Casey—It is thot same; but it's slow. He'll die av the heart throuble a year afore he'll die av the loong throuble.—Kansas City Journal.

People talk a great deal about the sacredness of true love, but admit that you are in love, and they will laugh at you.—Atchison Globe.

A Very Smoky Reason.

"Yes, I know it's an expensive and useless habit," said the old smoker, lighting a fresh cigar with the stump of the old one, "but you can't think what a solace it is."

"A solace for what?" asked the other man.

"Why, for the—er—discomfort and craving you feel when you're not smoking, you know."—Chicago Tribune.

His Choice.

Agent—Yes, sir; I will guarantee that this is the most concentrated food you ever ate.

Consumer—But I don't want that kind. I want the kind that spreads all over my system.—Life.

Much Depends.

Joey—Yes, Pietro; in whist playing a good deal depends on your luck.

Pietro—Quite so. And your luck depends on a good deal, hey?—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Hard on Baby.

First we teach the baby to talk and then to hold his tongue.—Smart Set.

BABIES IN SIAM.

They All Receive the Same Name, "Dang," at Birth.

All babies in Siam receive the same name at birth, says Ernest Young, the author of "The Kingdom of the Yellow Robe." This name is Dang, which means red, and it is the only designation vouchsafed the newcomer for some months. For several years they wear no clothing, though perhaps a string of beads or bracelets or anklets as ornament. At a child's birth a cord that has been blessed by the priests is tied around the outside of the house, and three balls of rice are thrown in "lucky directions" by three old women, who are always present at such a time and whose business it is to solicit for the little one the patronage and protection of sundry guardian angels. The cord and the scattering about the premises of a certain kind of native fruit are supposed to be efficacious in preventing the entrance of evil spirits. As a matter of fact, what with the heat of the climate and the "cleansing fires" kindled in portable earthenware stoves and the presence of many people in the small, low ceilinged rooms, the atmosphere is so stiflingly hot and uncomfortable that it is doubtful whether even evil wanderers from below would care to stop there long.

Nature and Plants.

Dr. Andrew Wilson writes: "If we assumed that flowers were merely evolved to gratify human senses we should be entertaining a woefully limited view of nature. The botanist will tell you that everything about a flower is meant to favor one end. That end is the production of seeds and the propagation of the species. The colors of flowers—nay, even the little splashes of a hue or tint seen on a petal—are intended to attract insects that they may carry off the fertilizing dust, or pollen, to other flowers of the same or near species and thus insure a sturdier race as the result of cross fertilization. It is to this end also that your flowers are many of them sweet scented. The perfume is another kind of invitation to the insect world. The honey they secrete forms a third attraction—the most practical of all, perhaps. Then the arrangement of the flowers on the stalk, the times of opening and shutting of the flowers and the position of the stamens and pistils are all so many features whereby nature is giving each plant a help on the way."

Prize Sentences.

The winner of a prize of a guinea offered by the London academy to the person who should select the three most pregnant and felicitous sentences from any authors, chose the following three quotations. The first was from Ruskin:

"Fancy plays like a squirrel in its circular prison and is happy; but imagination is a pilgrim on the earth—and her home is in heaven." The second sentence was taken from the works of Mazzini: "Discouragement is but disenchanted egotism." The third was the following from Robert Louis Stevenson: "The true wisdom is to be always seasonable, and to change with a good grace in changing circumstances. To love playthings well as a child, to lead an adventurous and honorable youth and to settle when the time arrives into a green and smiling age is to be a good artist in life and deserve well of yourself and your neighbor."

Harder Work.

When the clever writer and caricaturist, Max Beerbohm, succeeded George Bernard Shaw as dramatic critic of the London Saturday Review, he was told by the manager that Shaw was getting such and such play. "Of course, being comparatively inexperienced," the manager added, "You can scarcely expect so much."

"Oh, yes, I shall," rejoined Mr. Beerbohm decisively. "Indeed, I shall expect more. You see," he explained, "as Shaw knows the drama thoroughly it was perfectly easy for him to write about it. Whereas I know nothing about it, and it will be shockingly hard work."

A Cross In the Heavens.

On Oct. 28, A. D. 312, Constantine the Great is said to have "heard a great and mighty noise above and to the east of him" and upon turning his eyes in that direction "was astonished beyond measure at what he there beheld." Clearly outlined upon the blue sky was a cross of pure white, and in the halo which surrounded the top was the Latin phrase, "In hoc signo" ("By this sign"), in letters of deep scarlet. Mackey, the great historian, says that there was a second inscription in Greek, the letters of which in English would be "En to nika."

Taglioni as Mrs. Carlyle Saw Her.

In the "New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle" is the following quaint and caustic comment on Taglioni:

"I saw a very curious sight the other night, the only one I have been to for a long time—viz, some thousands of the grandest and most cultivated people in England, all gazing in ecstasy and applauding to death over a woman, not even pretty, balancing herself on the extreme point of one great toe and stretching the other foot high into the air, much higher than decency ever dreamt of. It was Taglioni, our chief dancer at the opera, and this is her chief feat, repeated over and over to weariness—at least to my weariness. But duchesses were flinging bouquets at her feet, and not a man, except Carlyle, who did not seem disposed to fling himself. I counted twenty-five bouquets! But what of that? The empress of all the Russias once in a fit of enthusiasm flung her diamond bracelet at the feet of this same Taglioni—'virtue its own reward' (in this world)? Dancing is and singing and some other things still more frivolous. But for virtue? It may be strongly doubted, as Edinburgh people say to everything one tells them."

Policemen of the Seas.

Revenue cutters are the policemen of the high seas. They have regular beats to patrol along the coast, looking for vessels in distress, suppressing smuggling, illicit seal hunting and mutinies. They also enforce quarantine regulations, examine ships' papers, supply lighthouses and act as life savers, ambulance corps, fire department and messenger boys generally for the government at sea.

The first revenue cutters were built at the order of Alexander Hamilton when he was secretary of the treasury, and except in war time, when they are subject to the authority of the navy, they are still under treasury department orders. Strange to say, however, it is in times of peace that revenue cutters fight their hardest battles. They save many lives and property that is estimated at many millions yearly. Their name gives little idea of the great and varied service they render the country.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IX, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, AUG. 30.

Text of the Lesson, I Sam. xxvi, 5-12, 21-25—Memory Verse, 21—Golden Text, Luke vi, 27—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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5, 6. Then answered David and said, * * * Who will go down with me to Saul to the camp? And Abishai said, I will go down with thee.

After the parting of David and Jonathan in the last lesson David in due time made his headquarters in the cave Adullam, and, having placed his father and mother under the care of the king of Moab, he became captain of about 400 distressed and discontented men who gathered unto him. His own brethren were also among them (chapter xxii, 1-4). Saul in his anger having, by the hand of Doeg, slain eighty-five priests, Abiathar escaped and told David, and to him David said these memorable words: "Abide thou with me, fear not; for he that seeketh my life seeketh thy life, but with me thou shalt be in safeguard" (xxii, 23). Probably many years of David's persecutions are covered by the words, "And Saul sought him every day, but God delivered him not into his hand" (xxiii, 14). But in the twenty-fourth chapter, as well as in our lesson, Saul is seen in David's power to do with as he will, and in each case David returns good for evil. David having been assured by spies that Saul had in very deed come again to seek him, having 3,000 chosen men with him, he asks for a volunteer to accompany him to Saul's camping place, and Abishai, the son of Jeremiah, responds.

7, 8. Then said Abishai to David, God hath delivered thine enemy into thine hand this day; now therefore let me smite him, I pray thee, with the spear, even to the earth at once, and I will not smite him the second time.

Having come to where Saul and his people were by night they find them sleeping, and Abishai thinks that this is David's God given opportunity to slay his enemy, and he willingly offers to be the executioner. This same Abishai wanted to take Shimei's head off when he cursed David and threw stones at him. He it was also who delivered David from the giant Ishbibenob and slew him (II Sam. xvi, 5, 6, 9; xxi, 16, 17). He was a valiant, natural man, but did not seem to know much of the gracious long suffering of Jehovah.

9-11. David said furthermore, As the Lord liveth the Lord shall smite him or his day shall come to die or he shall descend into battle and perish. The Lord forbid that I should stretch forth mine hand against the Lord's anointed.

Such confidence had David in his God that he could leave every one and everything in His hand without anxiety, sure that the counsel of the Lord would stand and the counsel of His enemies he brought to naught. Therefore he could say, not as a mere theory, but from his own experience: "Fret not thyself because of the evildoers, for they shall soon be cut down like the grass and wither as the green herb. Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him" (Ps. xxxvii, 1, 2, 7).

12. They were all asleep, because a deep sleep from the Lord was fallen upon them.

David's suggestion to Abishai was that they take the spear and cruse from Saul's head, which they did, and going a good distance away cried out to Abner, the captain of Saul's host, that he was a valiant man, but had not taken good care of his master, for he might have been slain by one who took away the spear and cruse from his master's head. The reason of their being able to do this was that the Lord had caused special sleep to come upon them.

21. Then said Saul: I have sinned. Return, my son David. * * * Behold, I have played the fool and have erred exceedingly.

David's kindness to him when he had him in his power seems to have touched his hard heart, and he said he would no more do him harm. But he had also seemed penitent when David spared him the former time (xxiv, 16-19). He was unreliable toward God and man, unstable, disobedient, self willed, not willing to be controlled by God and therefore controlled by the evil one.

22-24. Behold, as thy life was much set by this day in mine eyes, so let my life be much set by in the eyes of the Lord and let Him deliver me out of all tribulation.

David recognized the Lord's hand in Saul being placed in his power and also in his being kept from touching him. From his own experience he wrote, "The meek will He guide in judgment and the meek will He teach His way" (Ps. xxv, 9). Meekness covers so much ground and is so necessary the word must be received with meekness, and, being saved by His word, we must take upon us His yoke who is meek and lowly in heart and follow Him (Jas. i, 21; Matt. xi, 29). David's desire for full deliverance brings to mind these words of Paul, "The Lord shall deliver me from every evil work and will preserve me unto His heavenly kingdom, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen" (II Tim. iv, 18).

25. Then Saul said to David: Blessed be thou, my son David. Thou shalt both do great things and also shalt still prevail. So David went on his way, and Saul returned to his place.

Whether Saul wished what he said of David might come true or not we cannot say, but they did come true, for God had so purposed it, and David went on and grew great, and the Lord God of Hosts was with him (II Sam. v, 10). The purpose of God concerning David's son shall also be performed, notwithstanding all the devices of the enemy, even of Satan himself. See Isa. ix, 6, 7; Luke i, 32, 33. David and Saul each going his own way suggests the only two ways—the way of the righteous and the way of the wicked.

Little Sister's Rejoinder.

Out in the east end is a young woman whose little sister is much inclined to ask numerous questions and though she is sometimes a little slow about understanding things in general, she is as quick to see a point as most little girls of six. The other day Little Sister asked Big Sister the direction to the home of a new acquaintance. Big Sister tried her best to make the way plain to no avail, and finally becoming exasperated, exclaimed:

"Oh, follow your nose, Nan, and you will finally find the place."

"Well, if you ever follow your nose," came the quick retort, "you will go up, and up, and up, and be an angel by and by, which you're not now."

Which reference to a nose inclined to be pug ended the controversy.—Pittsburg Gazette.

Great Expectations.

Caroline—Does Winifred expect many wedding presents?

Margaret—Oh, yes; but she has no idea she will receive as many as she expects.—Kansas City Journal.

Business Cards.

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A Business Woman In Franklin's Day

An interesting instance of a woman's business ability is given in Franklin's autobiography. In 1773 he founded a printing office in Charleston, S. C., under charge of one of his journeymen, and was to receive one-third of the profits. Franklin says: "He was a man of learning, but ignorant in matters of account, and though he sometimes made me remittances I could get no account from him nor any satisfactory state of our partnership while he lived.

"On his decease the business was continued by his widow, who, being born and bred in Holland, where, as I have been informed, the knowledge of accounts makes a part of female education, she not only sent me as clear a statement as she could find of the transactions past, but continued to account with the greatest regularity and exactness every quarter afterward and managed the business with such success that she not only reputably brought up a family of children, but at the expiration of the term was able to purchase of me the printing house and establish her son in it. I mention this affair chiefly for the sake of recommending that branch of education for our young women as likely to be of more use to them and their children, in case of widowhood, than either music or dancing."

Grain In Wood.

Three kinds of structures are evident in the twig of a year or two's growth. An irregular mass of pith is in the center, which in time grows less and ultimately disappears. Outside this are a sheath and a layer of hard cellular tissue, which from the very first presents a radiating structure, the beginning of the medullary rays, called by carpenters the silver grain. Outside this again is a layer of cambium, the growth for new wood.

A clearly traced dark line intersects all these radii at right angles and marks off the growth of each year, large or small, according to the season. This is the ring whereby in cross section the age of the tree, when felled, is reckoned. Different kinds of timber show the grain in differing degrees. In oak the grain is very conspicuous; in the beech, plane and maple it is very marked, but of smaller size; in others it is scarcely seen by the eye, but always under the microscope. In all tropical woods, such as mahogany, this structure is very obscure.

Town and Country.

The distinction between town and country, between natural and artificial life, is of course, as we all know, a very arbitrary one. The highly complicated and seemingly artificial life which we now lead is an absolutely natural condition of existence, as natural as the life of a colony of beavers in one of their dams on a Canadian river or of a nation of ants at work in the garden. Evolution directs the forces of nature in the building of the beavers' houses, in the construction of birds' nests and in the building of the king's palaces. There is no natural difference between a leaf carried by a murmuring stream over transparent depths full of sunshine, under dark tunnels of overhanging foliage, and a human waif whirling in a human stream over muddy pavements. As the great ocean itself is but a single drop in the immensity of creation, so London, overgrown as it is, is but an ants' nest in the surrounding country.—Marcus Reed in Macmillan's.

An Impatient Man.

In a restaurant near Park row a man who had just ordered luncheon called the waitress' attention to the pepper castor, from which he could get no pepper.

"Oh, I'll make that all right, sir," she said cheerfully, and, taking a hairpin from her hair, commenced to free the openings over his plate. Instantly he seized his hat and stick and rushed out, greatly to the amazement of the obliging waitress, who remarked to another customer:

"Oh, Lord, isn't he impatient! Why, I was clearing it as quick as I could."—New York Press.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 22, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24, 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05, 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY-To Boston**, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P.M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43, 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23, 7.50, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

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Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m. then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

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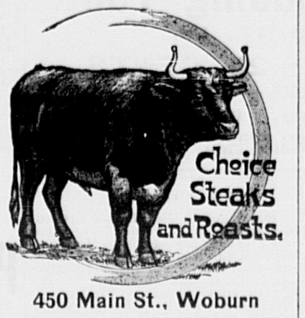

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WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 26, 1903, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6.37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 12.07 P. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2.37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M.; every half hour to 12.07; then 12.30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minutes, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

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14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

HER ONE OPPORTUNITY

By JAMES BASCOMB

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Aunt Mary Graham, widow, who lived on the outskirts of the village of Bakersville, was all alone on that Thursday evening. The hired man had gone in one direction and the hired girl in another, and neither was expected back before midnight. The widow worked away at a crazy quilt until 9 o'clock and had just put away her sewing to make ready for bed when she heard the kitchen door open and shut. Then some one walked across the room and opened the sitting room door and entered, and she looked up to find a stranger present. He was a man of middle age, fairly well dressed. His face was not at all wicked, though it had a dissipated look.

"I beg your pardon for this intrusion," he said as she regarded him with a puzzled look, "but my excuse is that I have called on business and am in something of a hurry. I want what money you have in the house, and the sooner you hand it over the sooner I'll be gone."

"You don't mean that you are a robber?" queried the woman.

"That's what I am. I know you are alone in the house, and I hope you will hand over the money like a sensible woman and not provoke me to anger."

"Won't you sit down? I shall not scream or anything. I have heard about robbers ever since I was a child, but you are the first one I ever saw. You must excuse me if I have a natural curiosity about the matter. Is this your first experience?"

"Not by a long chalk. It's nearer my fiftieth."

"I am somewhat glad of that," said Aunt Mary. "A man who had just turned robber broke into my sister's house in Taylorville a few weeks ago, and I can't tell you of the mistakes he made. She had 80 cents in her purse, and he took that and left $75 in one of the drawers of the sewing machine. She has real solid silver spoons, and yet he laid them aside and took the plated. The sheriff said he was nothing but a bungler."

"I'll try to clean up things in good shape," replied the robber, who had taken a seat on the edge of a chair and was twirling his hat.

"Our supper was over three hours ago, but I can bring you a glass of milk and a piece of pie. I will leave the door open so that you can see all the time. You'll feel better for something to eat. The robber I spoke of drank a whole pitcher of sour milk, when there were two pans of sweet on the buttery shelves before him. He must have been a very awkward fellow."

The robber nodded his head, and the woman fetched him a generous piece of pumpkin pie and a large glass of milk and maternally observed:

"Just make yourself right at home while you eat and drink. Did I understand you to say you were a married man?"

"No'm. I was married once, but my wife is dead."

"Was that before you became a robber?"

"Yes."

"I am rather glad of that. If I had a robber for a husband I should always be worried about him. Have you any children?"

"No'm," he sulkily admitted. He appeared dissatisfied with the situation.

"That's good. If you had children you couldn't be with them much of the time, and if you got arrested they would feel bad about it. I don't want to ask too many questions, but as we are here alone I'd like to ask how you happened to become a robber."

"Look here, woman, I want what money you have in the house. I didn't come here to gossip."

"Of course you didn't," she pleasantly replied. "I know enough about robbers to know that they are always in a hurry, but I thought you might take time to answer a few questions just the same. You must remember that I never had a chance to talk to a robber before."

"Well, then, I couldn't make money at anything else, and so I turned robber."

"Oh, I see. Well, I'm paying my hired man $16 a month and board, but he complains that it is not enough. He may turn robber any day. If he does I don't believe he will make any great success at it, as he is too slow. The only time he ever hustles is when he is washing up for dinner. I have been wondering if you wouldn't advise me about a certain matter."

"Madam, do you understand why I am here?"

"Yes, to rob me."

"Then hand me over what you can lay hands on. I can't sit here gabbing like an old woman."

"But there's lots of time," she protested. "You'll be clear to Spoonersville before any one knows I've been robbed. What I wanted to ask you about is this: I've been a widow for six years. I've had three offers to marry again. The last one is from Deacon Warner, and I've been considering it. He's a pretty good man, I guess, but he's got ways about him and three children to boot. He wants everybody in the house to go to bed at 8 o'clock and get up at 5. He wants fried pork every morning for breakfast and fried mush every night for supper. He buys the cheapest kind of molasses, and he says that paper window curtains ought to last ten years. Don't you think most any wife would squabble with him about these things?"

"I guess they would," replied the robber as something like a grin crossed his face.

"And his three children—they'd make it warm for me. The oldest is a girl of sixteen, and I've heard she's ready to throw tin pans at my head as soon as I step into the house. You can never be a stepmother, but you can imagine what the situation might be. What would you do about getting married again if you were me? Some advise me one way and some another, and I don't know exactly what to do."

"I think you'd be a fool to do it, and now I want to get through here and get away. You don't seem to remember that I'm here to rob the house."

"Yes; I remember you said something about it," carelessly observed the widow, "but I wish you had a little more time to spare. Is it necessary that you be at some certain place at a certain minute? I wanted to talk with you a minute about my hired girl. Her name is Sarah Jackson. She's a good girl, but romantic."

"Hang it, woman! I'm here to rob!" exclaimed the robber as he rose up.

"Well, you can tell me about Sarah first, can't you? And the hired man—where are you going?"

"I'm going to leave."

"But you haven't robbed the house yet, and I wanted to ask you about"—

And out he walked and left the widow wondering if that was the way of all robbers or if he hadn't met with some great misfortune to make him crabbed and cranky.

The Battle Ground of the Azores.

In 1580 the Azores came under the power of Spain, and in the history of the next twenty years their name is frequent as the favorite battle ground of the English and Spanish fleets. The partiality was indeed mainly on the side of the former and for a good reason. These islands lay right in the track of all vessels sailing to and from that enchanted region known to all men as the Spanish main.

On the highest peak of Terceira whence in clear weather the sea could be scanned for leagues around, were raised two columns, and by them a man watched night and day. When he saw any sails approaching from the west he set a flag upon the western column—one for each sail. If they came from the east a similar sign was set on the eastern column.

Hither in those days came up out of the mysterious western seas the great argosies laden with gold and silver and jewels, with silks and spices and rare woods, wrung at the cost of thousands of harmless lives and cruelties unspeakable from the fair lands which lie between the waters of the Caribbean sea and the giant wall of the Andes. And hither, when England, too, began to turn her eyes to El Dorado, came the great war galleons of Spain and Portugal to meet these precious cargoes and convey them safe into Lisbon or Cadiz before those terrible English sea wolves could get scent of the prize.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Maizie's Artistic Bent.

Mazie's father was a poet, her mother a painter, and everybody said that Maizie was sure to be a genius. It was her fate by inheritance. No one predicted the direction in which she would eventually turn, but when she was eight her Aunt Mirabel was sure she would be a great singer. What her uncles thought is of no importance. They had little or no imagination.

About the time that her aunt had settled Maizie's career Grandpapa Wilkie said he had hopes of the child. "She'll turn out just like anybody," he chuckled. "See 'f she don't."

It seemed that first summer night on the farm as if grandpapa had struck the right note. There had been a wonderful sunset. Maizie's mother, with half shut eyes, had compared it to Claude Lorraine's paintings. Maizie's father had looked lyrics, and the lay members of the family also expressed their delight in the scene. Maizie looked depressed.

"See her!" whispered Aunt Mirabel. "What exquisite feeling in her face!"

Maizie's parents looked, but it was the grandfather who spoke.

"What's wrong with you?" he asked.

"Nothing," pouted Maizie, "only everybody's so taken up with the sunset, and I wanted to see the pigs fed!"

ALWAYS INSIST UPON HAVING THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

Can Dogs Laugh?

The celebrated French physiognomist Gratiolet admitted that dogs have what he called "the smile of the eyes." "The smile of the mouth," however, he regarded as peculiar to man. Scotch collies certainly seem at times to smile at sights which are comical, and on occasions at their masters.

Many instances have been advanced to prove their quick appreciation of a joke. One of these intelligent dogs used to look with a knowing air at his master when he saw a traveling bear, and his lips were drawn back at the corners and his eyes twinkled with quite a conscious smile.

Darwin recognized this sense of humor in a dog, and refers to its sportive play when a stick is thrown, which it picks up and almost allows you to recover before it darts away with it.

Mr. Lloyd Morgan tells of a retriever, a "jolly dog," which showed its sense of fun upon the sands, where it would bury a number of small crabs and bark with delight when, after waiting and watching, it saw a leg or claw emerge.

A Brisk Correspondence.

Mrs. Lamson was saying an affectionate and tearful farewell to her husband as she was about to start for a month's visit to her old home.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Lamson in a pleasant but firm tone, "I wish you would try not to ask me for money every time you write."

"Well, I will try not to," said Mrs. Lamson, wiping her eyes, "but you—you know, Henry, that means I shall have to write even oftener than usual."

Beauty as a Bane In Italy.

Florence and Venice and the rest are cursed with the burden of a most dangerous legacy from their past—the legacy of beauty. Because of this beauty (which the people themselves do not enjoy) the rich of all nations flock to them, bringing full purses and a disposition to spare no expense. The native begins to regard these visitors as his natural prey. Why should he work when foreigners are so easily fleeced? Accordingly he does not work—at least in the productive sense; he touts and begs and sells ornaments at three times their real value. The victory instead of going to strength goes to weakness. Parents of the poorer class look upon a deformed or crippled child as a blessing, since its pitiful helplessness makes it a more efficient beggar. Into these cities, where such a fine harvest can be gathered on such easy terms, the strong, industrious peasantry are sucked till they become idle, demoralized gamblers, and all because they are the most beautiful places in the world, because their past is so glorious that strangers come from the ends of the earth to see its grave. Thus the modern Florentine lives, like some horrible cannibal, upon his own dead.—London Outlook.

The Value of Sunlight.

One of the greatest cures at the sanitariums established all over the country is the simple sun bath. The solar heat gives to the whole system a strength and vigor which no nourishing food can impart. It is so essential to our health and happiness that when it is taken away from us we become weak, run down and pale. But when we go out into the warm sunlight again new strength and health come to us. The sun bath is essential. Take it every day. Cut down the trees that are so close to the house that they obscure the sun and have every living room flooded with light. If one is forced to stay indoors all day try to get near the sunny window where the full effects of the sunlight can be felt. It will cure neuralgia, nervousness, faintness, weakness and a dozen other complaints. It will give color and beauty to the complexion by making the blood better and purer. The purest and prettiest complexions are those which are wind swept and sun browned during the summer time, and not those which come from a dark room.

Talking Shop.

Dolly—So Simpkins, the cashier of the bank, proposed to you last night?

Polly—Yes, and I promised to marry him.

"Did he ask your father's permission?"

"Yes; he said he would ask papa to indorse my promissory note."—Baltimore Herald.

Consoling.

Daughter (pleading for her lover)—But, father, I am positive that it is not my money he is after. He says he would marry me if I were ever so poor.

Stern and Prosaic Father—Yes, he looks as if he had no better sense.

A Hard Subject to Handle.

Dauber—I will guarantee to paint anything called for.

Dealer—Good! Do me a speaking likeness of a dumb waiter.—New York Times.

The park surrounding Blenheim palace is 2,700 acres in extent and twelve miles around.

Guilt has very quick ears to an accusation.—Fielding.

AN EXTORTIONER

By MARTHA M'CULLOCH-WILLIAMS

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Janet sang as she spun, because her heart was in the spinning. It was so shady out under the big oak she had flung off her sunbonnet. The winds played tricksily with her soft hair and wisped shiny tendrils of it around neck and forehead. Her blue frock was low enough to show enchanting glimpses of a white neck. Not a wild rose of all those blooming beside the house wall was a finer clear pink than showed in her cheeks. It is small wonder young Rushton looked at her twice and bared his head before hailing.

"Major Weakley is away, but may be home any minute. Will you 'light and wait for him?" Janet flung back to him pausing, with her left hand held high above her head, thus keeping taut the length of new thread.

Rushton had never seen anything so lightly deft as her motion in running the thread even on the broach. In spite of the classics he had thought vaguely of spinning as clumsy drudgery. Now it was suddenly borne in upon him that nymphs and goddesses had joyously plied the distaff.

He had been in hot haste. Judge, then of his astonishment to find himself dismounted and sitting upon the piazza watching Janet spin. He had come in the field way, cutting straight across his own plantation, full of contentious wrath.

Oaklands lay broadside on to his fields. That, of course, meant line fences and, potentially, trouble over breachy stock. It was his factor's complaint of trespassing by Weakley cattle that had brought Rushton precipitately on the scene. He had arrived at dusk the night before; he meant to leave before sundown next day—at least until he saw Janet.

Presently, finding her father still a truant, she took the band from her wheel, slid the full broach off the spindle, flung it in a basket half full of other broaches and went sedately within by the end door. A minute later she came out to Rushton bearing fresh well water, cool and sparkling, also a glass dish overrunning with luscious red cherries.

"We had as well eat these," she said a little regretfully, setting the dish upon the flat piazza rail between them. "I wanted to make a cherry cobbler for dinner—that's why I climbed up in the very tiptop after these ripe ones—but Mammy Liza locked up every dust of sugar and flour before she went to Aunt Viny's funeral."

"Why did you let her go?" Rushton asked.

Janet looked at him in amaze and said, a cherry between her lips: "Let her! You don't know Aunt Liza! We have to ask her about doing things, daddy and I."

"If you did not mind her, what would happen?" Rushton asked, laughing in spite of himself.

Janet looked thoughtful. "I don't really know," she said, puckering her forehead. "Aunt Liza is the best cook in the county. Loads of people want her—would pay her double what we can afford. But all she will ever say to them is: 'Shoo tukkey! I knows when I'ze well off, an' ef Marse Taum Weakley don' den I'ze des bound ter stay yere tell I larns him.'"

"Such things are all riddles to me," Rushton said. "I have spent so little time here. My parents were northern. That reminds me, I am taking it for granted that you know me"—

"Oh, I do—and why you came," Janet interrupted, flushing faintly. "The last thing Aunt Liza said was that you'd be here this morning to say you'd shoot our cows next time they were caught ravaging in your cornfields. She had heard it from the hands on your place. Whatever one negro knows all the others within miles roundabout will hear before morning."

"Yes, sir! We had warning!" Major Weakley said, coming out behind Janet, then offering his hand. "Mr. Rushton, you're quite justifiable. If you do shoot my beasts I shan't say a word."

"Why, I—I shall not think of such a thing!" Rushton gasped, all taken aback. "I was a bit provoked, but I dare say the matter has been greatly exaggerated"—

"It cannot very well have been," Major Weakley said penitently. "To tell you the truth, young man, my cows are hardly worth the corn they have destroyed for you. They're only a lot of scrubs, but Janet and I would not swap them for registered Jerseys. We're foolishly fond of old things."

"If they did not jump so they'd be angels—that is, supposing angels ever had four legs and horns and a tail," Janet said pensively. "The fences are not really bad, but Sook, the bell cow, never rests until she has laid down a fence panel and called in all the rest. She is the only one really wicked. Why, sometimes she will pass our corn and go straight for yours."

"Suppose you sell her to me!" Rushton said, his eyes dancing. "If Mme. Bell Cow belonged on my side of the road perhaps she would be as wild to stay on yours."

"You can have her for the taking," Major Weakley said, laughing heartily, then soberly: "Mr. Rushton, I shall try henceforth to keep my stock within bounds. Meantime, send in your bill of damages."

"Very well, and you are not to worry any more until I send it," Rushton answered. Janet from the doorway gave him a grateful glance. The next minute she said half plaintively: "Come in to dinner, gentlemen. It's all cold—just what Aunt Liza thought we ought to have. But I reckon it will keep us from going hungry."

Love hot and sudden ought to have taken Rushton's appetite. Instead it seemed to give new and delicious relish to the cold ham, fried chicken and cold lamb set before him, re-enforced by beaten biscuit, nine sorts of pickle and relishes and crisp lettuce, with pound cake and raspberries smothered in cream by way of dessert. Between them all he made a noble meal, and afterward sat smoking and talking until the sun was almost down.

Rushton first saw Janet in early July. Mid-September found him still lingering upon his plantation. More properly he slept there and stabled his horses in the stalls. The most part of daylight and big patches of the nights he spent at Oaklands or ranging about with the master of it. Business had not been named between them since the fateful first day. Oddly enough the breachy cows had made no fresh incursions. Janet smiled. It was her belief that bell cow Sook had really reformed. Still she did not look into the matter closely. She was too happy for much study of anything.

It was a distinct shock to the major when Rushton said to him offhandedly: "Oh, by the way, I'm going home day after tomorrow. Before I leave I should like to settle that old affair. I've made a sort of rough estimate. Hope you won't think I mean to be greedy."

"Let me see it," said the major, holding out his hand for the folded paper. Scanning it, he grew red, then white, then burst out: "Why, you Shylock! D'ye think any court on earth will believe nine common cows can damage a cornfield $1,000,000 worth?"

"Honestly, major, I don't," Rushton said, his eyes twinkling; "but, you see, I could not possibly set a lower value on Janet, and she has agreed to give me herself in payment."

Ayer's
You know the medicine that makes pure, rich blood—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Your mother, grandmother, all your folks, used it. They trusted it. Their doctors trusted it. Your doctor trusts it. Then trust it yourself. There is health and strength in it.
Sarsaparilla
"I suffered terribly from indigestion and thin blood. I found no relief until I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Four bottles permanently cured me."
MRS. F. R. HART, Mt. Kisco, N. Y.
$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
Rich Blood
Ayer's Pills are gently laxative. They greatly aid the Sarsaparilla.

It Worked.

A London commercial, who had a very ruddy complexion, after "working" Glasgow, had some time to wait for his train at St. Enoch station and bethought himself of a little joke.

"What is the name of this station, my good man?" he asked of a porter.

"St. Enoch station, sir."

A few minutes later he met the same porter and said:

"What did you call this station, porter?"

"St. Enoch's. Dae ye no see the name abune the hotel there?"

Just then the train was shunted in and our English friend got comfortably seated in a third class smoker along with a few more passengers of the male persuasion.

"These railway officers are about the worst I ever came across. They can't be civil," remarked the Londoner.

"That's a confounded lee!" said a Scotch farmer.

"Well," said the Londoner, "I'll bet you 10 bob I don't get a civil answer from the first porter I ask a question of."

"Done!" replied the old farmer.

Looking out of the carriage window he spied his green friend, and, calling him over, asked in his most polite tone.

"Would you kindly tell me the name of this station, porter?"

"Gang awa', ye bacon faced old buffer! Pit yer daft heid in!" was the answer.—Tit-Bits.

Higher Education.

Those who regard higher education as a social ornament, valueless except as a badge for the delight of its possessor, and those who regard culture as the private perquisite of the elect few are alike in the wrong. The presence of men of culture and training raises the value of everything about them. It insures the success of enterprise, the safety of person and property, the contact with righteousness of thought and action, which are the mainspring of right thought and right deed in the future.

Moreover, if clear thinking with clean living is good for the elect few, it is equally good for the mutable many. Culture not only raises the man above the mass, but it turns the masses into men. That the multitude may imagine themselves men before they hold a man's grasp on life is the grievous danger of democracy. Here again the university plays its part, teaching the relative value of ideals. Under its criticism men learn that good results are better than good intentions, and that they demand a far higher order of skill and courage.—President David Starr Jordan in Atlantic.

Go Home, Young Man.

When a young man goes calling, if he can get his attention off his own attractiveness long enough to observe it he will find that near 10 o'clock the girl begins to look worried, absent minded, and her laughs at his jokes are suppressed and forced.

At 10:30 she seems to be in a panic and if he should depart then and shake hands goodby he would find her hand icy cold.

Noises are heard from upstairs. A man is grumbling and a woman pleading. Will the young man go before the father makes a scene?

Both the daughter downstairs and the mother upstairs are hoping that he will, but the young man stays and stays.

Finally he gets up to go, and the girl is so relieved she asks him to come again.

A number of worried mothers are getting up a petition to have the street cars stop running at 9:30.—Atchison Globe.

A MAN OF MYSTERY.

Peculiar Life of Metastasio, the Celebrated Italian Poet.

Metastasio (1698-1782), the celebrated dramatic and operatic poet, spent fifty-five years in Vienna with the Martines family without ever learning German or wishing to learn it.

Besides his utter indifference to all speech but Italian, Metastasio possessed many peculiarities of character. None might mention death in his presence. Those who alluded to smallpox before him he made it a point not to see again. In all his fifty-five years in Vienna he never gave away more than the equivalent of $25 to the poor. He always occupied the same seat at church, but never paid for it. He took all his meals in the most mysterious privacy; his greatest friends had never seen him eat anything but a biscuit with some lemonade. Nothing would induce him to dine away from home. He never changed his wig or the cut or color of his coat.

Metastasio was to have been presented to the pope the day he died and raved about the intended interview in the delirium of his last moments. Mrs. Piozzi (familiar to readers of Boswell's "Life of Dr. Johnson" as Mrs. Thrale) collected these particulars from the ladies of the Martines family, with whom Metastasio was so long domesticated without speaking or understanding a word of their language from first to last.

The Moon and Rain.

"When you see the new moon hangin' straight up and down, lookin' sort of sour like, you're not goin' to have rain for at least two-thirds of the month," said an old observer. "When she comes up lookin' like she wouldn't spill, then it's goin' to be good weather for two-thirds of the month.

"You can bank on that, boy. I've been watchin' the moon for weather more'n thirty years on land and sea, and the dip tells the story better than any weather prophet that ever called turns on the weather from headquarters down in Washington.

"Further than gettin' a cue on the weather," he continued, "you can tell by the color of the moon whether it's goin' to be a warm or cold rain.

"If the 'wet moon' looks red it's goin' to be a warm rain. If it looks bright and silvery like it's goin' to be a chilly rain.

"I've been watchin' Luna, as they call her, come up over Jersey for a number of years, and I haven't found her sign to fail yet."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Munka Bride.

Here is a picturesque incident in the Munka wedding ceremony in India: The bride goes to a stream or well near by with her pitcher and, having filled it, raises it aloft on her head, steadying it with her hand. The bridegroom comes behind, as she turns homeward, and, resting his hand on her shoulder, shoots an arrow along the path in front of her through the loophole formed by her uplifted arm. The bride then walks on to where the arrow lies and picks it up with her foot, still balancing the pitcher on her head. Transferring it gracefully to her hand, she restores it to the bridegroom, thus showing that she can perform her domestic duties well, with hand and foot at his service. He in turn, by shooting the arrow in front of her, has shown his ability to protect her and clear her path of any danger that may beset it.

Cost of False Noses.

People sometimes lose their noses by disease or by accidents, and some have lost them in war. For noseless persons the most appropriate organs are said to be made of wax, and the best ones cost about $175, though a really good one can be got for $75. A nose made of papier mache may be bought for $5. Noses made of this material are enameled and are deceptive, and for a poor man they are said to answer all the purposes that are required. Waxen and paper noses are, in case of disease, preferable to those made by the planting of flesh on the diseased part, for several cases have been known where the transplanting of the flesh of the nose has endangered men's lives.—London Tit-Bits.

Fight Until the End.

Life can be made a success. It is not a question of climbing above poverty; it is a question of understanding life. So many of us have been lured away and fascinated by what turn out to be phantoms and false gods! We have had to wheel back and begin over again and fight along against tremendous odds, and yet with all that life can be made a success, for success consists in doing right, in doing the best you can with what you have, of years of experience, of sorrows, of chances, of joys and of hope. Fight until the end.—Schoolmaster.

Brave and Brainy.

"The man I marry must be both brave and brainy."

"When we were out sailing and upset I saved you from a watery grave."

"That was brave, I admit, but it was not brainy."

"Yes, it was. I upset the boat on purpose."—La Vie Parisienne.

An Excess of Nerve.

"I like to see a young man energetic and able to push himself," said the old banker sadly. "But when he borrowed the money from me to buy an automobile in which to elope with my daughter it was carrying things a little too far."

Her Superstition.

"Are you superstitious?"

"Not in the least," answered Miss Giggins. "I used to be, but, do you know, I found that whenever I got to believing in signs I had bad luck."—Exchange.

Presumptive Evidence.

"But—how do you know he went to heaven?"

"Kaze the mule kicked him that way, an' he hain't never come down yit!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Pity of It.

These people who know all about the stock market and how it is going never tell you until it is gone.—Chicago Tribune.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, SEPT 4, 1903

A USEFUL BOOK

We have received from the Republican State Committee a pamphlet of 125 pages entitled "Laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts relating to Political Committees, Caucuses, Conventions, and the Nomination of Candidates including the Acts of 1903, with an Appendix," etc, which has been carefully compiled by Richard L Gay at 6 Beacon street, Boston, and which should be in the hands of every Town and City Committee and Election Officers, in the State. It is a useful publication, and contains just such political information as every voter ought to possess.

It seems clear to our comprehension that the Republicans of Massachusetts have a Central Committee this year who know how to do things and are not afraid to put in a lot of hard work for the good of the Party and Cause.

LABOR DAY.

Next Monday, Sept. 7, is a legal holiday in this State and perhaps in others. It was made such by Act of the Legislature in obedience to a demand of the Labor Unions, and is observed according to its intents and purposes in every town and city in the State. Its utility is a matter of doubt in some people's minds.

The Day is to be properly observed in this city. All places of business will be hermetically sealed up.

If the Day is fair and warm grove picnics will be chiefly in evidence They will constitute the principal feature of entertainments. Dancing parties are expected to hold forth in the evening, and trolley trips to beaches, ponds and parks are already planned for.

REPRESENTATIVE.

Who do the Republicans think of nominating for Representative from Woburn to be elected as Mr. Nowell's associate this fall? Major H. C. Hall would seem to be about the right kind of timber for another term in the House.

Then there are Lawyers H. S Riley and George F. Bean; and Mr. Geo. E. Fowle would not be a bad choice at all. Mr. Frank M. Pushee would make a popular candidate too.

At anyrate, it is high time to begin to look around for a good Republican to run with the Reading man, and we are waiting with as much patience as we can command for the sound of the first footfall in that direction.

A NEW EDITOR.

Our esteemed contemporary across the street, the *News*, changed Editors last Monday morning, on which date Mr. Frank E. Wetherell retired at the end of a long service, and Mr. E. W. Grimes of Somerville stepped into his shoes.

The new Editor has been engaged in newspaper work several years; is said to be a smart news gatherer and good writer, and an estimable gentleman in every respect.

Mr. Wetherell has occupied the Editorial chair and worked steadily at its desk about 14 years. What his plans for the future may be we are unable to say.

CAUCUSES.

All Republican caucuses in this State outside of Boston for the choice of delegates to conventions and the nomination in caucuses of candidates for the General Court must be held on Sept. 23.

Thus the time for active work is near at hand and it behooves all party leaders and managers to be up and doing. A little more than two weeks is a short period of time in which to get the machine oiled up and put into working trim, a fact worthy of serious consideration by aspirants for office and their friends.

☞ Of the officers of the Blackstone Savings Bank, 132 Hanover street and 44 Washington street, Boston, incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts in 1901, it is noticed that Arthur E Roberts, Esq., formerly Representative in the Legislature from this District and Chairman of the Committee on Banks, is Treasurer; and James W. Grimes, Esq., a Boston Lawyer, Mr. Roberts's predecessor in the Legislature, is Clerk. These gentlemen are well and favorably known in Woburn, and their official position in the Bank inspires the confidence of our people in its soundness and the safety of any deposits they may entrust to it. Both are wise business men and honest to the core.

☞ We are in receipt of a document from Henry H. Faxon, Esq, of Quincy, the ablest temperance champion of the State and prominent municipal government reformer, a bold and fearless fighter for right and justice, bearing on the debt, valuation and taxes of Quincy in which he "roasts" the Mayor and other officials of that city to all intents and purposes and rubs it in. Mr. Faxon's circular gives facts and figures which plainly show that there is a screw loose in the management of Quincy's affairs; and deep, honest probing in other cities would show an equally bad condition of things in their public business.

☞ While on the other side Mayor Feeney visited five days in Ireland during which he experienced for weather only rains and fogs. Although he has a warm place under his waistcoat for the "Old Sod," the home of his ancestors, its climate was more than he could bear with perfect equinimity. Mayor Feeney was in Court last Monday morning just as though he hadn't been to Europe lately for a good time

☞ The 28th biennial session of the American Pomological Society will be held in Horticultural Hall, Boston, on Sept. 10-12, for which an elaborate programme has been made out and published. The voices of many eminent men and fruit growers and pomological experts will be heard from the rostrum during the session. The Society was organized in 1848.

THE END.

Reliance won the yacht race yesterday, and the cup remains in America. Shamrock III did not finish. "A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew" tell the story!

☞ Pitman, the only, Pitman, the esteemed gentleman who has filled the office, with ability and credit, of Secretary of the Middlesex county Republican Committee continuously for the last 25 years, is Editor of the Medford *Mercury*, and right handsomely does he fill the position. Here's health and long life to the only Pitman!

☞ The Sons of Veterans have planned for a great time at Point of Pines on Labor Day. It is expected that the boys will gather there in great force and enjoy a heigho time.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

C. W. Clark—Notice.
Wyers Court—To Let.
J. G. Maguire—Citation.
E. H. Richards—To Let.
Maude H. Littlefield—Violin.

— Agnes M. Shaw is visiting at Truro.

— Letter carrier Young is off on a vacation.

— Mrs. William R. Greenleaf is at Bass Point.

— Mary E. Hayward is at home from Falmouth.

— Mr. William Redford is at Wellfleet for a week.

— Charles Currier, driver of Hose 1, is on his vacation.

— Tomorrow, Sept. 5, will witness the last of Dog Days.

— Note carefully the change in the Robbins Drug Co.'s ad.

— Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo L. Perham are at Hampton Beach.

— The alarm from box 58 last Sunday evening was false.

— Mr. Frederic A. Flint returned from Camden, Maine, last week.

— M. Bancroft, Sewing Machines and finding, 410 Main street.—6m

— The City Council held a special meeting last evening to draw jurors.

— Doctor and Mrs. J. Henry Hutchings are touring the State of Maine.

— Polo is to be one of the amusement attractions of Woburn this season.

— Charlie Buckley has returned to duty as driver of the Hook and Ladder

— Capt. J. C. Larock is visiting his parents and friends at St. Albans, Vt.

— Houses let and rents collected by E. Prior Real Estate agent, 349 Main street.

— Mrs. Thomas Heartz and daughters are at home from Long Beach, Cape Ann.

— Go to C. M. Strout & Co. and get an oil heater to use cool evenings and mornings.

— Manager McLaughlin of the Robbins Drug Co. is taking a vacation, and deserves it.

— Have C. M. Strout & Co. put your furnaces and stoves in order before the fall rush.

— A match for the championship will be played on the Elmwood Tennis Court Labor Day.

— The season of Band concerts on the Common is drawing to a close. It has been a successful one.

— Capt. and Mrs. W. C Parker have been passing some pleasant days at Kittery Point, Maine.

— The National Band Association are to give their annual dance and concert in Lyceum Hall on Sept. 18.

— An advertiser offers for rent a good residence in Wyer's Court, to which notice attention is directed.

— Mr. E. H. Richards advertises a good tenement to let at $11.00 per month. It is a nice location, too.

— The Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. church will give their annual Fair and Supper, Oct. 21 and 22.

— Mr. Willis J. Buckman, the grocer and family were taking life easy at Ocean Point, Maine, last week.

— Miss Helen Moore is finishing up her vacation at Portland, Maine, a delightful place for such a purpose.

— Miss Grace and Miss Helen Hathaway of Bennett street have returned from their vacation visit away.

— Judging from surface indications there appears to be a lull in the Green and Blue Stamp war. It is just as well.

— Capt. John P. Crane, "a gentleman of elegant leisure," has been a guest at famous Poland Springs, Me., lately.

— If the $5,000 asked for by Highway Commissioner Kelley is granted by the City Council work on the streets will be resumed.

— A child of Daniel Williamson of Wyer's Court was run over by a wagon on Main street last Wednesday and quite seriously hurt.

— Failing to elect officers at the date of the annual meeting last Tuesday the present Board of the Y. M. C. A. hold over until action is taken.

— Miss Theresa McCarthy, a State Normal School graduate, and one of Woburn's bright young women, is to teach in a Braintree school.

— The St. Charles parochial school will open on Sept. 8, day after Labor Day. A considerable increase in the number of pupils is expected.

— Lewis W. Claffey is again at the bookkeeper's desk in the coal office of J. R. Carter & Co., his old position. Louie knows coal from a to izzard.

— Last Sunday evening Rev. Geo. M. Gerrish, son of the late J. M. Gerrish of this city, preached a good sound sermon at the Orthodox church.

— There was a big drunken row and riot on the 10 20 L. & B. Lexington bound electric car last Saturday night. Such affairs are quite common on that trolley line.

— Rev. Fr. Keegan of St. Charles church is having a much needed addition built to the residence of the Sisters on Summer street. Several rooms and a bathroom are being added to the premises which have been too small and inconvenient for comfort.

STRAW MATTINGS
FOR SUMMER HOUSES

Our new importation includes all grades from China and Japan, many patterns of which are exclusive. Always cool, cleanly, and sanitary.

RUGS

Royal Wilton, Saxony Axminster, Seamless, and other Axminster and Brussels rugs, in sizes 9 x 12, 8.3 x 10.6, and 6 x 9.

Hundreds of small rugs—Smyrnas, Wiltons, Axminsters, Japanese, etc., etc., at exceptionally low prices.

RUGS

Heavy Brussels Art Squares, many of them in Oriental designs and all reversible, sizes 7.6 x 9, 9 x 9, 9 x 10.6, and 9 x 12; price about $1.00 per square yard.

JOHN H. PRAY & SONS COMPANY
Pray Building 658 Washington St. Opp. Boylston St.
BOSTON

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

NEW SUMMER GOODS!

Latest Styles in Pattern and Cloth,
— AT —
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

Remember when Buying Cigars that
Robbin's Perfectos, 7c. 4 for 25c.
are as good as any 10c Cigar. For a 5c. Smoke try
Grabow, 6c for 25c.

Apollo and Quality Chocolates in fancy boxes. One-half pounds 25 to 30c. One pounds 49, 55, 60 and 65c. All our chocolates are of the best and strictly fresh.

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
☞ The place to buy everything in the drug line.
GREEN SIGNS. GREEN STAMPS.

— The Woburn Brass Band will furnish music for the citizens of Winchester on Labor Day, and it will be good, for "Tom" Marrinan, the Leader, deals in no other kind.

— The National Band gave one of the best concerts of the season on the Common last Wednesday evening. It was greatly enjoyed by a large crowd of town and out of town people.

— It was a pleasing sight last Tuesday evening to see the Public Library lighted up and signs of life and activity within its massive walls. After a long close it is appreciated more than ever before.

— Prof. Daniel N. Hood, organist at First church, returned last week from a visit to his daughter at Liverpool, England. He enjoyed crossing the Atlantic and sojourn in the "tight little Isle."

— Mr. Joseph F. Winn, the coal merchant, and a party of friends visited Narragansett Pier the other day and enjoyed it to the fullest extent. The Pier is one of the most fashionable resorts on the Coast.

— Nothing short of saving people from freezing to death could have justified the destruction of the Horn Pond groves last winter. The finest pleasure grounds in the city were thus robbed of their chief attractions.

— Mr. and Mrs. Frank F. Putney arrived in this city from Putney, Georgia, their home, late last week and repaired to the residence of Mr. Fred Brown on Arlington Road whose wife is a sister of Mrs. Putney, where they are visiting.

— A fairly elaborate essay on "Hosiery" from the facile pen of Copeland & Bowser's advertising manager may be found in the business columns of today's JOURNAL. Patrons of that popular dry goods house will find it entertaining reading.

— Quite a good many members of W. H. S. Class '03 go to Burdetts Business College in Boston. The names of some of them are: Charles Meehan, Dennis Hogan, Philip Wall, Elbridge Taylor, John O'Brien, John Tobin, Harry Langill.

— The first glad song of the musical katydid heard this season was listened to with great pleasure last Tuesday evening. It was just about a week late, as is the season, but better late than never is a saying that applies with potency to this case.

— Mr. James W. McDonald, who has been for many years the leading piano tuner in this city, having a large clientage, also, a successful dealer in fistclass pianos, and wife are at home again from their vacation visit at Salisbury, N. H., which they highly enjoyed.

— Guy Marion, son of ex-Ald. Elijah P. Marion of 47 Lowell street, this city, will reenter Tufts College at the beginning of its next term for another year's study there, he having won a scholarship which entitles him to that privilege. He graduated from Tufts in the Class of '03.

— The opinion is expressed, not loudly, to be sure, that the day is not far distant in the future when the Boston & Maine Railroad Company will own, control and operate every street railway line in Massachusetts north of the Charles River and not a few in New Hampshire. The introduction of a bill in the last Legislature squinted strongly in that direction.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— A recent issue of the Boston *Herald* contained a fine descriptive article on Winning Farm, a summer resort in this city for Boston boys and girls. Girls occupy the Farm this week, and on Oct. 8 Mrs. McGarrey, the Matron, will close the house for the season and go back to her Boston residence.

— The Public Library was reopened and resumed business last Tuesday, Sept. 1, in accordance with a notice which appeared in the JOURNAL last week. Librarian Cutter, Miss Pollard, Miss Wood, Miss Preston, his Aids, and Mr. J. W. Francis, are all at their posts once more and busy as bees.

— Last Sabbath was a cold rainy day. It had all the earmarks of a "Line Gale," or even late October storms. A chilly N. E wind blew strong, rain fell almost continuously, everything looked bedraggled, cheerless, and generally out of sorts. Reluctant churchgoers had a good excuse for remaining at home.

— Mr. and Mrs. William A. Preston of Vernon street celebrated the thirty-eighth anniversary of their marriage on Thursday last. Only the immediate family were present owing to the illness of Miss Alice Preston. The gifts were many and varied. Mr. and Mrs. Preston are well known and highly regarded in Woburn.

— Mr. William W. Crosby of the Innitou Canoe Club is to be one of the judges at the Winchester Labor Day aquatic sports, and Edward J. Johnson is to be the Marshal. A great programme has been laid out for the day's exercises and festivities. The Woburn Brass Band are to give a concert.

— Mr. Prior Chute, of Cummings, Chute & Co., coal merchants, had a fine visit to Nova Scotia from whence he returned a few days ago. One piece of good news that he brought back with him was that the apple crop down there was never more abundant, or of finer quality, than this year. That means a heap of money for the Nova Scotians.

— According to the established order of things baseball should now give way and make room for football which is the reigning game for the fall months. As sideshows golf, tennis and croquet are allowable at this season of the year, but not considered as in it in sporting circles. Athletics have the call in these modern times, more especially in the schools.

— Mr. Arthur B. Wyman, Clerk of the Woburn Gaslight Company, is again at his desk in Dow Block after having enjoyed a pleasant and restful vacation outing at Nantucket or thereabouts. If he could only manage to tinker the meters and reduce the size of gas bills his return to duty would be hailed with far more general and heartfelt pleasure by gas consumers than it is.

— Mr. Thomas J. Begley and wife returned from Veazie, Maine, last Saturday after a pleasant visit there. About the first of October they will take a trip to York State, explore its eastern sections, tour through the delightful Berkshire Hills, and return by the way of central Massachusetts. Mr. Begley knows Northern New England like a psalmbook, especially its rural parts, and loves it.

— As suggested in last week's JOURNAL the business places in this city were closed last Wednesday afternoon for a windup. Hereafter Wednesday afternoons will have to take their chances with the other afternoons of the week and no longer have closing honors thrust upon them. Clerks and salesmen and other employees will doubtless deeply regret the end of the midweek rest from their labors.

— Mr. Otis M. Reed of Meriden, Conn., is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. William F. Estabrook at their residence 79 Winn street this city, it being his first visit to them. Mrs Estabrook is Mr. Reed's niece and he has not seen her husband since the day of their wedding, 28 years ago, when he escorted the bridal couple to the train to begin their wedding trip Mr. Reed is an elderly gentleman, hale and hearty.

— Capt. John E. Tidd and wife returned from their bridal tour last week and have settled down to real life. They were gone two months, in which period they traveled in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, making a considerable stay at Southwest Harbor, Mt. Desert, and other seaside and mountain resorts, including a climb to the top of Mt. Washington. The bridal trip was greatly enjoyed by Capt. and Mrs. Tidd.

— Mrs. Charles H. Taylor of 23 Pleasant street leaves her abode today for a visit at Pine Point, Scarboro, Maine, one of the most delightful summer resorts on the New England Coast. She is to be a guest at Lookaway Inn kept by Messrs. Ruggles & Turnbull, formerly respected citizens of Woburn, which is an exceedingly popular public house that entertains and serves royally hosts of visitors during the summer months. Our best wishes accompany Mrs. Taylor on her outing.

— About 8 o'clock last Tuesday morning Mrs. Nathaniel Simonds of Church avenue invited her neighbors to drop in and behold with admiration the largest and most beautiful Nightblooming Cereus that has put forth its unique and magnificent flowers in this city for many a day. It had bloomed out in full and perfect beauty the night before and although, as is its habit, as the sun climbed the eastern sky it had began to fold up its rich blossoms, the sight was a charming one and greatly delighted the spectators.

— A great game of ball is to be played on Soule's Field at 8 o'clock Labor Day. It will be likely to draw a big crowd of spectators. At the time and place mentioned the Jones Court team, the challengers, will meet and work hard to defeat the Columbia Reds, a crack Woburn Highlands team. The Jones Court battery will consist of Brett, p; Olson, c; Heckbird, f b; Daly, 2 b; Fay, 3 b; Noyes, c f; Atwood, l f; Larson, r f. If the Columbia Reds beat that combine they will have to do some tall and strong playing.

— Attention is asked for the professional card of Miss Maud H. Littlefield, the violin instructor of this city, who will begin her fall's work here about the first of October. With the exception of a couple of weeks when on vacation she has been teaching all through the summer months and enjoyed a good patronage. On Sept. 14 Miss Littlefield leaves here with a Boston troup to fill a fortnight's engagement at a musical festival in Pittsburg, Penn., from whence she is to return and resume her work of violin instruction, in which she has been highly successful.

— There was a larger number of criminal cases in the District Court for August than in any month since the Court was established. The total number was 144. There were 117 cases of drunkenness, of which 31 were residents of Woburn, 14 were of Winchester, and 14 hailed from Lowell. There were 9 who came from Lexington, 8 from Stoneham and 8 from Reading, while Boston furnished 7 and Billerica 6. The rest of the number included citizens of Wilmington, Arlington, Salem, Chelsea, Cambridge, Melrose, Lynn, Burlington, Medford, Wakefield, Lawrence, Tewksbury and Middleboro.

— The School Board are to hold a regular meeting on the evening of Sept. 8 to make preparations for opening the schools on Sept. 14. The new Superintendent has returned from his vacation and is ready for work. He is described as a gentleman amply qualified for the office to which our School Board elected him last July. Teachers too are returning to make ready for resuming their tasks and birch rods, and soon the whole teaching business will be in full and active operation just as though there had been no such thing as a vacation. On opening the fall term the proud old American Flag should float above the ridgepole of every schoolhouse in the city.

— After about 30 years of effective service the cement lined pipes of the Woburn water works are beginning to show signs of age and weakness. In his annual report last December Commissioner Preston advised that in the course of a year or so the city should make a beginning towards renewing the entire system of mains and pipes and continue until the work is completed. It will cost a large sum of money. The Wakefield *Banner* presents Woburn's case as an object lesson to teach towns and cities that own their water works what they may look for "in the sweet bye and bye." Commenting on the *Banner's* article the Winchester *Star* says that cement lined pipes are superior to iron ones.

— Mr. George H. Gilbert of Sunnyside, Winchester, had an article in last week's issue of the *Star* of that town entitled "Summer at the Seashore," written at Senator Cottage, Atlantic Hill, Nantasket, which was well worth reading. He has enjoyed the summer wonderfully well at that choice and popular resort, and will return to his country home all the better for the season's outing. Mr. Gilbert knows what the term "good living" means. He was "born with a silver spoon in his mouth," as the old saying has it, meaning that he was born to good fortune; he was reared at a full crib; has "been around"; and knows the exact difference between white and dark chicken meat just as soon as his eye lights on the platter. So, when he makes choice of a seaside or mountain resort for summer rest and recreation it is absolutely safe for a layman in the art of good living to choose the same place and follow Mr. Gilbert's lead.

"ON THE STREET"

By "the Street" is usually meant the financial centre of a great city.

The men who do business there are among the best-dressed men in the world.

What "the Street" says is as final in matters of attire as in matters of finance.

We attire a great many of these men and have done so for years.

We ask *you* to consider this fact when next you buy clothing.

Macullar Parker Company,
Clothing for Men and Boys.
400 Washington Street, BOSTON.

THE FALL VACATIONIST
should now secure at Whitcher's Agency
KODAK AND FILM
if the outing is to be rememberingly enjoyed.
☞ See Window Display next to P. O.

Wakefield-Reading Fair
SEPT. 15, 16, 17, 18.
ADMISSION, - - - 25 CENTS.
12—RACES—12
Grand Vaudeville. Big Midway. Balloon Assension.
Something doing every minute At the Wakefield-Reading Fair.

— It has been once or twice intimated in these columns during the current year that a revival of the delightful game of croquet might be reckoned on as among the probabilities of the near future and late events go to show that the prophesy was well grounded. A recent pedestrian tour of the city disclosed the existence of not a few residence lawns and frontyards furnished with croquet paraphernalia which in several cases were in active operation with an apparent interest and enthusiasm which forcibly called to mind the exciting scenes often witnessed on croquet grounds in the days when the game was the most popular of lawn or field sports in America. It would not be at all surprising if it should fully revive at an early day and become a successful rival of lawn tennis in a race for popular favor. Stranger things than that have happened, and it is a well known and everywhere acknowledged fact that history repeats itself about so often.

— To the poor Country Editor, who has been forced to remain in this little pentup Editorial den all through the blessed vacation season, and has heaved many a bitter sigh and dropped many a silent tear of regret over the departure for seaside and mountain of his more affluent friends and companions, the days of their return to home hearthstones are hailed with joy unspeakable. To again behold their radiant countenances; to note the oleagenous additions to their erstwhile attenuated frames: to mark, only to admire, the rich browns and lovely freckles produced by the delicate touch of gentle seabreezes and mountain airs; and to witness the elastic step, the poise, the port, and bouyant spirits, of our returned and highly esteemed friends, is a happiness and delight and a solace to the poor country Editor's heart which cannot be adequately described in words. And, bless them! they are nearly all at home once more.

— Mr. John J. Hern recently finished at the marble and granite yards at Woodbrook gate, Salem street, a handsome piece of monumental work for a cemetery in Longford, Ireland, which, so far as known, was the first instance of the kind on record in this section of the State, and a feather in Mr. Hern's cap. It was ordered by Mr. Dennis Meagher of Malden a former resident of Woburn and an employee in the leather factories here, and shipped by the American Express on the steamship Devonian of the Leyland line last Saturday, to be erected at the grave of the Meagher family in the Longford, Ireland, cemetery. The monument is a fine piece of work, for which Mr. Hern, a real artist in stone and marble, received due praise, and, besides, it is no small note for Woburn to supply such productions for the Old Country. It is of cottage pattern, 10 feet high, 3 feet base, weighs about 3 tons, and is of the finest granite. Mr. Hern has lately been doing other fine monumental work.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

Guests at Lookaway Inn.

The regester of Lookaway Inn, Scarboro, Maine, Ruggles & Turnbull, proprietors, contained the following names, with others, last week:

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Andrews, Nashua, N. H.
Frank A. Andrews and wife, Nashua, N. H.
Katherin Andrews, Nashua N. H.
Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Lee, Nashua, N. H.
Charles Howard, " "
Geo. H. Dane, " "
Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Dane, Nashua, N. H.
Elizabeth Lombard, Cambridge, Mass.
Gertrude Lombard, " "
Gertrude Goodall, " "
Agnes H. Lockhart, " "
H. F. Lockhart, " "
Helen Toohey, " "
Mary Toohey, " "
Margaret Ryan, Boston Mass.
Alice Ryan, " "
Eva Auruger, " "
Abbie Nottage, " "
E. H. Lounsbury, Woburn, Mass.
Nellie Harrington, Roxbury, Mass.
Mary Hazard, " "
Mrs. Chas. A. Boothe, Andover, Mass.
Avis Boothe, " "

Hill—Livingston.

The marriage of Miss LEILA LIVINGSTON, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Commodore Clarence Livingston to Mr. FRED ELLIOTT HILL was solemnized at eight o'clock, Wednesday evening, September the second, at the residence of the bride's parents, forty one Elm street, the Rev. Ebenezer Thompson of Trinity Episcopal church officiating, in the presence of a large gathering of friends and relatives.

To the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march, played by Miss Helen Rickey of New Orleans, the bridal party entered the parlors. The bridesmaid Miss Fannie Van Amringe of Wilmington, No. Carolina, with Mr. Blakely B. Nation of Peekskill, N. Y., the latter, a cousin of the bride led the way, followed by Miss Viola Livingston, maid of honor and sister of the bride, advancing alone, the bride a stately brunette with grace and dignity entered on the arm of her father who gave her into the keeping of the bridegroom, who was attended by his brother Mr. Charles Hill of Reading.

The bride's gown was a handsome creation of embroidered chiffon over white silk.

Her veil was arranged in the style of Mary Tudor, and was draped with lilies of the valley, the only jewel she wore was a sunburst of pearls, the gift of the bridegroom, she carried bride roses. The maid of honor and bridesmaid wore pink silk mull over pink taffata slips and carried bridesmaid roses tied with pink satin ribbons.

The reception followed the ceremony, the bride and bridegroom were assisted in receiving by Mrs. C. C. Livingston, mother of the bride and Mrs. Waldo Hill, mother of the bridegroom, Mrs. E. C. Nation of Peekskill and Mrs. Henry Benjamin, of Stratford, Conn.

A sumptuous repast was served in the diningroom. Crawford catered. The color scheme of pink and white being strictly adhered to as to decorations in the diningroom.

Many costly gifts were received from friends and relatives making an elaborate display of cut glass, silver, bric-a-brac and several checks were received by the fortunate young couple.

Mr. and Mrs. Hill left on a short bridal trip, way down in Maine, and will be at home in Reading after October first.

Mr. Hill is another of Woburn's High School graduates, a young man of splendid qualities, manager of the Sterling Brush Factory of Reading, and deserves the fair bride he has won.

Showers of good wishes follow the young couple to their new home.

About fifty were present, including relatives from New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and many others from Woburn, Reading, Wakefield and Boston.

Acceptance of Luce Caucus Act.

While Josiah Quincy drafted a direct nomination plank for the Democratic State convention last year, there are no particular signs that the Democrats, or the Republicans either, are going to make any attempt to influence public opinion on the acceptance of the Luce joint caucus idea.

Luce himself has been campaigning through the State, lecturing on his bill, but it is always hard to trace the effect of such speeches unless the machines come out and indorse the movement. The question on the acceptance of the joint caucus act will be decided at the State election this year in every district outside of Boston, where by legislative coercion it was made mandatory.—*Practical Politics.*

Reunion of the 32d.

The annual Summer reunion of the 32d Regt. U. S. I. was held today at Point of Pines, Revere.

Dinner was served at 12.30, after which a business meeting was held, Maj. L. B. Whiton, the President, in the chair.

The vote passed at the last meeting to hold but one reunion each year was rescinded and on motion of Maj. A. Bancroft it was voted to hold both a summer and winter reunion.

Patriotic speeches were made by Gen. Stephenson, Maj. Bancroft, Lieut. Hoyt, Sergt. Quinn, Corp. Andrews, and Private Dexter.

A very interesting letter was read by the Secretary from Miss Marion T. Hosmer of Woburn, a daughter of a Comrade of the Regiment.

The meeting closed by singing Auld Lang Syne, Aug. 27, 1903.—B.

Wilmington.

It is generally understood in this town and vicinity that Chester W. Clark, Esq., an old resident of Wilmington and a gentleman highly esteemed by all, will soon enter the political arena and wage a hot fight for Republican nomination for State Senator from this District. He fixed up his fences last fall in a manner that seems to warrant success, and it the result should bear out this belief by no people in the District will it be hailed with more general and sincere gratification than by his neighbors and friends in Wilmington.

— Hammond & Son are filling up their store with fall and winter goods in great shape. Verily, they are the "Leading Clothiers" of Woburn.

A Popular Mayor.

Hon. John P. Feeney holds a warm place in the hearts of the people of Woburn whom he so ably represents as Mayor. May the handsome silver loving cup presented to him last week on his return from abroad never lack the means to keep it to the point of overflowing.—*Winchester Star.*

Mayor Feeney has fully earned the high degree of popularity which he enjoys in this community by upright conduct in private and professional pursuits. He is the kind of a young man that people like and take stock in.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev. Norman E. Richardson, Acting Pastor. Subject: "Lessons from the Crucifixion." 12 M. Sunday School. 5.45 P. M. Mission Study Class. 6.30 P. M. Public Service. Subject: "One Man Called to Preserve the Race." Monday, 7 P. M., Probationers' Class. Wednesday, 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 318 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Substance." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by Rev. Cephas B. Crane, D. D. Subject: "Jesus was found alone." 12 M., Sunday School. At 5.45 P. M., Christian Endeavor Meeting. 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "On an Island of Fishermen." 7.45 P. M., Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—13th Sunday after Trinity. Morning Prayer at 10.30. Evening Prayer at 7. No Sunday School during July and August. Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Aug. 31, John Thornton, aged 56 years.

In this city, Aug. 31, Elizabeth J. Ruggles, aged 28 years, 2 months, 11 days.

In this city, Sept. 2, Patrick Burns, aged 57 years.

In Boston, at Mass. General Hospital, Sept. 2, Jenny W. Given, aged 44 years, 2 months, 28 days.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Board of Railroad Commissioners.

BOSTON, August 17, 1903.

On the Petition of the Lowell & Boston Street Railway Company for approval of a side track location on Winn street between Elijah and Sheridan streets, in the City of Woburn, as granted by the Board of Aldermen of said city in an order approved July 3, 1903, the Board will give a hearing to the parties in interest, at their office, No. 20 Beacon street, Boston, on TUESDAY, the eighth day of September next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

And the petitioner is required to give notice of said hearing by publication hereof twice prior to said date in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed in City of Woburn, and to serve a copy hereof on the Board of Aldermen of the City of Woburn, and make return of service at the time of hearing.

Per order of the Board.
WM. J. McCULLOUGH, Assistant Clerk.

Pork AND Lard Are Cheaper

Best Pure Lard,	10c per lb.
Pork,	10c " "
Peanut Butter,	15c " "
Queen Olives,	35c per qt.

We are headquarters for
Kennedy's Biscuits.
Call and see the great variety we keep.
DO YOU USE SALADA TEA?
☞ We sell it.
Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY. TELEPHONE 109-6.

Of the many brands of Toilet Soaps sold by us, none have ever given as great satisfaction as our own

Woburna Lotion Soap.

This is a pure, neutral soap, adapted to the most sensitive skin of infant or adult, making a good lather, and leaving that peculiar soothing sensation so much to be desired.

Price 15c. a Cake. 40c. a Box.

To introduce this more widely we offer a cake for 10c. and this advertisement.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.
361 Main St.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss. PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Thomas Wolfe, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by John G. Maguire, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-second day of September, A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this second day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFILD,
Violin Instruction,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

To Let.
A desirable tenement of 7 rooms in good repair on Academy Hill, 16 Wyer's Court. Inquire at 49 Church St., Woburn, Mass.

WARRANTED WILL NOT CROCK GORDON DYE STAINLESS

Under ordinary circumstances almost everybody wears

HOSIERY

Our story is simply to supply the demand for these necessary articles of dress.

School Hose for Children.

Fine Lisle and Cotton for Women.
Full size and good wearing qualities for Men.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Ice Cream. | Sherbets.

STRAWBERRY, VANILLA, COFFEE, CHOCOLATE, PEACH | STRAWBERRY, PINEAPPLE, ORANGE, LEMON

MADE TO ORDER.

FRUIT PUNCH, FRAPPE, ORANGE, STRAWBERRY, PINEAPPLE | SULTANA ROLL, FROZEN PUDDING, MACCAROON, COFFEE PARFAIT, BOM GLACE

Our Ice Cream is made from deep set Jersey Cream and Fresh Fruit Juices.

CRAWFORD'S,
412 Main St., Woburn.
TELEPHONE: 48-3.

CITY OF WOBURN.

City Collector's Taking

— OF —

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., August 25, 1903.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and all other persons are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1901, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that said parcels of real estate will be taken for the City of Woburn at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Tuesday, the twenty-second day of September, 1903,** at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes and street watering assessment, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be taken, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this taking.

WARD 1.

SARAH M. C. PHINNEY.—About 19,638 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Bennett street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Thayer; easterly by Boston & Lowell Railway Corporation; southerly by land of Nathaniel Simonds and land of Almira P. Richardson; westerly by said Bennett street.

Tax of 1901,	$157 25
Street Watering for 1901,	1 88

SARAH M. C. PHINNEY.—About 7,200 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Court street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Church avenue; easterly by land of Dow; southerly by land of Dow; westerly by Court street.

Tax of 1901,	94 35

ROBERT J. W. PHINNEY, ESTATE.—About 13,631 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 29 Warren Avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Choate; easterly by Warren avenue; southerly by a private way; westerly by other land now or late of said Choate.

Tax of 1901,	179 45
Street Watering for 1901,	2 62

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn

CITY OF WOBURN.

City Collector's Sale

— OF —

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., August 25, 1903.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1901, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of said land sufficient to satisfy said taxes with interest and all legal costs and charges or the whole of said land if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Tuesday, September 22nd, 1903,** at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

JOHN REARDON & SONS CORPORATION.—About 69¼ acres of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises on Salem street thence by Boston & Lowell Railroad north 17¼° west 885 feet; thence northerly 165 feet; thence north 6¾° east 241 feet; thence north 23° east 105 feet; thence north 6¼° east 162 feet; thence north 31° west 116 feet; thence north 18° west 164 feet; thence northwesterly 150 feet; thence northerly 1115 feet; thence northeasterly 30 feet; thence northwesterly by north 800 feet; thence northwesterly 85 feet; thence 43 feet; thence 203 feet; southwesterly thence by a curved line southerly 146 feet; thence northwesterly 1078 feet; thence southerly 647 feet; thence southeasterly 400 feet and bounded by land now or late of Edgell; thence southerly by land of Edgell 314 feet; thence northwesterly by land of Edgell and owners unknown 1028 feet; thence southeasterly 55 feet; thence southerly and southwesterly by owners unknown 310 feet; thence southerly 40 feet; thence southeasterly 1595.8 feet; thence southerly 1086,6 feet; thence northwesterly 42 feet; thence southerly 73.70 feet; thence on Salem street 250 feet; thence northerly 300 feet; thence southeasterly 125 fee; thence southerly about 285.5 feet to Salem street; thence southeasterly by Salem street 185.75 feet to point of beginning, being same premises described in deed dated June 27, 1898, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2668, Page 321.

Tax of 1901,	$263 63

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co.

On and after June 1, 1903, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Burlington and Billerica at 5.45 a. m.

Leave Woburn for Burlington, Billerica and Lowell, at 6 45 a. m., hourly till 11.45 a. m, half hourly till 9.45 p. m., 10 15 and 10 45 p. m. to Billerica only.

Leave Lowell at 5 45 a. m., hourly till 11 45 a. m. half hourly till 9 45 p. m.

Leave Billerica for Woburn or Lowell, at 6 30 a. m., and hourly till 12 30 a. m., half hourly till 10 30 p. m. Also 11 and 11 30 p. m. for Woburn.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6.55 a. m., hourly till 12 55 p. m., half hourly till 11 55 p. m.

Cars arrive at Woburn 7 15 a. m., hourly till 1.15 p. m., half hourly till 12.15 midnight, connecting at Woburn with B & M. trains for Boston at 7.12, 8 14, 9 06 a. m. and 4.11 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

First car leaves Woburn at 6 45 a. m., hourly till 9.45 a. m., half hourly till 10.45 p. m.

Leaves Billerica at 7.30 a. m., Lowell at 6.45 a. m.

For special cars or other information address C. W. E. HARRISON, Supt., Woburn, Mass.

Tel. 112-4.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Benjamin F. Waldron and Gertrude M. Waldron, his wife, in her own right, to the Woburn Cooperative Bank, dated April 10th, 1902, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2959, Page 261, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

MONDAY, the fourteenth day of September, A. D., 1903,

at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, containing about forty-eight thousand nine hundred and eighty eight (48,988) square feet and bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by Main street ninety-five and 5-10 feet; northerly by land of Lucretia H. True about four hundred five and 5-10 feet; westerly by land of the Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation one hundred forty-eight and 2-10 feet; southerly by land now or late of Dexter Carter three hundred ninety-three and 4-10 feet; being the same premises conveyed to me by John R. Carter by deed dated August 7th, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2391, Page 115.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles and municipal liens, if any, upon said premises.

A deposit of $200.00 will be required at the sale; the balance of the purchase money to be paid within ten days, upon passing papers, at office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

WOBURN CO-OPERATIVE BANK, Mortgagee,
By John C. Buck, Treasurer.
Woburn, Mass., August 20th, 1903.

By E. J. GREGORY, - - Auctioneer.
Established 1876.
Office: - 10 Tremont St., Boston.

PRIVATE AUCTION

BIDS BY MAIL

To the public will be open for all offers on or before Sept 12, at 4 P. M., the estate known as the late Henry McGown, situate No. 11 South street corner of Garfield Avenue, containing 9 rooms, bath, furnace, gas, fire-place, screened, fruit and shade trees, lawn. Newly painted and papered inside, also good stable, carriage and hen house, about 30,000 square feet of land, on two corners, it is assessed for $4500, mortgaged for $1525 which can remain or be taken up. The terms of the sale are viz: No bid to be accepted less than $3400. All cash above the mortgage. All bids to be made either in person or by mail. Bidding to close at the hour and date stated. Mrs. McGown will show the property up to the day of sale

NOTE. The estate is marked at a price that should command a quick sale.

Particulars see Gregory or telephone 4339-3 Main.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

SEPTEMBER 1st, A. D. 1903.

FOURTH DISTRICT COURT OF EASTERN MIDDLESEX

At a Court begun and holden at Woburn in said County, on the first day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three, Frank H. Sargent, plaintiff, Kimball M. McLaughlin, defendant, and Lawrence C. Swain, supposed trustee. This is an action of contract to recover the sum of three hunnred dollars, alleged to be due the plaintiff from the defendant, on the eighteenth day of June, A. D. 1903, as set forth by the plaintiff's writ of that date.

And it appearing to the Court by the suggestion of the plaintiff, and on inspection of the officer's return of the plaintiff's writ, that the defendant at time of the service of said writ had no last and usual place of abode tenant, agent or attorney in this Commonwealth known to the plaintiff or the said officer, and that no personal service of said writ has been made upon the defendant, it is ordered by the Court here, that the plaintiff give notice of the pendency of this action by causing an attested copy of this order to be published in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed in said Woburn, once a week, three weeks successively, and that this action be continued from term to term until notice shall be given to the defeddant, agreeably to this order.

ARTHUR E. GAGE, Clerk.

Chester W. Clark, Plaintiff's Attorney,
62 Equitable Building, Boston.

A true copy. Attest,
ARTHUR E. GAGE, Clerk.

To Let.

Tenement of six rooms at 37 Salem street, $11.00 per month.

E. H. RICHARDS,
25 Fairmount street.

TO LET.

No. 635 Main street, next to Mr. S. F. Trull's residence, near Mishawum Road, contains 10 rooms, bath, furnace, and 2 acres of land. Rent reasonable. Enquire of C. E. COOPER & CO., Mechanics Building.

SIDONIE and FRANCOIS. A scene in "The Prince of Pilsen" at the Tremont Theatre, Boston.

Literary Notices.

The September number of THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE shows the mark of its new publishers. They did not take the METROPOLITAN until way into June, and as it usually takes several months to get up each issue of a magazine, the great results expected were hardly looked for until later in the Fall. However, the September number is a very excellent one. The entire new dress is pleasing and much more readable. The number contains no less than ten short stories, and several illustrated articles, besides the continuation of Maurice Hewlett's (who wrote Forest Lovers) The Queen's Quair, and Howell's Letters Home. Sixty illustrations, besides the 16 full-page Portfolio of Portraits of stage people, make it a highly attractive number. The opening article is The Sporting Spa—Saratoga, by Stephen Bonsal. Another illustrated article is The Tribulations of a Stage Debutante, by Corinne Parker. Yet another is The Playhouses of the Aliens, by Broughton Brandenburg, and profusely illustrated by John Cecil Clay. The fiction includes Marjorie Daw Secundus, by Ralph Henry Barbour; Lost, by James Barnes; The Strawberry Preserves, by Gouverneur Morris; The Flavor of the Metropolis, by E. S. Martin; The White Elephant, by Henry M. Wiltse; Jerry, by Sewell Ford; Why I Cornered Gopher, by Alfred Henry Lewis; As Turns the Wheel, by Ethel Sigsbee Small; Perdita, by H. B. Marriott-Watson; No. 472: His Kid, by Elsie Reasoner, and Little Stories of the Turf, by W. A. Fraser. The cover design, and also the frontispiece in colors, are beautiful sketches by Henry Hutt. Harrison Fisher, the well-known New York illustrator, has created a new type of American girl. The first two of these superb young women appear in the September number of THE METROPOLITAN. If the September number is any indication of what THE METROPOLITAN will be when its publishers have "struck their gait," the reading public will see THE METROPOLITAN as the heading on the finest there is in the magazine line.

WINCHESTER.

There have been dropped from the voting list 127 names this year. Last year the number was 84.

Frank W. Bailey, P. M. W., is to lecture before the Winchester Lodge, A. O. U. W. on Friday evening, Sept. 4.

The Mystic Valley Trolley Club have gone out of business for the season, which has been a successful one.

There has been a marked increase of fresh water sailors on Mystic Lake of late. Police orders have driven them from Charles River.

Winchester canoeists won lots of prizes at the recent meet of the National Canoe Association at Sugar Island in the St. Lawrence River, Canada. They showed themselves to be smart ones with the paddle.

Her Old Sweetheart.

A young man and a young woman lean over the front gate. They are lovers. It is moonlight. He is loath to leave, as the parting is the last. He is about to go away. She is reluctant to let him depart. They swing on the gate. "I'll never forget you," he says, "and if death should claim me my last thought will be of you."

"I'll be true to you," she sobs. "I'll never see anybody else or love them as long as I live."

They part. Six years later he returns. His sweetheart of former years has married. They meet at a party. She has changed greatly. Between the dances the recognition takes place.

"Let me see," she muses, with her fan beating a tattoo on her pretty hand, "was it you or your brother who was my old sweetheart?"

"Really I don't know," he says. "Probably my father."

The Inducement Incomplete.

She (romantic)—When you first saw the wonderful Niagara falls, didn't you feel as though you would like to jump in?

He—No; I hadn't got my hotel bill then.—Toledo Blade.

Pessimistic.

At least half the work done in the world is of no particular use unless it may be for exercise.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A Poet's Mother.

Robert Buchanan had one deep enthusiasm, his mother. She was always young in her appearance, but he regarded her to the end of her life as abounding even in girlish charms. He could never realize that she was growing old. In looking at her, even when she was close upon eighty, he saw the soft blue eyes and golden hair which he had loved long ago.

"I cannot imagine my mother as old," he said again and again the day after she died. "I do not feel that she is dead, for I cannot imagine the world without her."

When, a youth of eighteen, he went up to London "to take the world by storm" he was a miserably homesick lad. He sat in a corner of the railway carriage, his heart aching, his eyes dim with tears.

"I realized," he says, "that I was for the first time quite friendless and alone. I thought of my dear mother praying for me at home, and I longed to turn back and ask her forgiveness for any pain I had caused her. Even now I never take a railway journey at night without recalling the dismal heartache of that midnight journey to London."

Almost daily during this early struggle did he receive a letter from her, always full of loving instruction for his guidance. His answers were overflowing with heart and hope. Mother and son were constant in this tender service. From first to last they were the best and most intimate of friends.

A Queer Marriage Ceremony.

Among the Kherrias of India the marriage ceremony is quite elaborate. After many preliminaries the priest begins this singular performance: Taking a small portion of the hair of the bride and groom in turn from the center of the forehead, he draws it down on to the bridge of the nose. Then, pouring oil on the top of the head, he watches it carefully as it trickles down the portion of hair. If the oil runs straight on to the tip of the nose their future will be fortunate, but if it spreads over the forehead or trickles off on either side of the nose bad luck is sure to follow. Their fortunes told, generally to their own satisfaction, the essential and irrevocable part of the ceremony takes place. Standing up side by side, but with faces strictly averted, the bride and bridegroom mark each other's forehead with "sindur" (vermilion). Great care is always taken that neither shall catch a glimpse of the other during this important process which finally makes the couple man and wife.

His One Law Book.

A New Mexico correspondent sends to Case and Comment the following letter written by a newly elected justice of the peace in that territory some twenty years ago, when conditions were somewhat more primitive than now:

"I wish you would send me a fee bill for justices and constables. I have but one law book in my office, and that is a last year's almanac and does not contain a fee bill.

"I had my first case yesterday, and the jury promptly found a verdict for the plaintiff, and I charged the defendant $20 costs. He kicked, and I reduced it to $15, which he paid. I then 'whacked up' with the constable, which I thought would be about right. If I don't hear from you before the next case comes on the costs will be $25. This thing has got to pay."

Nature Sculpture.

One of the most remarkable pieces of nature sculpture in California is the George Washington rock, about thirty-five miles northwest of Los Angeles, in the Santa Susana mountains, says the Sunset Magazine. A chiseled monument could hardly bear truer likeness to George Washington than this chance picture in the ragged contour of a huge bowlder. Viewed from one point, and only one, it stands out sharp and distinct against the sky. From all other points the rock is a shapeless mass. The image measures full twenty-five feet from chin to brow and is close to the top of the hill. In the vicinity have been found Indian relics—ovens, stones containing Indian writings, arrowheads, mortars—and many traces of a settlement of aborigines.

A Really Warm Place.

A colored preacher recently enlightened his congregation in regard to the conditions existing in the infernal regions in the following manner: "Brethren, I has been asked how hot is hades, an' I will say, after givin' de subject considerable reflection, dat if yo' took all de wood in York state an' all de coal in Pennsylvania an' all de oil in de worl' an' set all on fire an' den took a man out ob the bad place an' put him in dat burnin' mess he would freeze to def befo' he har'ly lit! Dat's how hot is hades."—Ralston (Mo.) Free Press.

MEXICAN INDIAN MAIDENS.

They Take the Initiative In Love Affairs and Do the Courting.

The custom of Mexico requires the Indian girl to do all the courting. She is just as bashful as the young swain whom she wishes to fascinate, but she has to take the initiative in love affairs. The young people meet only at the feasts, and after she has got mildly under the influence of the native beer that is liberally consumed by all she tries to attract his attention by dancing before him in a clumsy way up and down on the same spot. But so bashful is she that she persistently keeps her back turned toward him. She may also sit down near him and pull his blanket and sing to him in a gentle, low voice a simple love song, such as "Beautiful man to be sure." If occasion requires, the parents of the girl may say to the parents of the boy, "Our daughter wants to marry your son." Then they send the girl to the boy's home that the young people may become acquainted. For two or three days perhaps they do not speak to each other, but finally she playfully begins to throw pebbles at him. If he does not return them she understands that he does not care for her. If he throws them back at her she knows that she has won him. She lets her blanket drop and runs off into the woods, and he is not long in following her.—Carl Lumholtz in "Unknown Mexico."

Change of Air.

The quasi miraculous benefits which are associated with change of air in the popular belief are in reality derived when they accrue from change of environment, qua change of habits of life. In a great many instances the measure of benefit obtainable would be as effectually secured, and at much less expense, by mere change of habits, without the fatigue and inconvenience of change of domicile. The overwrought city clerk might advantageously take to driving a cab, while the cabman would find it a relief to discharge for a time the functions of caretaker of a deserted house. Many an overworked physician would experience a distinct improvement were he to qualify as chauffeur, with no other object in view than to cover space, and there are few domestic servants whose health would not be sensibly modified by a brief experience as milkmaid or gleaner should the season lend itself to that pursuit. The "literary gent," whose brain is sterile of new ideas, might recuperate his energies by usurping the role of a sick man and remaining in bed for a week or two.—Medical Review.

A Spider and a King.

On the ceiling of one of the rooms in Sans Souci, the world renowned palace of Frederick the Great in Prussia, is the painting of a huge spider with its web. The reason for this odd decoration is that one morning just as the king was about to drink his usual morning cup of chocolate in this room he turned aside for something, and when, a moment later, he took up the cup he noticed a small spider had fallen into it. Immediately upon giving an order for a fresh cup a pistol report was heard, and it was discovered that the cook had shot himself. The reason for this, it was later found out, was that he had poisoned the chocolate, and of course when a fresh cup was ordered he supposed his treachery had been discovered. It was in remembrance of this narrow escape that Frederick ordered a spider's web to be painted on the ceiling.

A Consoled Widow.

"Yes," said Coyote Jim, "we did make a mistake once, stranger, but we squared it up all right."

"How was that?" asked the tenderfoot.

"One day a feller come through town," explained the native, "riding two ways for sundown, an' somebody yelled he was a hoss thief. In course we rounded him up an' strung him afore we found he'd only stole a clotheshorse from his wife to trade for licker. But we held a meetin' right after, an' the widder got our washin' for the next year, so she never lost nothin' by it, an' she got her clotheshorse back too!"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Harry to Olive.

Tess—Harry Goodley is engaged to Olive Soberle. You've heard of it, of course?

Jess—No! The idea! I thought she was too much wrapped up in her temperance work to bother with matrimony.

Tess—It seems not. By the way, her engagement ring is quite appropriately inscribed, the very essence of temperance—"112 O."—Philadelphia Press.

A WEAK STOMACH.

It May Be Strengthened by Wearing a Wide Flannel Bandage.

All who suffer from poor digestion should wear a ten inch width of flannel bandage next the skin, pinned fairly tight round the body over the stomach. No liver or digestive pill or pepsin preparation helps the stomach a twentieth part as much as his flannel prescription. A poor circulation in the stomach, causing that chilly, "miserable" feeling, is at the root of half the indigestion that mortals are heir to. That is why hot water drinking gives relief. It helps the circulation. A flannel bandage worn day and night all the year round cures the faulty blood circulation of the stomach; consequently it cures dyspepsia. Five hours' interval between meals, avoiding fried foods, made dishes and mixtures and observing three or four "Lenten meals" in every week are golden rules for good digestion. A good dinner at night is necessary for those whose pleasure or work keeps them up very late, but for ordinary folk who dine at 7 and go to bed about 10:30 only a light, wholesome repast should be taken at the end of the day, when the muscles and nerves are more or less exhausted. A "tired stomach is a weak stomach" is a golden rule to remember, yet how often one hears people say:

"I've been rushing about all day and am tired to death. I must have a big meal to make up for it." You may put the big meal into the stomach, but you cannot make the stomach digest it.—Exchange.

Killed Him In Cold Blood.

It was after dinner in the little cafe beloved by literary Bohemia and the diners at the end table were swapping stories of their most startling experiences. Each had told a thriller, and all eyes turned to the long haired poet who wrote only martial lays.

"I had a terrible experience once," he said. "The memory of it haunts me now. I inflicted the most awful fate possible to imagine upon a fellow creature. It was in Germany. I didn't know the language very well, and I suppose I must have made some blunder in addressing a fiery looking chap at a hotel there. What it was I don't know, but at any rate he declared he had been insulted and demanded a duel on the spot.

"'One of us,' he cried in tones of fearful wrath, 'shall never leave this room alive!'

"I knew him to be an expert swordsman. But was I afraid? No! 'So let it be,' I said. And then I rushed out of the room, locked the door behind me and left him there to die!"—New York Press.

A Boarding House Superstition.

"Speaking of bad luck," said a landlady the other day, "did you ever hear that it was bad luck to go back to a house you had once lived in? Well, it is. I heard some one say that when I was a little girl, and some way it has always remained in my mind. If any person who has lived in my house goes away and talks of coming back I always try to dissuade him. One young fellow scoffed at the idea, yet the day after he came back to live with me he lost his position and did not get another until he moved away from my house. He would have stuck it out only I told him I would have to have my room. So he went away, and at once secured another and better position than the one he had when he first came to me."

The Best Bargain on Record.

Probably never in the history of the world was a better bargain made than the purchase of the island of Grenada, in the British West Indies. It was bought by the French from the Caribs by a solemn treaty in the middle of the seventeenth century, and the price paid was two bottles of rum. Esau's mess of pottage was a good stroke of business by comparison. The Caribs soon regretted having sold their birthright and vainly tried to get the island back by force. It is now one of England's most prosperous colonies in the West Indies, with a population of over 50,000 and a big trade.

Why He Quit.

Hal—What, you've stopped calling on the girl with the plaid waist!

Tom—Yes; it's all over there.

Hal—Why? Father object?

Tom—Bless you, no! And I had nerve enough to dodge all her hints about popping the question also, but the last time I called she had the sign "Do It Now" stuck on the center table. That floored me, and I've quit.—New York Times.

The Real Thing.

"This," said the young Benedict, who was just realizing that he had caught a Tartar, "is what I call real married life."

"I'm glad you're satisfied with something," she snapped.

"Oh, I'm not. I merely meant to inform you that it is not ideal."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Why She Liked Him.

"Why do you like Harry?" asked one fair maid of another. "He kisses you most awkwardly, I've noticed."

"That's just why I like him," was the quick retort. "If he went about it in a graceful manner I would know he had been practicing before he met me."

A General Thought.

"I tell you, I'll be master of my house when I'm a man!" said little Bennie.

"That's what your father thought when he was your age, Bennie," replied the boy's mother.

Self reliance is good capital in any business, and the young man who has this to start with, together with unlimited energy, is bound to succeed.—Maxwell's Talisman.

Difference of Opinion.

"What is genius?" asked the man who has a liking for abstruse questions.

"There is a difference of opinion on that question," answered Mr. Sirius Barker. "Some people think that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains, others that it is the ability to get on without doing any work worth mentioning."—Washington Star.

Matured.

"So you met the usual fate," said the man who sneers. "You went into Wall street intending to be a bull or a bear and find yourself merely a lamb."

"No," was the answer. "I'm not a lamb. I've been on the losing side persistently for years. I'm a sheep."—Exchange.

His Surprise.

Mrs. T.—What are you making those grimaces in the glass for, my dear?

Mr. T.—I'm trying to practice a look of astonishment. Some of my friends are going to make me a present tonight, and I am supposed to know nothing about it.

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AT 114 ELM STREET

By HARRIET G. CANFIELD

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The young man coming up the walk paused to look at the address in his notebook. Yes, this was it—"114 Elm street," the directory had said. The hall door stood wide open. Some one within was sweeping vigorously and singing as she swept. He caught the words (and the dust) as he came up the steps.

"My countree, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of libertee."

He heard no more of the familiar words, for the little girl—she was ten or eleven, he thought—dropped the broom when she saw him crossing the piazza. He thought that she was coming to the door; but, to his surprise, she promptly sat down on the floor. He raised his hat, but before he could speak she called hospitably: "Won't you come right in? I'd be more polite, but I can't get up."

"Let me help you," he said as he came into the hall. She did not take the hand he stretched out to her, but she smiled at him and displayed a dimple so like Marjorie Crandal's that he knew this must be her little sister.

"I don't want to get up—not just now," she said frankly. Then, at his look of astonishment, she added: "Marjorie will be here soon; she'll show you the rooms. You want to rent one, don't you?"

The young man looked at her and made plans rapidly. "Yes," he said without any perceptible hesitation. "I do. My name is Sterling—Roger Sterling. Your sister may remember me. I met her when she was visiting near my home last summer." The little girl on the floor looked up at him. "My name is Bess," she said simply. "Marjorie may remember, but I never heard her speak of you. You sit down and wait till she comes."

Roger Sterling dropped into the chair nearest him, but Bess cried in alarm: "Mercy! Not that chair! Take the one by the window; it has all of its legs!" Then she said naively, "I s'pose you think it's funny, now, don't you?"

Roger smiled. "Funny?" he echoed.

"Yes; me on the floor and that three legged chair and—everything. Well, I'll tell you something if you'll cross your heart you'll never breathe a word."

"I promise," he said solemnly.

She breathed a sigh of relief, then leaned forward and said almost in a whisper: "I am sitting here to hide a hole. This carpet and all the bedroom carpets are full of holes. We've just got to do something now papa's dead (here the lips quivered pathetically), so we're going to rent rooms."

Such confidence was a trifling embarrassing to her listener, but he was spared a reply, for the childish voice went on: "I wouldn't tell you if I thought you'd mind the holes, but you don't look as if you'd mind much. Oh, they're covered! There's a rug we lay over this one, but I took it up, 'cause I was sweeping. It's Saturday, you know, and there's no school. Marjorie says it's no disgrace to be poor, and it isn't, but it's dreadfully uncomfortable."

Roger nodded sympathetically and tried to change the subject. "I am glad you have a room to spare," he said. "I am fortunate in finding one so soon."

"Oh, we have three to spare. You're the first one that's answered our advertisement. I hope you'll want to take your dinners and suppers here too. We can make more that way. Mrs. Mulligan (that's Kate) is a fine cook. Why, she's been cooking ever since she was sixteen. And she gets up good meals out of almost nothing. But we can't afford to keep her now unless we can make some money renting rooms. Marjorie embroiders linen pieces, but she can't make enough to keep us, you see." She looked at Roger thoughtfully for a minute. "I wish," she said, "that you'd turn your back while I get the rug that covers this hole."

He walked to the door and looked out. A slender young woman was coming up the walk. He recognized Marjorie Crandal's fair face and sunny hair. There was a wistful look in the blue eyes now and a tired droop to the mouth that last summer had seemed made for smiles. When she reached the steps he came out on the piazza, and she looked up quickly.

"Why, Mr. Sterling!" she said, with a tremulous little smile. "What a surprise! How do you happen to be 'way out west?"

He took the hand she held out to him and kept it while he explained.

"I came here to stay, Miss Crandal. Father has asked me to take charge of the western branch of our business. My headquarters are in your city. I happened to remember that you lived here"—

Happened! Oh, Roger Sterling!

"And this morning I looked you up in the directory."

Miss Crandal led the way to the sitting room. Bess was coming out of it, broom in hand.

"So you did remember him, Marjorie?" she said, nodding at Roger. "He came to look at the rooms. I told him you'd show them to him."

Marjorie looked at her caller in surprise.

"Yes," he said; "I hope you will take pity on me, a stranger from way down east, and let me come here to live."

"Mercy!" Bess exclaimed. "You don't need to beg us. We're only too glad to get you." Marjorie flushed a rosy red. "Oh, Bess," she said reproachfully.

"Well, it's so," cried that candid maiden, "and I wish you'd show him the rooms. The front room carpet has fewer"— She paused guiltily, and Marjorie asked hurriedly, "Will you come upstairs, Mr. Sterling?"

Bess ran out to the kitchen to tell their good luck to Kate. "I guess you'll stay with us now," she said, "for it's easy to get roomers if you have one to start with. I hope he'll like it here, but Marjorie wasn't as—as—cordial as she might be. I'm going upstairs now and I'll be real friendly to make up for the way she acts."

She found them in the little back room. "I believe," Mr. Sterling was saying, "that I will take the three rooms if you have no objections, Miss Crandal."

Bess jumped up and down. "Goody! Goody!" she cried. "Katie didn't find a horseshoe for nothing this morning!"

Roger laughed heartily. "I shall think the horseshoe brought me the good luck if your sister says I may move in."

"You may have the rooms if you like them," Marjorie said.

"They are very pleasant," he hastened to assure her, and Bess beamed at him. On the way downstairs she lingered behind Marjorie that she might say a last word to him.

"The meals, you know," she whispered—"don't you want to have them here?" And Marjorie never suspected that it was Bess who had suggested the breakfasts and teas for which their roomer had bargained that day.

After he had gone Marjorie turned to her little sister. "Bess," she cried, "what did you tell him before I came home?"

"Oh, I can't remember all I said. Why?"

"You didn't tell him, did you, that I had his picture?"

"No. Have you? I wish I'd known that!"

"I'm so thankful you didn't. It was in with some views Aunt Anna gave me when I was visiting there. I didn't know it until I reached home."

"Why didn't you send it back to auntie when you found it?" practical Bess asked, but Marjorie did not seem to hear. "She's afraid he'll think she stole it," the little girl said to herself, "but he wouldn't. I'll tell him just how it was some day."

On Monday Mr. Sterling came, and on Tuesday Bess explained the affair of the picture.

"He wasn't mad at all," she told Kate. "I think he's a very forgiving man."

* * * * * * * *

The days went swiftly by, and when October came, to drape the old house in scarlet woodbine, something happened—something that astonished Bess.

"I never was so surprised in all my life!" she said to Katie. "I was coming down the front stairs a few minutes ago, and there stood Mr. Sterling in the hall with his arm around Marjorie. I said 'Oh!' right out loud—I couldn't help it—and they looked up. Marjorie got real red, but Mr. Sterling just laughed and said, 'Come down here, Bess; you've been a great help to me and I want to thank you.' Now, what in the world did he mean, Katie? I went down and he kissed me, and Marjorie kissed me, and I never was so surprised in all my life! What are you laughing at, Katie?"

Politeness Pays.

Bilkins cultivated push before politeness. "Politeness is nice enough, but it takes too much time and doesn't pay," he used to declare. But he doesn't talk that way now.

In a Broadway crowd the other day Bilkins was forced chest to chest against a well dressed man. "Scuse me," muttered Bilkins ungraciously, trying to wriggle past.

"My dear sir," said the other man, raising his hat with his left hand, "you need not make any excuses. The fault is not yours, and, besides, you have done me no injury. Even if you had I would know it was the accidental result of the crush, and I would hold you entirely blameless. I hope I have not inconvenienced you. Good afternoon, sir."

Then the man put on his hat, and Bilkins and he squeezed by each other. Bilkins was dazed. "Whew!" he said to himself. "What a string of words, and just to be polite! But I'm late for that appointment, I'll bet! What's the hour?"

Bilkins felt for his watch. It and the chain were missing. The other man was out of sight. Politeness had paid him.—New York Press.

Insulted at Last.

"Did you see that notice of your marriage in the papah, Weginald?"

"Naw, old chappie. What did it say?"

"Said you acted dishonowably in winning away with the girl."

"Naw! Well, these—aw—newspapahs don't know anything anyway."

"It said the girl was too good for you."

"Aw—I don't mind."

"It said you was a dude and didn't have any brains, y' knaw."

"Aw—did it? Well, I don't mind."

"It said you didn't know anything outside of dwess."

"I don't care, old chapple."

"And it said your collah was out of style now."

"Naw, old fellah; you—aw—don't mean that?"

"That's what it said."

"By Gawge, it's insulting. W-hat papah was it, Oscah? I'll—I'll—I'll sue it fah libel. I won't—aw—stand it!"—Chicago Post.

A Painful Thought.

Two small boys returned from school and complained to their father that the schoolmaster had pulled their hair. "Ah," said the wise parent, "I'll soon put that to rights." And thereupon he cropped the heads of the boys until there was hardly enough to lay hold of. The next day the schoolmaster pulled the ears of the boys. As they were nearing home Tom said to Harry, "I'll tell father what the schoolmaster's done." "Don't," said Harry. "Mebbe he'll cut our ears off."

Courting Under Difficulties.

Engaged lovers in the Canary islands find it difficult to exchange sweet confidences, as the young man is not allowed to visit his fiancee in her home. He goes to her house and, finding her at the window, must talk to her from the street. Sometimes her window is perhaps ten or twelve feet above the road. Therefore he must talk loudly, and very often members of the girl's family are unseen listeners.

How He Got Out.

"No," said Woodby, "I don't see Wiseman at all any more. He has dropped out of our social set."

"He tells a different story," remarked Sinnickson.

"Indeed!"

"Yes; he claims he has climbed out."—Catholic Standard.

Her Coarse Laugh.

George—You do not call on Miss Rosebud now?

Jack—No; I got disgusted. She has such a coarse laugh.

George—I never noticed that.

Jack—You would if you'd been within hearing when I proposed to her.

The Cat Didn't Show It.

"Yes," Mrs. Stayathome told Mrs. Gotback, "your husband took awful good care of the cat while you were away, and he had lots of help too. Almost every night I heard them calling, 'Fatten up the kitty.'"

A Sobriety Test.

Orderly Officer—Why don't you confine that man, corporal? Can't you see he's drunk?

"No, sir; 'e ain't drunk. Why, I seed 's 'and move."—Sporting Times.

Queer Faces.

"Oh, my friends," exclaimed the orator, "it makes me sad when I think of the days that are gone, when I look around and miss the old familiar faces I used to shake hands with."

He Needed Something.

"You need a rest."

"But I haven't done any work for years, doctor."

"Then you need a change."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

KNOCKOUT BLOWS.

There Are Many Vulnerable Points In Man's Anatomy.

An impression prevails that there is only one blow—that on the point of the jaw—which really constitutes the knockout blow, says a writer in the British Medical Journal. This is an error. The temple is a very vulnerable part of the head, the lesion usually produced being laceration of the brain substance, with hemorrhage. A blow on the ear may cause rupture in the membrana tympani and collapse. Dangerous points are over the carotid and on the larynx, the danger lying in the concussion conveyed through the large nerve trunks which run down the neck. A blow on the larynx with the bare fist may cause instant death, as may one on the chest well over the heart. Diaphragmatic blows are not so dangerous to life, the shock being temporary. Brisk rubbing and the use of stimulants is the most satisfactory mode of treatment. Blows over the kidneys may cause rupture and hemorrhage, with intense pain and shock. The most dangerous and infinitely painful form of knockout blow is that on the "mark," an area of the abdominal wall corresponding to the center of a triangle formed by the xiphosternal articulation above and a line joining the bony ends of the seventh ribs below. Behind this lies the pyloric end of the stomach. A blow here constitutes the "solar plexus" blow, but in reality it is the stomach which receives and transmits the shock.

Aristocracy of Wealth Not Probable.

Whatever the tendencies of wealthy Americans of the present day, it is extremely improbable that an aristocracy of wealth should ever come into being.

It has been seen that an aristocracy depends chiefly upon two conditions—the continued possession and exercise of power and the consequent unity of aims and ideals.

The aristocratic body in England, for instance, is self conscious; its members are united by mutual understanding. They acknowledge certain well recognized laws of life and manners. They depend upon each other to uphold these laws. Individually, wealthy Americans may be both self conscious and self assertive, but collectively they are antagonistic to one another. The accumulation of wealth implies struggle, and struggle does not bring forth the kind of qualities which make of the gentle and stately men and women of Vandyke's canvases one great family.—Anna McClure Sholl in Gunton's Magazine.

All Timekeepers Are Inaccurate.

The capacity of a watch for keeping good time is very much governed by its construction and its more or less perfect finish. It cannot be expected of the best horizontal watch that it should always keep good time and even less so of the inferior make of machine made watches. The changes of oil, the variation in temperature, the diversity of humidity of atmosphere, all greatly affect the going of a watch. Indeed, it is only the most perfect finish which neutralizes the adverse influences to the greatest degree. As a matter of fact, no watch keeps perfectly correct time, and even the best chronometers used in observatories and on board ships must be regulated according to tables which are kept to fix the variations to which all watches are liable.

A Bad Habit.

"Sixty-eight," murmured a young librarian as a woman waiting for a book leaned forward and touched her cheeks and lips to the top of the brass guard about the desk.

"Beg pardon," said the woman. "Did you speak to me?"

"Oh, no; I'm just counting the persons whose lips have touched that rail this afternoon. You are the sixty-eighth."

The woman started back in disgust and hastily wiped her lips on her handkerchief.

"I was unconscious of what I was doing," she exclaimed.

"I suppose they all are," was the laconic reply.—Youth's Companion.

English Estimate of Emerson.

A single short work of Emerson's, the essay on "Compensation," is enough to convince one that this was a man of true genius. We have never read anything in Thoreau approaching that and other works of Emerson in originality or beauty. But Emerson is the best of the American writers. Was it Henry James who called him "the unfallen man?" One cannot imagine an intellect which failed to admire "Compensation" or which was convinced by its transcendentalism.—London Saturday Review.

Basely Deceived.

"Did you believe him when he said he loved you?"

"No, I didn't."

"Did you believe him when he told of his great wealth?"

"No."

"Then there's no harm done."

"Yes, there is. I was goose enough to believe that the ring he gave me was a real diamond."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Noise and Work.

"You can't jedge a man by de 'mount of noise he makes," said Uncle Eben. "De locomotive engeneer is doin' his easies' work when he's ringin' de bell an' blowin' de whistle."—Washington Star.

Tommy's Congratulations.

Reggie—Tommy, do you know I'm going to marry your sister?

Tommy—Then I think I'll go and congratulate mother.

Put On.

"She has such a natural charm about her!"

"Yes, but it is artificial."—Judge.

Riches.

That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy beings; that man is the richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others.—John Ruskin.

Selfishness.

Selfishness in some form is at the foundation of most of our unhappiness and misery. If we could analyze all the suffering in the world and trace it back to its first cause we should probably find that selfishness was the greatest factor in creating it.

She Paid For Virtue.

"My dear," said a lady to a friend who was complaining of a servant, "you can't expect all the virtues for $12."

"But I pay $15," was the practical response.

Diplomats get more profit by listening than by talking even when they talk well.—Hanotaux.

He Built One of the Pyramids.

The British museum, the great European storehouse of things out of the ordinary, has hundreds of Egyptian mummies of all dynasties carefully stowed away within its walls. Some of these are comparatively recent efforts at embalming, and others date back to the "wide revolving shades of centuries past." The oldest of the entire collection is the mummy of Mykerinos. He was a king in Egypt in what is known to history as the "fourth dynasty" and wore his golden tiara and sat on the throne of thrones 4,000 years before the wise men followed the star of fate till it stopped over that lowly hovel in Bethlehem where the infant Jesus lay.

Mykerinos was the builder of the third pyramid at Gizeh, where his headless mummy was discovered in the year 1836. The stone coffin in which he was being transported to England was lost at sea and lay at the bottom of the ocean for two years before being recovered. It is seldom that a man's bones are subjected to vicissitudes, especially 5,000 or 6,000 years after his death.

The Ibos on the Niger.

Ivory anklets, often very heavy, are only worn by the Ibo women of wealth and importance, but the metal anklets worn by others may be many pounds in weight, and some of them wear huge brass plates, perhaps a foot in diameter, which, once fixed to the ankles, are never removed. The men wear a single strip of cotton cloth, but those who come much in contact with the Europeans are now learning to wear trousers. Their weapons are flintlocks, bows and spears, the latter both for hurling and thrusting.

The huts are built of mud and matting and are quadrangular in shape. The center is an open courtyard, at one end of which is the apartment of the head of the house, while the wives and family are accommodated in other rooms on the right and left of the courtyard. There is no furniture or ornament and but a few household utensils and weapons.—All the Year Round.

The Decimal Point.

In both France and Germany one-fourth (¼) reduced to a decimal is written as ,25; in England it is written ·25 (always with the period at the top of the line) and in the United States in this way, .25. France and Germany always use the comma, England and the United States the period, the only difference being the manner in which it is placed upon the line. Sir Isaac Newton is given the credit of originating the present English method of using the decimal point, his reasons being that by placing it at the top of the line it could be distinguished at a glance from the "full stop" punctuation mark. All English mathematicians use the mark in the way proposed by Newton and the period as a sign of multiplication.

The Glove Is as Old as History.

It might be readily supposed that the glove was an article of modern luxury. On the contrary, these hand coverings date back almost as far as history itself. Homer mentions them in his writings, and Xenophon also, stating that the great Cyrus once forgot his gloves on an important occasion. From the earliest times the manufacture of gloves has been an important trade in France, and in 790 Charlemagne granted an unlimited right to the abbot and monks of Sithin to make gloves from the skins of deer they killed. The word glove being of Anglo-Saxon origin, it is conjectured by some that the Saxons introduced the trade of glove making into England.

Leisure at Meals.

Take at least one meal a day leisurely; take all three leisurely if you can; take one meal a day leisurely at any cost. The other two meals eat lightly. Let the hearty meal be the leisure meal. The best time for this for most men is after the day's work is over. Do not hurry in getting to the table. Take time in getting ready for it. Having come to the meal in an unhurried state of mind, you will enjoy it better because it will taste and digest better.—Cooking Club.

A Familiar Subject.

Wife (after returning from church)—You should have been in church this morning. We had a beautiful sermon.

Husband—I'll bet you can't repeat the text.

Wife—Yes, I can. It was the tenth verse of the sixteenth chapter of Ezekiel, "I girded thee about with fine linen, and I covered thee with silk."

Husband—Huh! It is no wonder you remember it.

French Decorations.

The popular impression is that the Legion of Honor is the only French decoration, but that is not at all the case. France possesses orders quite as ancient as those of most countries, though the oldest of them, St. Esprit, St. Michel, St. Louis and St. Hubert, dating from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, are no longer conferred. Since the Legion of Honor, which was founded in 1802 by the first consul and modified by statute in 1816 and 1852, there have been established no fewer than seven decorations. The Legion is the only honor that can be bestowed on foreigners.

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A STORY OF WHISTLER.

The Picture That Was His Even Though It Had Been Sold.

A certain Lady So-and-so, who admired Whistler's genius to the extent of purchasing one of his pictures, never was able to obtain possession of her property. One day she drove to the studio in her victoria. Mr. Whistler went out to the sidewalk to greet her.

"Mr. Whistler," she said, "two years ago I bought one of your pictures, a beautiful thing, and I have never been able to hang it on my walls. It has been loaned to one exhibition or another. Now today I have my carriage with me, and I would like to take it home with me. I am told it is in your possession."

"Dear lady," returned Whistler, "you ask the impossible. I will send it to you when I have it again, but it is not here. You have been misinformed." And so forth, and so forth, to the same effect, and the lady drove off without her picture.

After she had departed Whistler commenced to poke around the studio, and, to the great astonishment of a friend who had been an involuntary listener to the above conversation, he brought forth a canvas.

"Here it is," he said. "She was right about one thing—it is beautiful." And it was beautiful.

"But the impudence of these people," he continued, "who think that because they pay a few paltry hundred pounds they own my pictures. Why, it merely secures them the privilege of having them in their houses now and then! The pictures are mine!"—Harper's Weekly.

Weird Music of Moro.

Moro music is strangely unrhythmical to European ears, says a writer in Everybody's Magazine. It consists mainly of a monotonous reiteration of sound, even a supposed change of air being almost imperceptible to an ear unaccustomed to the barbarous lack of tone. The Moro piano is a wooden frame shaped like the runners of a child's sled, on which small kettledrums are balanced by means of cords and sticks laid horizontally. These rather resemble pots for the kitchen range than musical instruments, but each is roughly tuned, forming the eight notes of the scale. Women crouching on the ground before this instrument beat out a wailing sound from it with shaped sticks, while from larger kettledrums, hung by ropes from a wooden railing at one side, two men accompanied the piano, and one old woman in the background drummed out an independent air of her own on an empty tin pan.

Didn't Know That Trick.

"That's a werry knowing animal of yours," said a young cockney to the keeper of an elephant.

"Very," was the cool rejoinder.

"He performs strange tricks and hanties, does he?" inquired the cockney, eying the animal critically.

"Surprisin'!" retorted the keeper. "We've learned him to put money in that box you see up there. Try him with half a crown."

The cockney handed the elephant half a crown, and, sure enough, he took it in his trunk and placed it in a box high up out of reach.

"Well, that is very hextraordinary—hastonishing, truly!" said the green one, opening his eyes. "Now, let's see him take it out and hand it back."

"We never learned him that trick," retorted the keeper, walking away.—Glasgow Times.

Curious Irish Marriage Custom.

A curious old marriage custom, called locally "the settling," still survives in County Donegal, Ireland, and in the Scotch districts of Kintyre and Cowal. After the marriage has been publicly announced the friends of the couple meet at the house of the bride's parents to fix a suitable date for the marriage. A bottle of whisky is opened, and as each guest drinks to their happiness he names a date. When each guest has named a date an average is struck and "settling" is complete. Neither the bride nor bridegroom ever thinks of protesting against the date so curiously chosen.

Frankfort Death Houses.

In Frankfort the body of the dead is removed as soon as life is extinct to "leichen hausen" or death houses, where it rests until the first signs of decomposition appear. Such a death house consists of a warder's room, with five death chambers on each hand. A ring on the finger of each body is connected with a bell, and should one rouse from a trance that had been mistaken for death he could summon the warder. Since Frankfort has had death houses several young girls have been rescued from being buried alive. Munich has a similar system.

The Day Did Come.

His chest heaved convulsively, and the veins stood out upon his forehead. In his anger he advanced toward the other with outstretched fist. But by a strenuous effort he controlled himself.

"No matter!" he muttered savagely. "The day will come!"

Sure enough, at dawn the next morning faint streaks of gray penciled the east. Later, at its accustomed hour, the sun arose.

Thus was the prophecy fulfilled.

Under Water.

Ordinarily a diver is able to remain under water from one to two and a half minutes. James Finny, a professional diver, in London, stayed under water 4m. 29s. Professor Enochs stayed under water at Lowell, Mass., for 4m. 46s. Professor Beaumont of Australia made a record of 4m. 35s.

God never imposes a duty without giving the time to do it.—Ruskin.

"Live Bait" For Alligators.

The negroes of Jamaica, in the British West Indies, use "live bait" to catch alligators. They tie a puppy to a tree near the alligator's haunt and await developments with a gun. The puppy's yelp is exactly like the bark of the baby alligator. Naturally Mrs. Alligator comes out of her mudhole in the lagoon, thinking somebody is troubling her offspring. Then the negro gets to work with his gun, and Mrs. Alligator falls a victim to her maternal affection.

A Servian Idiom.

"Greenlee says that when he was abroad he courted a Servian girl."

"Custom any different from ours?"

"I guess not. Greenlee says when he called on her they usually sat vis-a-vis."

"I don't believe a word that Greenlee says."

"Why not?"

"There's no such expression as vis-a-vis in the Servian language. It's vitch-a-vitch!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Earliest Punctuation.

Punctuation by means of stops or points, so as to indicate the meaning of sentences and assist the reader to a proper enunciation, is ascribed originally to Aristophanes, an Alexandrian grammarian, who lived in the third century B. C. Whatever his system may have been, it was subsequently neglected and forgotten, but was reintroduced by Charlemagne, the various stops and symbols being designed by Warnefried and Alcuin.

The present system of punctuation was introduced in the latter part of the fifteenth century by Aldus Manutius, a Venetian printer, who was responsible for our period, colon, semicolon, comma, marks of interrogation and exclamation, parenthesis and dash, hyphen, apostrophe and quotation marks. These were subsequently copied by other printers until their use became universal.

Most ancient languages were innocent of any system of punctuation. We find in many early manuscripts that the letters are placed at equal distances apart, with no connecting link between, even in the matter of spacing, an arrangement which must have rendered reading at sight somewhat difficult.

Barrie and the Editors.

Soon after J. M. Barrie leaped into fame the editors of three London journals for which he had done a good deal of work determined to give a dinner in his honor. Mr. Barrie accepted the invitation, and in due course the three knights of the pen and scissors and their distinguished guest sat down together. The hosts, knowing their contributor only by his work, fully anticipated a "feast of reason and a flow of soul." However, the soup and fish were consumed without a word from Mr. Barrie, or, at least, with nothing beyond noncommittal grunts. Despite frantic efforts to lure him into conversation, it was not until he rose to put on his coat that he made the first and last remark that he uttered during the evening. "Weel, this is the first time I've ever had dinner with three editors."

A Perfectly Plain "Direction."

Once upon a time Judge Carter was riding through a rural district in Virginia. He stopped at a negro's cabin to get his direction. "Uncle," said he, "can you direct me to Colonel Thompson's?"

"Yes, sah," replied the negro. "Yo goes down this yah road 'bout two mile till yo' comes to an ol' ailm tree, and then yo' tu'ns sha'p to the right down a lane fo' 'bout a qua'ter of a mile. Thah yo' sees a big white house. Yo' wants to go through the yard to a pat that takes you a spell to a gate. Yo' follows that road to the lef' till yo' comes to three roads goin' up a hill and, jedge, it don' mattah which one o' them thah roads yo' take, yo' sure get lost anyway."—Stewart Edward White in Outlook.

Betrothed at Birth.

In some parts of west Africa the girls have long engagements. On the day of their birth they are betrothed to a baby boy a trifle older than themselves, and at the age of twenty they are married.

The girls know of no other way of getting a husband, and so they are quite happy and satisfied. As wives they are patterns of obedience, and the marriages usually turn out a success. This way of managing the affairs of the heart would hardly suit an independent American girl, but it seems to answer on the west coast.

She Had Noticed.

He was talking to the pessimistic, sharp tongued damsel.

"Have you noticed," he asked "that as a rule, bachelors are wealthier than married men?"

"I have," she replied.

"How do you account for it?" he inquired.

"The poor man marries and the rich one doesn't," she answered. "A man is much more disposed to divide nothing with a woman than he is to divide something, you know."

Novel Sobriety Test.

To ascertain whether a man was drunk or sober a Dublin doctor made him hop twelve feet on the right foot and the same distance on the left and then stand on one leg for seven seconds and the other leg for four seconds. The man stood the test and the magistrate accepted it as proof of his sobriety.—London Mail.

Her View of It.

"Pshaw!" she exclaimed disgustedly as she came to the most interesting part only to read "to be continued." "I don't see why they call these things 'continued stories.'"

"No?" queried her husband politely.

"No; they should be called 'discontinued stories.'"—Exchange.

Much In Little.

Crusty Old Gentleman—Your singing, Miss Taylor, is like attar of roses—

Miss Taylor (with a gratified smile)—Oh, you are too flattering.

Old Gentleman (continuing)—A little of it goes a very long way.

Currency Preferred.

"So far as I am concerned," observed Spendahl, "I don't care whether we have an elastic currency or not; but, by George, I'd like to have it a little more adhesive!"—Chicago Tribune.

Prepared For Anything.

Lowick—You say the unexpected never happens to you, eh?

Stowick—Exactly. I've got so used to it that I always expect it now.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Mother Nature is the greatest and noblest of teachers. Study her rules and laws, and if you follow and obey them you will not go far wrong.—Maxwell's Talisman.

Parliamentary "Popping."

A member of congress had been paying attention to a young lady for a long while and had taken her to attend the house until she was well posted in the rules. On the last day of the session as they came out he bought her a bouquet of flowers and said to her, "May I offer you my handful of flowers?" She replied promptly, "I move to amend by omitting all after the word 'hand.'" He blushingly accepted the amendment and they adopted it unanimously.

The Walking Act.

A little girl was asked to write an essay about man. The following was her composition: "Man is a funny animal. He has eyes to see with, hands to feel with and is split up the middle and walks on the split ends."—Glasgow Times.

It's a wise man who knows when the past is past.

If you would fear nothing think that all things are to be feared.—Seneca.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON X, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 6.

Text of the Lesson, I Sam. xxxi, 1-13. Memory Verses, 6, 7—Golden Text, Prov. xiv, 12—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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After the events of the last lesson David and his 600 went to Achish, king of Gath of the Philistines, and, receiving Likiag from Achish, he dwelt there a year and four months, making continual raids upon neighboring tribes (chapter xxvii). The next chapter tells of Saul's visit to the witch of Endor and Samuel's last message to him. In chapter xxix the lords of the Philistines object to Achish taking David and his men with them to battle. In chapter xxx David and his 600, returning to Likiag, find it burned with fire and no trace of their families. Then followed one of David's greatest trials, when even his 600 turned against him and talked of stoning him, but David encouraged himself in the Lord, his God, and in due time, through the young man of Egypt, he recovered all and more and rewarded all, making it a law in Israel that those who tarry by the stuff shall share equally with those who go to the battle (xxx, 6, 19, 24, 25).

1-3. Now the Philistines fought against Israel, and the men of Israel fled from before the Philistines and fell down slain in Mount Gilboa.

This was the battle from which David was hindered, and thus again God delivered David from having anything to do with the death of Saul. It is sad to see the people of God falling before the defiers of God instead of one chasing a thousand and two putting 10,000 to flight (Deut. xxxii, 30), but the best of men are nothing if God is not with them. It makes one's heart ache to read in verse 2 of the death of Jonathan, and we cannot be astonished at the depth of David's lamentation over one whose soul was so knit with his own (II Sam. i, 17-27), but we wonder as we read that it was over Saul as well as Jonathan. David saw not his enemy, but the Lord's anointed. Saul had known much of the mercy of God, but now he is in the hands of those who know no mercy (Prov. xxix, 1).

4-6. So Saul died, and his three sons, and his armor bearer, and all his men that same day together.

What, then? Where are the dead? The words of the Lord Jesus in Luke xvi and other words of the Spirit as plainly recorded in Scripture teach us that, if we are redeemed by the precious blood of God's great sacrifice (Lev. xvii, 11; Heb. ix, 22), "To die is gain," "To depart is to be with Christ, which is far better" (Phil. i, 21, 23), and when the spirit leaves the body our conscious personal life continues, and the angels who minister to the redeemed guide or carry us to perfect bliss in His presence, where we await the resurrection and the kingdom of God.

7. Israel * * * forsook the cities and fled, and the Philistines came and dwelt in them.

Here are not only the defeat and slaughter of the Lord's people, Israel, but their possessions taken and enjoyed by their enemies. When Christians refuse to walk humbly with God, in simple reliance upon Him, and turn their backs upon Him in order to fellowship with the world which hates Him, the enemies of God will come in like a flood, and the bodies, which ought to be temples of the Holy Ghost, filled with love and peace and joy, will be possessed by such enemies as envy and hatred and foolish thoughts and sinful lusts and thus God's property be sadly defiled.

8, 9. They cut off his head and stripped off his armor and sent into the land of the Philistines round about to publish it in the house of their idols and among the people.

Thus what Saul feared came upon him, and these uncircumcised Philistines abused his body. But, worst of all, it was published abroad among these idolatrous defiers of the living and true God. When one who bears the name of Jesus is in any way overcome by the world, the flesh or the devil, that holy and beautiful name is blasphemed and dishonored by the sins thus committed. Our great business here is to magnify that name and to show forth His praises. The defiers of God cannot do enough to show their hatred of Him and His people. The devil never made anything good or helped any one to be godly.

10. They put his armor in the house of Ashtaroth, and they fastened his body to the wall of Bethshan.

The poor body that might have glorified God (I Cor. vi, 19, 20), the armor that was no use to David or to Saul either. May we be skillful in using the armor that will never fall into the idolater's hands, the shield of faith and sword of the Spirit and helmet of salvation! (Eph. vi.)

11-13. All the valiant men arose and went all night and took the body of Saul and the bodies of his sons from the wall of Bethshan and came to Jabesh and burnt them there.

Thank God for the faithful in all ages who will not tolerate an insult to His name if they can prevent it! The enemy today is in the camp and is taking the book of God and holding it up to ridicule and is even saying wicked things about our Lord Jesus Christ and therefore about God Himself, for whoever dishonors Christ or the word of God dishonors God the Father. But there is no morning for such as cling not to the law and to the testimony (Isa. viii, 20, R. V.), and they shall surely be overthrown. Let us do what we can, or, rather, let God work in us to do all He can, to bring honor to His holy name and remember that to obey is better than sacrifice. The Lord make us willing and obedient to His glory!

What He Took Her For.

"What! Marry you!" snorted the fiery tempered maiden. "Huh! What do you take me for?"

"For better or worse," he replied promptly. So they were married and lived unhappily ever after, for, alas, she was worse than he took her for.

A Distinction.

"I dislike so much to be called a 'poetess,'" said a young woman who sometimes wrote verses for publication.

"Perhaps," suggested her matter of fact brother, "if you will write a little better quality of poetry people will call you a poet."

For Company Use.

Visitor (during temporary absence of hostess)—What beautiful teeth your mamma has, Tommy.

Tommy—Yes'm; she never wears that set 'cept when she has callers.—Baltimore American.

You should never punish a child when you are angry, and, by the way, never scold a man for getting drunk until after he is sober.—Atchison Globe.

Business Cards.

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An Old Time Explosion.

An old chronicler tells a curious story of an explosion which occurred in London Jan. 4, 1649. A ship chandler, it seems, "about 7 of the clock at night, being busy in his shop about barreling up of gunpowder, it took fire and in the twinkling of an eye blew up not only that, but all the houses thereabout to the number of fifty or sixty. The number of persons destroyed by this blow could never be known, for the next house but one was the Rose tavern, a house never (at that time of night) but full of company. And in three or four days, after digging, they continually found heads, arms, legs, etc." The most interesting part of the account comes further on:

"In the digging they found the mistress of the house of the Rose tavern sitting in her bar and one of the drawers standing by the bar's side, with a pot in his hand, only stifled by dust and smoke, their bodies being preserved whole by means of great timbers falling across one upon another. There was also found upon the upper leads of Barking church a young child lying in a cradle as newly laid in bed, neither child nor cradle having the least sign of fire or other hurt. It was never known whose child it was, so that one of the parish kept it for a memorial, for in the year 1666 I saw the child, grown to be then a proper maiden."

The Troubles of the Coyote.

The coyote has small chance for life. It is hunted upon all occasions and by devious and sundry methods. As the cowboy careers along the plains he pops at it with his six shooter. The wise ranchman has a shotgun or rifle hanging in a convenient place awaiting the appearance of a coyote near the ranch house. The hunter of more choice game never misses a shot at a coyote, while there are professionals who do little else but pursue it from one year's end to another. Besides, there are organized hunts inaugurated in settled communities for both pleasure and profit, when a large scope of the country is swept clean and the coyotes falling into the meshes of the hunt are dispatched and their skins tanned for rugs and doormats. Then animals are baited with poisoned meat. This method of destruction is not only used by ranchmen, but by persons who make a business of killing coyotes for a living.—Kansas City Journal.

The Apeists In Society.

To ape anything is a sign of vacuity of mind; to ape the follies of those above you is one of the most offensive forms of vulgarity. Yet we see the follies of the uppermost classes steadily imitated all down the different sets of society, and the popularity of every book dealing with the peerage is a proof, if one were needed, of what absorbing interest our failings are to the public. There is nothing we will not write upon to gratify this vulgar curiosity; nothing is in too bad taste if by its publication we can raise a little of the "needful." Our scandals, our intrigues, our inane conversation, our bills and even our menus are recorded for the benefit of a public which, while professing to be horrified, greedily cries for more.—A Countess in London Outlook.

Tobacco For Wives.

In the early history of Virginia and Maryland tobacco was by all odds the most important crop, and it was even possible at times to secure a wife in exchange for a moderate amount of tobacco, as in later days in the west a squaw could be obtained in exchange for a small amount of whisky. In 1732 at Jamestown tobacco was made a legal tender for all debts, including customs. In about a dozen years after the founding of Jamestown by Captain John Smith an English nobleman, Sir Edwin Sandys, brought over with a ship load of supplies ninety young English maids, who immediately upon their arrival were wooed and married by the colonists, each being paid for at the rate of "120 pounds of good tobacco."

John Adams' Opinion of Washington

After dinner one night a visitor stepped into the hall to help Adams put on his coat. Adams thanked him. "Don't mention it," was the solemn toady's reply. "No attention is too great, no trouble is too much that we of this century have the pleasure of taking for the patriots of the Revolution—for George Washington and yourself, sir." Adams' sharp retort was: "Don't mention Washington to me, sir! Washington was a dolt!"—Sanborn's "Reminiscences of Emerson."

Montreal's Cathedral.

The great landmark in Montreal is the Cathedral of Notre Dame, which, next to the famous cathedral in the City of Mexico, is the largest church building in America and has a seating capacity of 12,000. The church was built in 1829 and is noted for its magnificent chimes, one of the bells of which, called "Le Gros Bourdon," is one of the largest suspended bells in the world and weighs 24,780 pounds.—Four Track News.

Very Absent Minded.

"Talk about absent mindedness," said a man the other day, "why, I like it, for when I was a boy I worked for a man who was so absent minded that he discharged me three times in one week and paid me a week's wages each time."

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 22, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 6.55, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05 10.30, 11.20, P. M. SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P.M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23 7.50, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y

Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m, and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m. then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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241 Main St., Woburn

JAMES McDONALD,
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9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

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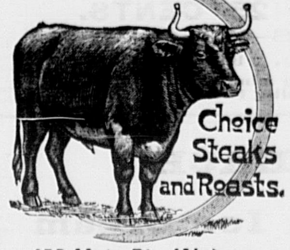

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NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
115 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 26, 1903, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6.37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2.37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M.; every half hour to 12.07; then 12.30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Cainan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

SHEN HO

By FRED WHISHAW

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When Bernard Appleby determined to devote his life to evangelical missionary work in China he was as full of sanguine enthusiasm as any young fellow in the service. "You are exactly the kind of man we want," they told him at the depot in Shanghai, "and we shall expect to see you do wonders in the great cause."

"It won't be for lack of enthusiasm if I fail," said Bernard. "I am ignorant and shall be useless for awhile, but I hope to work into it by degrees."

"You'll have plenty of time to learn the language down at Fuchow," said a member of the board, who, catching the eye of another member, smiled a little. A third member sighed, but stifled the sigh and pretended he had yawned.

Bernard scraped acquaintance at the mission house presently with a young girl and walked through the town with her. She was a devotee, like himself, who had been in the service a year and knew something of it. He would be dull in Fuchow, she said; but, please God, he would be a successful missionary; he looked like a man. The youth and the girl looked steadily in one another's eyes at parting.

"I hope we shall meet again," he said. As for her, she smiled back, but when he had gone she allowed her eyes to become dimmed.

Enthusiasm dies hard in people of Bernard Appleby's stamp. For a year he worked at his Chinese. He was the only European in the place, excepting for an hour or two in each week when the clumsy, noisy steamer would come thundering up or down the yellow river bound for Wuchang or Yutse, as it happened to be traveling up or down stream.

At the end of two years Bernard could stand his solitary life no longer. He went up to Shanghai and bashfully inquired of the chairman for news of the young lady whom he had seen at the depot on his arrival. The chairman smiled paternally. "She is still unmarried," he said, replying to Appleby's thoughts. "You are finding it dull and would marry. Is it so?"

Bernard blushingly confessed that so it was.

"Well," said the chairman, "we like our people to intermarry. Miss Tate is at Hankow at this moment. You might see her on your way back."

Appleby adopted his advice. He found Chrissie Tate at the missionary station at Hankow, and the two were not long in fixing up matters. Within a month Bernard carried off a wife to Fuchow.

The following year the arrival of a daughter added new happiness. The baby girl, who was called Dulcie, grew and prospered. She was a pretty, curly headed, fascinating little person, a thing of wonder and amusement to many of the natives of the place, an object of adoration and love to one, Shen Ho, the son of a former "convert" of Appleby's, who had long since relapsed to the religion of his fathers.

"Shen Ho," Appleby would sometimes say, smiling somewhat plaintively, "is the only real convert we have ever had, Chrissie, and he is Dulcie's, not ours."

This was perfectly true. From Dulcie alone had proceeded the personal magnetism which had been the foundation of Shen Ho's Christian aspirations. Shen Ho lived in the house as servant and was as honest and diligent in business as he was devout in his Christianity.

Dulcie taught Shen Ho cricket. Shen Ho thought the game a foolish one, but would have played it gladly all day and all night to please his friend. Nothing would induce him, however, to bowl in such a manner that the ball reached the wicket otherwise than dead slow for fear of hurting Miss Dulcie. When Appleby was playing and bowled a fast ball at his daughter Shen Ho would groan aloud and hide his eyes with his hand.

In every way Shen Ho was Dulcie's devoted slave and servant as well as playmate. He also acted as her escort and protector and her champion if occasion offered.

The people of Fuchow were not too well disposed toward the English missionary and his wife. Appleby had never been attacked, but he was never secure from mocking laughter and jeers when passing through the crowds in the streets.

So matters would doubtless have remained till this day but that when Dulcie was about nine years old and Shen Ho fourteen or fifteen and a Christian of five years' standing the country began to be convulsed by the Boxer rising in Peking and the troubles that accompanied the popular upheaval against foreign residents throughout the land. Rumors of trouble soon reached Fuchow.

It was but a week after this that a party of half a dozen Boxers came into the town. They inquired first whether the place contained any "foreign devils" and were informed of the Appleby family.

"We want neither the foreign devils nor their gods," said the Boxer, and he went forthwith to spy upon the Englishman's compound.

Huan Li, the gardener, happened to be coming out of the place, going home for his midday rest.

"What are you doing in the house of the foreign devils?" he was asked.

"Getting his money from him by doing a very little work for good pay," said Huan Li, with a grin.

"Well, the people must learn that there is to be no hobnobbing with foreign devils," said the fellow, and a moment later poor Huan Li's head was rolling in the filth in the gutter.

Several of those who saw and heard this were not ill affected toward the Applebys. Bernard and his wife had visited the sick and fed the hungry.

When the Boxer had turned his back and was on his way to consult with his companions two or three good souls crept cautiously round by another way to warn the missionary of his danger.

Appleby was in a fix. This was Tuesday. There would be no steamer until Thursday. Even if there were he would not probably be allowed to board it. What was to be done?

Shen came running in excitedly.

"Boxer man coming!" he exclaimed "Killee Miss Dulcie, killee all! Come away quick! Shen show way! Comee, missy! No stop, not one minute!"

Shen quickly explained that he knew of a path through the woods to Tsotse, a village on the river ten miles nearer Hankow. Here he had an uncle, Shen Li, a boatman and fisherman, who would take the party down the river to Hankow.

Appleby snatched up food and a bottle of water and a blanket or two, and the party made for the nearest point at which the open country could be reached. "Go quickly," they cried; "the Boxers run fast!"

"These people will give us away," muttered Bernard as he ran, having Dulcie on his shoulder and his wife panting at his side. "There 'll be no secret as to the way we have taken!"

But fortunately the Boxers delayed their attack for nearly half an hour, employing that period doubtless in screwing up their courage or their ferocity to the necessary point. But the ground was soft here and there, and it would not be difficult to follow by tracking. This fact gave Bernard anxiety and lent him wings and breath and his wife also.

Suddenly came the fatal sounds of pursuit—shouts and occasionally a shot fired by way of intimidation. The pursuers were a mile behind, but probably traveling much faster than the English party. Then Shen Ho spoke:

"Me go back, tell Boxer man you gone rightee to Woohen, you go leftee to Tsotse; no waitee for Shen Ho; me find you mission house, Hankow; goodby, master, missis; goodby lovee Missee Dulcie!" Shen Ho suddenly went down upon his little nose and kissed Dulcie's tiny foot; then, before he could be questioned or prevented, he dashed backward in the way they had come.

In a few minutes he met the pursuers. The Boxer leader, hot with the chase, looked by this time, as did each of his followers, an incarnate fiend of savagery. They ran sweating and swearing, brandishing pitchforks and swords.

"Have you seen the foreign devils?" shouted the leader. "Speak quickly or the vultures shall sicken over your carcass tonight."

"Come; you shall show us which way they went, and if I find that you have lied"—

"Come, then," said Shen Ho firmly. "They were running toward Woohen, I tell you, where there are three other foreign devils who will protect them."

Shen Ho led his men three miles out of their way before the savage brutes made up their minds he had deceived them and thrust their swords through his faithful heart and left him. But the time thus gained sufficed for Appleby to bring his wife and Dulcie in safety to Tsotse and to engage a boat hence down river to Hankow.

Appleby has declared many times that if ever he returns to his mission house at Fuchow he will adopt "that little brick Shen Ho" for his smartness on the evening of their escape.

He does not know and probably he never will how big a thing the lad did for him and his that day.

ALWAYS INSIST UPON HAVING THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

Animals' Eyes Act Independently.

The eyes of an animal can only work together when they can be brought to bear upon an object at the same time, so that as a rule the eyes of a fish must work more or less independently. This is sometimes also the case when the eyes can co-operate, as any one who watches a plaice or other flat fish in an aquarium will soon discover.

This is true, too, of the curious bulging optics of a chameleon, which roll round swivelwise in a somewhat aimless manner. When they do converge it is bad for the insect upon which they fix themselves.

Many animals possess more than three eyes, which do not all act together. A leech, for example, has ten eyes on the top of its head, which do not work in concert, and a kind of marine worm has two eyes on the head and a row down each side of the body. Some lizards have an extra eye on the top of the head, which does not act with the other two. A bee or wasp has two large compound eyes, which possibly help each other and are used for near vision, and also three little simple eyes on the top of the head, which are employed for seeing things a long way off.

Invisible Support.

Magistrate—What's the charge against this man, officer?

Officer—No visible means of support.

Magistrate—It's up to you, prisoner. What have you to say in answer to the charge?

Prisoner—I guess it's correct, your honor. My wife isn't visible at the present writing.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Dangers of Travel.

Grouchy Bachelor—I heartily disapprove of taking children on railway journeys and to large hotels.

Doting Mother—So do I. One meets so many rude people and sees so much selfishness at those places that one is always glad the little darlings aren't there to pick up bad habits.—Baltimore American.

How Planets Are Weighed.

The planets exercise as certain an influence upon each other as do two pieces of wood floating upon water in a basin. As they fly through their prescribed orbits and approach or travel from each other they are observed to deviate from the course which they must have pursued but for the increase or the decrease of some influence of attraction.

By making observations of this tendency at various times and by comparing a number of results it is possible to weigh accurately any planet, however vast and however distant.

All such calculations are founded upon the law of universal gravitation. The mass of a planet attracts other masses in the solar system, so that certain movements result. We can observe the character of these movements with our telescopes and ascertain their amount, and so from our measurements and estimates we can calculate the mass and weight of the planet by which such movements have been produced.

When a Capuchin Dies.

Death in the eyes of the Capuchin monks is chiefly a terrible reminder of the vanities of the flesh. Their cemetery in Rome is a cellar whose walls and ceiling are covered with the bones of their predecessors. Skulls, ribs, thigh bones and knuckles are arranged in grotesque designs, and even the chandelier is constructed of parts of skeletons.

When a Capuchin dies he is buried in loose dirt without a coffin. As there is room for only forty bodies in this earth, which was brought from the Holy Land, the body that has lain in it longest is dug up, the skeleton is cleaned, garmented in monkish garb and placed in a niche. To make room the oldest skeleton in a niche is dismembered, and its various bones are added to complete some wall design.

The Unsophisticated Moujik.

"The Russian moujik," says a man who has seen life in the land of the czar, "is a naive fellow. He is something like a boy and something like an Irishman. He is, as a rule, very simple, very kind.

"A typical moujik entered one day a railroad station. He approached the agent and asked when a certain train would leave for a certain place. The agent told him distinctly, and, seeming satisfied, he departed. But a moment later he was back again, and again he asked the agent the same question.

"'Why,' the agent exclaimed, 'I told you that only a minute ago!'

"'You did, truly,' the moujik answered. 'But it isn't myself that wants to know this time. It's my mate outside.'"

The Peculiar Ganges Water.

There is a scientific basis for the universal faith—usually called superstition—among Hindoos in the cleansing qualities of the Ganges as well as in its peculiar sanctity. Careful experiments has shown that the river possesses extraordinary and inexplicable antiseptic properties. A government analyst took water from the main sewer of Benares which contained millions of cholera germs. When emptied into a receptacle of Ganges water in six hours they were all dead. He took undeniably pure water and threw a few of these cholera germs in. They propagated and swarmed. These tests were tried repeatedly.

WHEN A QUEEN WAS MADE

By CURRAN R. GREENLEY

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Night in Venice. The day was done, but the merriment only waxed the louder with the coming of the stars. There was glitter of golden banners along the Grand canal and the silent hurrying of many gondolas, for Venice was en fete. The treaty with Cyprus had been formally ratified, and that day the republic had formally adopted the slim patrician maid, daughter of Venice, that she might become the mother of kings to be.

A great destiny for the shy child of scarce fourteen years. But as Caterina leaned from her casement, the golden hair falling down the wall in a nimbus light, her thoughts were not of King James de Lusignan nor that storied kingdom of Cyprus oversea, not of them, for maiden thoughts are white winged birds that go where they list, but of one slender youth whose eyes sought hers across the darkness, where he stood in the shadow of the closed portals of the Morosini palazzo across the canal, so near that he could note the gleam of the scarlet light on the golden head, so far that the sword of a nation's destiny flashed between them. A king's bride—what chance had he, Andrea Morosini, cavalier and poet, and a Morosini, the ancient enemy of her house?

There had been days when old Cornaro's daughter had watched concealed behind her casement draperies to see him go forth with the young knights. There had been soft starlit nights when he had watched that selfsame casement and poured forth his soul to the silken sweet tones of his lute. One night when her nurse nodded drowsily the small white hand had dropped a great languorous white rose into the prow of his gondola, and after that there had been a moment in the great cathedral when he had pressed close and held the little hand for a moment in his. That was all, and there could be no more for Cornaro's child, the daughter of Venice, but the lad had dreamed his dreams and gone merrily forth to battle with the Genoese. It had been a month, a long month, when he returned, and all the bells were ringing in honor of Caterina.

The twilight died, but the blaze of festal beacons flashed from tower to tower. Over there in the Cornaro palazzo there was a perfect carnival of music and laughter. Andrea's face grew whiter in the reflected glare. He could see as the breeze blew aside the curtains many figures passing to and fro in that upper room. They were robing for her sacrifice in that maiden chamber that had been his heart's shrine for two long years.

No longer a Venetian maiden, the ceremony that would presently take place before the high altar of St. Mark's would make her a crowned queen. Well, he would go to the wars again. There was always the Genoese to battle with. He might even win the holy sepulcher.

Was there no way? He would have given his soul for one word with her face to face. Andrea flung the lute far out, where it sank into the dark waters. He would never need it again. Overhead all the bells of Venice called to one another, and the lap, lap of the tide sobbed beneath as the under note of human pain that beats a minor tone to all the joy of life.

Caterina stood up straight and tall in the midst of her maidens. The jeweled robe fell close to the round, young limbs, heavy with its weight of pearls. Pearls and rubies were twined in the golden curls, and the fair, round arms were banded with glowing gems of the orient. Across the childish breast, above the folds of cloth of gold, a baldric of emeralds rose and fell with every frightened breath, and the wild rose color was gone from cheek and quivering lip.

Straight and tall in her young majesty, but over the blare of the trumpet, the flash of the jewels, deeper than the voice of Venice in loud acclaim, came the low note of a lute that was stilled forever. There was a strangeness in her throat, a blackness before her eyes. Awed at her silence, the flock of maidens fell a little away from where she stood, and then there came an old woman, bowed and weary, through the velvet portals.

When the attendants would have barred the way Caterina held out her hand. As the old woman bowed before her she opened the palms of her brown hands an instant, so quickly that none saw but Caterina, who drew a quick breath and turned to the waiting throng with a new authority. "Leave us. I would have speech with the dame alone."

Wondering, they left her, and as the door clanged to the old woman slipped the iron bar into place and then stood up, the gray wig thrown off, the woman trappings cast aside. Andrea Morosini.

One step toward Caterina, and he held out his arms. With a low, glad cry she nestled into them, and for one long moment of heaven his lips lay on hers, while below the Grand canal pulsated with the music and triumph of a queen's bridal.

The seconds ticked away. There was no past, no future. Then St. Mark's called to the outermost mole, and the sound of feet came along the stone corridor, pausing at the barred door. Caterina started and paled. Her father, the Cornaro! The steps died away. Then a noise behind them startled them. Not ten paces Guido Cornaro leaned on his great sword, and their frightened eyes were met with a look so stern that for a time they were speechless. He had entered through a door of which Caterina had no knowledge, built by some jealous Cornaro of long ago, who had caused this place of espial to be made that he might the better prove his fears. Indeed they might all have been carven stone. There was no motion in the room but the waving of the arras in the evening breeze that blew through the casement the slender youth in his cavalier garb of dark velvet, the stern mailed old patrician and between them, like some tropic flower blown athwart strange gray glooms, Caterina in her bridal robes of cloth of gold, the coronal of rubies blazing above her brow.

Andrea bowed low before the ancient foe of the house and, with one last lingering look at Caterina, awaited the Cornaro's pleasure. He had dared the strictest law of the republic. He knew the penalty.

Cornaro hesitated. There were wrath, love and mighty sorrow in his stormy eyes as they went from one young face to the other. A Morosini, the child of his deadliest foe! But he saw through the mist of long, lonely years a little rosy face pressed against a childish breast, a little head that lay within the curve of a round, white arm, so like, so like, and Guilia, who had died, spoke across the night of her unlived motherhood to the heart of her husband. The wrath died. He was powerless. He could not brook the might of the republic that claimed his child upon the altar of its ambition, but he could save her needless pain.

Already the surge of feet was coming up the long passage. The fanfare of trumpets and the voice of Venice, that was many voices, clamored for their princess. Below the gilded barge of the doge awaited her. Nevermore his child, but always the daughter of Venice.

There was an instant when the golden head lay against the steel corselet, another when Guido Cornaro saw his child give her lips to the Morosini, and then he flung wide the door to the secret passage and motioned to Andrea.

And so without a word he passed from her sight and her life, while her father led her down the rose garlanded stairway to the bitterness of the gilded mockery that awaited.

There was a battle next day, a mere skirmish between a Venetian war galley and one of Genoa. At its close they found him lying where the thick of the fight had passed, a smile on his lips, a crushed white rose above his heart. In Venice the people laughed and sang, and there was joy day and night for the week long bridal of Caterina Cornaro, the daughter of Venice, and King James de Lusignan.

Ayer's
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral quiets tickling throats, hacking coughs, pain in the lungs. It relieves congestion, subdues inflammation. It heals, strengthens. Your doctor will explain this to you. He knows all about this cough medicine.
Cherry Pectoral
"We have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in our family for 25 years for throat and lung troubles, and we think no medicine equals it."
MRS. A. POMEROY, Appleton, Minn.
25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for Weak Throats
Ayer's Pills greatly aid recovery. Purely vegetable, gently laxative.

Turf as Fuel.

Harold Harfagr in the year 888 granted the islands of Orkney to Earl Eyner, brother to Duke Rollo of Normandy. When Earl Eyner came to live in his new possessions he found them quite bare of any trees and producing only a very few stunted bushes.

The Orkneys are bitterly cold and wind swept, so when the inhabitants had used up all the wood they could procure they came to their new earl for advice. He recommended them to cut out pieces of turf, dry them and use them for fuel. This they did with such great success that the custom spread to Scotland and thence to Ireland and to many parts of England. Earl Eyner was always known afterward as Turf Eyner.

"Peat rights" were defined by march stones with three whelks laid under each and were jealously guarded by the townships or individuals to whom they belonged. Throughout Scotland up to the thirteenth century peat and bogwood were universally used for winter fires and broom and whin during summer.

Some etymologists regard the name of peat as almost synonymous with fuel, deriving it from the early English "beten," to replenish a fire.

Court Room Repartee.

In a suit relating to brewery property reported in Case and Comment an eminent and very dignified counselor was one day reading to the court some manuscript affidavits which were not overlegible and by mistake read the word "mash" as "wash." Counsel on the other side, who was small of stature and polite in manner, but keen in intellect and frequently sarcastic, was immediately on his feet and, with a somewhat irritating deference of manner, begging his opponent's pardon, etc., asked liberty to suggest that the word which the eminent counselor read "wash" was really "mash." Somewhat nettled, the counselor thus corrected thanked him for the information and added that he was not himself very familiar with terms used in the brewery business, as he had never spent much of his time in a place of that kind. "Are we to understand, then," said his opponent in the suavest manner, "that the eminent counselor wishes us to infer that his early days were spent in a laundry?"

A Barnum Story.

A story is told of the meeting of Matthew Arnold with Mr. P. T. Barnum, the great showman, in America. Mr. Arnold when introduced said how proud he felt at making the acquaintance of a man with a worldwide reputation. "Ah, Mr. Arnold," said Barnum, "we are both public men, but the difference between you and me is that you are a notability, while I am only a notoriety."

A NOTORIOUS CORPS.

The French Foreign Legion and Its Dangerous Characters.

The death penalty awarded a private in the French foreign legion for throwing his cap in his captain's face at Oran is an illustration of the merciless severity exercised in that famous corps. Shooting at sight is permitted the officers, who have to deal with dangerous characters from all quarters of Europe.

Nowhere is there such a corps, according to the London Chronicle. Its ranks are recruited from outcasts of all social ranks. Disgraced officers of the Russian service, deserters from the German army, broken scions of the Austrian nobility, fraudulent debtors from Belgium, forgers from Spain, homicides from America, ruined gamblers from Italy, are found in plenty in the ranks. No excuse is taken for a fault, and the slightest symptom of insubordination carries with it a swift passage to another world. It is understood that recruits are simply seeking refuge from the arm of the civil law.

The foreign legion is the only voluntarily enlisted corps in the French army. It has done excellent service against the Arabs and is always placed in the forefront of the fight.

The Harmless Grass Snake.

The poor, harmless grass snake is the subject of stories almost as wonderful as those related of the adder. The superstition that, however much you may hammer it, it will not die till the setting of the sun is widely held. A fable not so generally held to is that even at sundown it will not die if you should neglect to tell some one of what you have done. The rule on seeing one of these terrible creatures is to "hit it and tell"—that is, give it a good drubbing and run quickly and tell some one. The best snake story is from Leigh Sinton, near Malvern, according to a London correspondent. A laborer states that he had killed a grass snake and hung it on a tree. The blood dripped down and a toad came and swallowed some, dying instantly!

The fancy that makes this species poisonous or even harmful is a wild one, but how much more wild is that which attributes violent toxic properties to any chance drop of blood from its body! It might have been thought that the other popular belief that poisonous things cannot be poisoned would have saved the life of the poor toad.—London Express.

What Columbus Might Have Done.

There are relatives of Columbus living in Spain at the present time. It is said that gambling debts are keeping them poor. These persons look to the United States with wistful eyes, hoping that some patriotic American will confer on them a few millions in recognition of their distinguished ancestor. This fact led a statistician to work his brain, and he published the statement that had Columbus placed $1 at compound interest at 6 per cent 400 years ago his descendants today would possess a sum amounting to more than $8,600,000,000. When these figures were published Lyman J. Gage was secretary of the treasury. His attention was called to the tremendous possibility of a single dollar, and his comment was either a sincere remark or a well adapted pun. He said, "Indeed, to me this is a story of great interest."

Honors Were Easy.

"In the church I attended as a boy," said a New York man, "there were frequent clashes between the minister and the choir. The minister thought the choir irreverent and unmusical. The choir thought him a back number. Each tried to give the other a dig on every possible occasion.

"One Sunday, I remember, there was a clash wherein the honors were about even. The minister, after the choir had sung the opening hymn, said with a significant smile, that his text would be from Acts xx, 'And after the uproar was ceased.' But the choir, at the sermon's end, retorted neatly with the anthem, 'It Is Time to Awake From Sleep.'"

The Stick Insect of Borneo.

The longest known insect is undoubtedly the stick insect of Borneo. Specimens thirteen inches in length have been captured. It is an interesting example of mimetic coloring, resembling in a remarkable manner a piece of rough stick. On the bough of a tree it is extremely difficult to distinguish between the insect and the bark. Borneo is also the home of one of the largest species of dragon fly. A specimen of the subfamily æschna measures six inches and a half from wing to wing and is endowed with a correspondingly strong body.

Boston Could Stand It.

Ralph Waldo Emerson once made a crushing reply to a man who asked him whether the people in Boston did not feel alarmed. Said Emerson, "What about?" Said the man, "Why, the world is coming to an end next Monday." Emerson replied: "I'm glad of it. We can get along a great deal better without it."

A Slight Fire.

"I say, Miss De Witt," remarked young Sapleigh, "youh wesplendent beauty sets me bwain on fire, doncher know?"

"Never mind, Mr. Sapleigh," replied Miss De Witt, "the conflagration will be too insignificant to necessitate the calling out of the fire brigade."

Plain Talk.

"Shave," said the crusty patron laconically.

"Close?" inquired the barber.

"No. I'm not close, but I'm not in the habit of giving tips if that's what you're driving at."

Many seemingly unaccountable friendships hang upon a golden image.

Value Wanted.

Fashionable Patient—This bill is exorbitant.

Doctor—But, my dear sir—

Fashionable Patient—Not a word, sir. Either cut it in two or find something else the matter with me.

When you make wishes it is a sign you are not getting what you want.—Atchison Globe.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, SEPT. 11, 1903

☞ The Republican Town Committee of Wilmington have recently issued a neat circular earnestly recommending Chester W. Clark, Esq., a highly respected resident of that town, a Lawyer of honorable standing at the Suffolk and Middlesex Bars, for the Republican nomination for Senator from the Sixth Middlesex District, for which he is a promising candidate. As a member of the House in 1900 Mr. Clark made an excellent record. The Committee say that:

"Mr Clark is known to be a man of large practical ability and great force of character. His past is unsullied and his honor is unswerving. He has a well-trained and judicial mind and the benefit of wide and successful business experience; and he is not unacquainted with the duties of public life. That he is not without honor in his own country was abundantly demonstrated when he was elected to the House in 1900; for at that time Wilmington, where he has lived for thirty years, gave him the largest vote ever cast in the town for an individual running either for State or for local office. Those who are familiar with his record while Representative from the 27th Middlesex District can testify that it was one of exceptional usefulness."

☞ It may be that the experience of last year and this will induce the voters friendly to temperance to come to the polls next December in sufficient force to change the policy of the city from license to no license. This, however, is open to doubt. Lukewarmness on the part of professed temperance friends, indifference, and carelessness in voting, may give the license party the victory, as has been the case at former elections. Then again there are men in this city who, while really on the side of temperance, think that trade is better under the license than under the prohibitory rule, and they vote accordingly. With them the "pocket nerve" is stronger than their moral sense and controls them. So, there is no telling, at this early date, how the question will be settled at the next election.

☞ Several worthy gentlemen, we hear, are just now casting longing eyes in the direction of the Republican nomination for County Commissioner this fall. Some of them, at least, appear to be strongly imbued with the idea that Commissioner Upham of Waltham has filled the office long enough and should now step aside and give somebody else a chance. However, as he is a candidate for reelection it might be as well for the other aspirants, including Mr. Cyrus Barton of North Reading, to hang up their fiddles and wait awhile, for the incumbents of our county offices have grips on the public crib which outside mortals will find it exceedingly difficult to unclinch.

☞ The State Commission on Relations Between Employer and Employee, Room 444 State House, Boston, will give a hearing to everybody interested on Thursday and Friday, Oct. 1, 2, 1903, on Employers Liability, Disability or Pension Funds, and Workingmen's Insurance. On Oct. 5, 6, the subjects on which the hearing is to be given are: Injunctions and Conduct of Strikes, Picketing, Boycotting, Blacklisting, Violence and Intimidation. All persons interested in these subjects are invited to attend and submit their views at the Rooms of the Commission as above stated.

☞ "The Woburn JOURNAL never neglects an opportunity to hit at Congressman McCall * * * For a denouncer of Mugwumps Brother Hobbs spends a lot of time kotowing to the Democratic Mayor of his own city."— Oh, Shucks! In the language of the late lamented Ben Butler, "Shoo, Fly!"

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

A Woman—Wanted.
City—Reg. of Voters.
T. L. Pierce—To Let.
Mertena Bancroft—Piano.
Hammond & Son—Clothing.
G. A. J. Crawford—Icecream.
C. A. Nichols—Carpet Cleaning.
Com. of Mass.—Land Reg. Court.

— Read the ad "To Let" by Theo. L. Pierce.

— Labor Day passed off in this city as usual.

— The Public Library was fumigated last Sunday.

— H. S. Riley, Esq., spent Labor Day at Hough's Neck.

— Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. French are sojourning in Vermont.

— Sept. 10: daughter to Mr. and Mrs. William E. Blodgett.

— C. M. and C. B. Strout passed last Sunday at the Mountains.

— Mrs. Bertha Nelson has passed part of her vacation at Nahant.

— Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Holland were at Bethlehem, N. H., last week.

— This city is suffering for a new flagstaff. A slick one will cost only $425!

— L. W. Hall of New Boston Street is organizing a fishing party for next week.

— Dr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Hutchings have spent a week at Harpswell, Maine.

— Mr. and Mrs. C. Willard Smith took their summer outing at Marblehead Neck.

— The entertainment will commence at 9 a. m. each day at the Wakefield-Reading Fair.

— Miss Margaret Reade is teaching the 4th and 5th grades in a school at Barre, Vermont.

— The National Band Association will give a concert and ball in Lyceum Hall on Sept. 18.

— Mrs. L. A. Sylvester and her gifted daughter Helen are visiting at St. Johnsbury, Vt.

— Houses let and rents collected by E. Prior Real Estate agent, 349 Main street.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— Buy the Barber Oil Heater of C. M. Strout & Co. It is by all means the best stove made.

— Mr. Clapp, the new Woburn School Superintendent, is at home here and ready for business.

— Walter Eaton, Al Peckham and W. C. Buck have been having a good time at Northport, Maine.

— The Sunday School of the First Church will meet next Sunday for the first time in 3 months or so.

— At 7 p. m., Sept. 19, the Registrars of Voters will hold a meeting for registration for the caucuses.

— Miss Bessie Lesquereaux is rusticating at Pine Point, Maine, with headquarters at Lookaway Inn.

—Mr. James West of Wyman Green conducted a party of 30 on a fishing trip down the harbor on Labor Day.

— The National Band Association are to give their grand annual concert and ball in Lyceum Hall on Sept. 18

— Automobiles are almost as thick on the streets as horse teams and much more so than old fashioned ox-teams.

— Percy Linscott of North Woburn has been in the Mountains stopping at the Mt. Pleasant House for a week.

— A lot of Western papers from Warren Teel have kept our mental faculties in a fair state of activity this week.

— Judge John G. Maguire is occupying the Bench of the District Court during the absence of Judge Johnson.

— Please read the card of an American woman who wants a situation as housekeeper. Inquiries may be made at this office.

— The Unitarian Church and Sunday School will not open next Sunday as the work on the interior of the church is not finished.

— The family of Mr. Benjamin Hinckley are at home on Warren avenue from Megansett, where they spent a pleasant summer.

— Angelo Crovo is the leading fruit purveyor in this city. His popular store contains a full supply of the best fruit brought into Boston.

— A large company enjoyed the band concert on the Common last Wednesday evening, albeit no notice was given of its coming off.

— At a meeting of the School Board held last Tuesday evening Miss Caroline May Andruss was admitted a pupil teacher. Supt. Clapp is clerk of the Board.

— Lightning struck and burned a barn in Burlington belonging to Mr. Haven last Saturday. Other damage was done by the same agency in that town during the shower.

— Mr. F. Chandler Parker of Arlington Road, one of the prosperous leather manufacturers of Woburn, has lately been enjoying the comforts and delights of Pine Point, Maine.

—William H. Feeney is selling agent for the "Old Hundred" cigar made by Hayes of Lowell, and is meeting with excellent success. The "O H" is the boss cigar of the present day.

— Mr. John H. Finn, City Clerk, is in attendance at the convention of Massachusetts City Clerks Association at Saratoga, N Y. John is one of the very best there is in the business.

— The Y. M. C. A. county convention is to be held in the Congregational church, Reading, at 10 a. m. Sept. 23. A full attendance of the Woburn Union is earnestly requested.—J. C. PRESTON, Secretary.

— Mr. James H. Callahan, gateman at the B. & M. Church avenue crossing, has again laid the JOURNAL under obligations to him for a lot of fine pears the eating of which was enjoyed and the present appreciated.

— Miss Ruth R. Hart, daughter of Mr. George G. Hart, a graduate of the Woburn High School and Boston University, has been elected a teacher of German, English History and Mathematics in New Salem (Mass.) Academy.

— Chief Engineer Littlefield is having the electric fire alarm wires and apparatus put into the very best working order. He watches closely after the affairs of his Department and is Chief of one of the best fire systems in the State.

— The St. Charles B. B. team beat the South Border team 9 to 3 at City Park on Labor Day. An assemblage of persons numbering full 1,000 gathered on the field and witnessed, with tremendous interest, the hard fought game.

— A few days ago a party consisting of Edward Andruss and wife, Mary A. Agnew and Annie M. Crosby went to Worcester by trolley to visit friends there. The ride from Boston through the finest section of the State was a delightful one.

— Scores of Woburn women should have specimens of their productions at the Wakefield–Reading Fair, Sept. 15–18, and compete for the handsome prizes offered by the Ladies' Department, of which Mrs. Jeanette W. Crafts is President.

— Mr. Crawford, the leading icecream purveyor, a worthy gentlemen and honorable dealer, advertises peach icecream this week, which announcement is entitled to public attention. Everything that comes from Crawford's is choice and firstclass.

— Leaves are beginning to fall from the trees and in some localities the ground is quite thickly strewn with them. This indicates the presence of the fall of the year and the approach of winter. And thus one after another the seasons roll around.

— The alarm from box 69 last Friday afternoon was for a slight fire on the roof of a dwelling corner North Warren and Monroe Streets. The alarm from box 56 last Sunday afternoon was for a small fire in a dwelling on Main Street near Cross Street.

— Mr. C. A. Nichols is one of the busiest men in this city. His carpet cleaning rooms and patent rug factory are in active operation continually, and orders are now coming in faster than ever. He gives satisfaction, and the rugs he makes are works of art.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

New Line of FALL GOODS
— AT —
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

Protect Your Home

against the ravages of SMALLPOX, Diphtheria, Scarlet and Typhoid Fever, Measels, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all other contagious and infectious diseases by the use of a

FORMALDEHYDE GENERATORS.

The most modern method of Disinfection. Consult your Doctor about it, or ask us. Like everything else it is sold at CUT PRICES by

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
GREEN TRADING STAMPS.

— Last Tuesday morning farmers in this town reported a heavy frost on Monday night and a temperature of only 35 at 7 o'clock a. m. on Tuesday. Flowers and tender vegetables looked the worse for wear, and a lighter frost on Tuesday night did not add to their appearance.

— The Editor of the JOURNAL'S Horticultural Department makes the statement that Mr. Charlie A. Jones has the finest bed of asters growing in his Warren avenue garden that is to be seen in this city, and proves it by the testimony of Mr. Fred H. Rogers who heard Mr. Jones say so.

— Hon. W. F. Davis, wife and W. Fred, and Dr. W. P. Defriez and family, made only a brief tarry at Webb Pond in Weld, Maine, and then repaired to their former stamping grounds at Flagstaff, Maine, where they spent the vacation days. Webb Pond was found to be unsuited for their purposes.

— Mr. Edward Winship of Cummingsville was a clerk in the store of Mr. John Cummings 14 years, 3 of one term, and 11 of another. He retired when Mr. Cummings sold out a month ago, and will probably find employment in Boston. He is the right kind of a young man to employ for a responsible business position.

— A goodly number of the young people of this city, both male and female, are entering Burdett's Boston Business College this fall, which is a sensible thing to do. A commercial education is a surer road to business success and a good living than almost any other, and too many boys and girls cannot embrace an opportunity to obtain one.

— Miss Mertena Bancroft will assume her professional work in this city on Oct. 1, as announced in these columns. It is needless for us to say that she is the leading instructor of the piano in Woburn, for that is conceded on all hands. Besides her local work Miss Bancroft teaches a fine, large school in Boston, which is patronized by the leading people there.

—Estabrook's lunch room, 441 Main street, is known far and wide for the superior quality of its pork and beans and brownbread. Estabrook makes a specialty of that branch of his business, and there are not a few people who would walk a long distance, and actually do so, to enjoy a plate of his delicious beans and generously buttered slices of his hot brownbread.

— Miss Kate Morey came back from Northport, Maine, a few days ago with no end of praises on her tongue for that charming seaside resort. She was delighted with it and never expects to get any nearer heaven than Northport until the time comes for her to shuffle off her mortal coil. She insists upon it that Northport is nothing less than Paridisiacal.

— Judge E F. Johnson of the District Court started from here yesterday on a business and pleasure trip to Colorado and will be away three or four weeks. He goes direct to Colorado Springs and from there returns to Denver and Greeley, where and in that interesting region of country a considerable share of his time will be spent. It is likely the Judge will make excursions into the Rocky Mountains and visit places of note in the State and en route home. The country west of the Missouri River is a fine one to travel in, and Judge Johnson will no doubt greatly enjoy it.

— Master Owen of the High School and family have returned to their home here.

— Hon. George F. Bean and family have returned from their N. H. summer home.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— The change of route for the Lowell electric cars to Boston from Woburn to the Reading and Malden line has not been made, nor is is likely to be.

— Mr. John O'Donnell, a farmer, died at his home on New Boston street a few days ago, at the age of 76 years. He was born in Ireland in 1827, and when 18 years old arrived in Woburn with only one dollar in his pocket. He was a prosperous and highly esteemed citizen.

— Mr. Henry L. Inman of this town is representative of the best type of newspaper men extant. He has not only gained a thorough knowledge of the ropes by experience but possesses the true "newspaper instinct," a quality of character and temperament not always vouchsafed to workers on the press. Besides that, he is a gentleman, as all well regulated newspaper men are.

— The tennis contest on Elmwood Courts at Central Square, of which Mr. James F. McGrath is the proprietor, attracted big crowds of people on Labor Day. It was spirited and every bout was admirably played. The grounds are the finest in Middlesex County, having been laid out and constructed under the supervision of tennis experts, and no expense spared on the work.

— The Woburn Brass Band on its recent trip to Cottage City received many compliments on their playing. A Boston gentleman says they received more attention than any other Band there recently. They and the Salem Cadet are the two American bands to play for the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company during the visit of the Honorable Artillery Company of London, England.

— Mr. James F. McGrath, the "Hustler," gave a free clambake at Elmwood, his fine residence at Central Square, on Labor Day, and it proved to be a great social and gastronomic success. Mr. McGrath has an open hand and long purse, and when he goes into the business of clambakes, or anything of that sort, it can't help being a success. A host of prominent ladies and gentlemen enjoyed the occasion highly.

— The public schools of this city resume operations on next Monday, Sept. 14, with practically the same teachers in all the grades as during the last school year. The instructors and scholars have had a good long rest, and we hope they have enjoyed it, so that it is fair to presume that they will enter on their duties and studies next Monday with a zest and zeal that will warrant a profitable year in the schoolrooms.

— When Mr. Charlie A. Jones, at a reasonable hour, went down to breakfast at a hotel in Newport, N. H, where his family are, last Tuesday morning the thermometer showed 29 degrees above, three below the freezing point, and everything outdoors frozen hard and stiff. That was the toughest weather record that has come to our knowledge for many a day, and a climate indicator that we do not hanker after.

— Mrs. Sarah C. Phinney is to resume the instruction of vocal classes at her residence, 29 Warren Avenue, on Sept. 20 She will make coaching, for which no teacher in the County is better qualified, a specialty, for which announcement particular attention is asked. Mrs. Phinney is an expert in voice culture, having been thoroughly educated for that profession by the most eminent Masters, and the proficiency of her pupils is evidence of the fact.

— There was a powerful rain last Saturday afternoon accompanied by vivid lightning and loud rolling thunder. The day had been of extreme heat with an atmosphere heavily laden with humidity. The shower changed the temperature materially, and Sunday was an unusually cool day, clear and dry, but nothing like so cold as Monday. At 8 a. m. on Labor Day the thermometers indicated barely 50 degrees, nor did the mercury ascend in the tubes very much during the day.

— The presentation, with compliments, of half a bushel of magnificent asters, and half a bushel of equally magnificent dahlias, the other day, by Mr. Charles M. Strout, proved conclusively to our mind that he is the champion flower cultivator in Woburn. An individual who prides herself on a knowledge of flowers, and whose experience with them has been long and wide, declares that Mr. Strout's floral gifts were the largest, brightest and best, individually and collectively, that she ever saw, and nobody disputed the statement. Of course, we were glad to get the great bunches of beauty and hereby return thanks for them.

— Of the Wakefield-Reading Fair, to be held on Sept. 15-18, inclusive, a prominent and highly interesting feature is to be the Ladies' Department, of which Mrs. Jeannette W. Crafts of Reading is the President. It is to be open to competitors from everywhere. A long list of liberal premiums is offered for the handiwork of women, of all kinds, of which, it is expected, there will be a large and fine display. Mrs. President Crafts cordially invites the ladies of Woburn to become contributors to her Department and compete for the prizes. It is confidently believed that many of them will readily embrace the opportunity to exhibit their work, and that Woburn will be creditably represented at the great Fair.

— The Sons of Veterans and S. of V. Club of this city are to present the grand musical festival, "Egypt" in Lyceum Hall on Monday and Tuesday evenings and Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 5, 6 and 7. This beautiful work has been given with unbounded success in nearly all the larger cities of the country and is the most elaborate entertainment now before the American public. Several hundred participants are required to adequately interpret the score of the opera. It is proposed to organize a great festival chorus of adult singers and also an auxiliary of several hundred young girls from the various Sunday schools of the city. There are forty or more leading roles and a number of charming drills for young lads and lassies. All the magnificent scenery and hundreds of rich oriental costumes used in its Metropolitan engagements will be brought to Woburn especially for the festival. Rehearsals will begin at an early date.

— Scarlet fever still prevails in this city and is said by some to be spreading. A teacher remarked last Tuesday morning that there were fears that it might again interfere with the schools. The Board of Health have done their duty well, but there has been gross carelessness on the part of numerous people of late. Not many days ago a woman who had come direct from the beds of two of her children sick with scarlet fever, was seen doing business at the postoffice in close proximity to other persons. In another case the quarantine card was nailed on the door of the house because the woman of it had scarlet fever, and yet neighbors were constantly running in and out day and night regardless of the danger of doing so. There are probably many cases like these cited all over the city, and no means seems to be applied to prevent them. The Board of Health are not in fault, but heedless, careless people are.

— Mr. George Buchanan is a public benefactor, and as a neighbor he is to be prized above rubies. When he has a good thing, or a lot of good things, he can't rest until all the neighbors are supplied with a generous share of them and, made happy hereby. Juicy hearted and open fisted is just the right term to apply to Mr. Buchanan. Last Wednesday he gathered his pears, and finer pears no lover of that delicious fruit ever stuck a tooth into. They were large Bartletts, fair, sweet and mellow—the king of pears. Well, after gathering them what does Mr. Buchanan do but knock around for the biggest basket on the premises and finding one suited to his mind filled it plumful of the largest and fairest pears in the heap and shouldered them over to the home of one of his neighbors and deposited them, with his compliments, where they would do the most good. This operation was repeated until everyone of Mr. Buchanan's neighbors was supplied with pears enough to last a month of Sundays. And we return our sincere thanks for a liberal share of his fine large crop.

— Several days ago a party of 6 or 8 Woburn men and women went berrying in Burlington and spent the day in that pleasing occupation. They took along an uncommon fine luncheon and deposited it under the branches of a big pine tree that stood on a knoll in the peaceful old pasture. As their baskets became filled with the luscious berries they were taken to the tree and safely set down by the side of the hampers containing their noonday repast. They went out into the richly laden berry bushes for a last gathering intending to return and enjoy their dinner about 2 p. m. They left everything in good order and the luncheon was anticipated by them with feelings closely akin to absolute and unalloyed joy. They returned with well filled baskets at the hour fixed on, but it was indeed a most sorrowful return, for on approaching the tree and lunch baskets they discovered a large, fat, innocent looking cow just finishing the last berry of the day's picking, except those in hand, and investigation showed that not one was left. But that was not the worst of it; further looking into the condition of things disclosed the fact that the cow, childlike and bland, had swallowed the last vestige of the party's intended dinner, so that not a morsel of food was left to satisfy the cravings of their empty stomachs. The scene and the language that followed these discoveries can better be imagined than described.

City Council.

At a special meeting of the Board held on Thursday evening, Sept. 3, Arthur N. Green and Bernard J. Golden were drawn for jurors.

Mayor Feeney sent a communication for a $10,000 appropriation for the use of highways. The streets to be repaired are as follows: Salem street, $2,800; Hill street, $1,000; Arlington Road from Sturgis street to Lake avenue, $1,500; Bow street, $1,000; Prospect from Mt. Pleasant to Fowle street, $650; Washington street, $2,000; Lexington street, $2,000; also for repairs on Pine, Lawrence, Burlington and Bryant streets. Referred to Finance and Highway Committee to review streets and report at next meeting.

The Board of Public Works asked for appropriations as follows: $750 for municipal building and $425 for a new flag staff on Common.

Ann Harrison presented a claim for damages on defective highway.

Francis W. Clemson presented a claim for damage to horse on Salem street.

Licenses were granted to Marion & Stowell for picnic grounds; Michael Smith for bowling alley.

Notice was received that the caucuses would be held on date below: Republican, Sept. 23, Democratic, Sept. 24. Polling places were designated.

New Books.

The latest volume from the pen of that Prince of Novelists, General Charles King, is entitled "An Apache Princess," which is to be issued from the press of The Hobart Company, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York, on Sept 25, current, in the fine style of print, paper and binding for which that publishing Company are famous. An examination of a full table of contents warrants the belief that "An Apache Princess" will surpass in interest, if possible, General King's late work, "A Daughter of the Sioux," which has had the largest sale of any book by that famous author for years, and a great demand for which still continues. The story opens at Camp Sandy in Arizona, the home of the Apaches, a tribe whose Chiefs and warrior bands used to be a terror to western white settlers and emigrants, and in its 27 chapters and l'envoi are set forth scenes and incidents which, in number, portrayal and denouement, ought to be sufficient to satisfy the most exacting reader. Love, jealousy, rivalries, plots, counter-plots, fights, treachery, and a happy ending of all in due time, are some of the features of General King's latest and best romance involving life in military posts, camps and forests on the Western frontier a quarter of a century ago. The book is to be splendidly illustrated by Frederic Remington and Edward W. Deming, the eminent New York artists whose fine embellishments contributed so materially to the attractions, and strengthened the text, of "A Daughter of the Sioux" last year. In writing about border life of years ago, of Indian warfare, of love and romance, General King "is to the manner born" and wields a pen whose power and fascination few novelists can rightfully lay claim to. In "An Apache Princess" he has done his best and produced a story that every lover of early Western life will be glad of the privilege of reading, and the circulation of which will doubtless exceed that of any former one of General Kings popular literary productions.

— M. Bancroft, Sewing Machines and finding, 410 Main street.—6m

THE FALL VACATIONIST
should now secure at Whitcher's Agency
KODAK AND FILM
if the outing is to be rememberingly enjoyed.
☞ See Window Display next to P. O.

Wakefield-Reading Fair
SEPT. 15, 16, 17, 18.
ADMISSION, - - - 25 CENTS.
12—RACES—12
Grand Vaudeville. Big Midway. Balloon Assension.
Something doing every minute
At the Wakefield-Reading Fair.

PEACH
Ice Cream
CRAWFORD'S
No. 412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE: 48-3.

WANTED.
A middle aged American woman would like a position as Housekeeper in small family. Capable of taking full charge.
Inquire at JOURNAL Office.

Winning Farm.

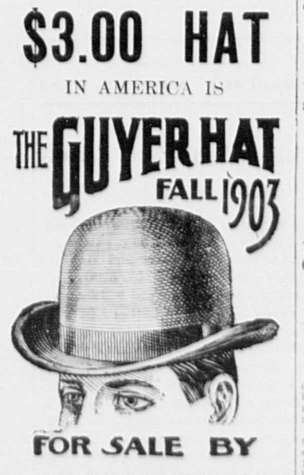
This summer resort for Boston boys and girls located on Lexington street, this city, the gift, for charitable purposes, of the late Mr. W. H. Winning, a philanthropic gentleman, closed for the season of 1903 yesterday, Sept. 10, the last company of children having left for their Boston homes on the previous Tuesday. It ended the fourth year of successful occupation by the managers of one of the many lines of benevolent work maintained by Rev. Dr. George Perin and his church in Boston, during which period it has grown to be a large and popular institution. The farm of 158 acres and buildings were willed by Mr Winning to a Board of Trustees to be used for the benefit and pleasure of children of poor parents during the summer months, and is nobly fulfilling its mission.

From its inception to the present time Mrs. J. C. McGarrey, a member of Rev. Dr. Perin's church and one of his managers and workers, has been the Matron at Winning Farm, and to her sound practical sense, orderly methods, economical oversight and practice, and warm heart for children, is due in a great measure the steady growth and prosperity of the resort. The Board of 9 Trustees have placed it on record that Mrs. McGarrey is the right woman in the right place.

The outdoor Superintendent and children's caretaker is Mr. Charles F. Barta, a gentleman peculiarly fitted for the position and mavellously successful in handling the boys and girls who come to the Farm for their summer playday. He is a "Harvard man" and Divinity School graduate, but prefers his present work to preaching. He wins the affections of the children and gives them lessons which will prove beneficial to them in after life.

During the present season Matron McGarrey and Supt. Barker have entertained and taken the best of care of 277 Boston boys and girls: 159 Protestants, 74 Catholics, 19 Jews, 25 colored.

The financial end of this fine charitable enterprise has come out to the entire satisfaction of Dr. Perin and the Board of Trustees.

THE BEST
$3.00 HAT
IN AMERICA IS


FOR SALE BY
Hammond & Son,
Leading Clothiers,
Lyceum Hall Building,
403 Main St., WOBURN.
A Clothing Store for 50 years.

Nowell Will Doubtless Come Back.

The re-election of Charles H. Nowell of Reading appears to be a certainty this fall. The House last year did not really have a chance to become acquainted with Nowell, who is the Chief Paymaster on the Boston & Maine Railroad. He entered the House on a by-election, after the death of Rep. Cottle and went on the Committee on Banks and Banking. He wisely refrained from attempting to speak during the session, but those who came in contact with him found him pretty well posted on Legislative matters, and a business man. He joined hands with the other railroad men in the fight against the blanket assignment of wages on the part of the credit house men, and it has been talked about that at the next session he is very likely to introduce a new bill of his own which will go to a new Committee on Probate and Chancery.—*Practical Politics.*

MISS BANCROFT,
WILL RESUME
Pianoforte Instruction
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1st, 1903.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—No Services next Sunday, interior not finished.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—14th Sunday after Trinity. Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Evening Prayer at 7.
No Sunday School during July and August.
Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev. Norman E. Richardson, Acting Pastor. Subject: "Experience as a Factor in Acquiring Religious Intelligence."
12 M. Sunday School.
5.45 P. M., Epworth League.
7.00 P. M., Public Service. Subject: "A Nephew's Fatal Refusal."
Tuesday, 7 P. M., Probationers' Class.
Wednesday, 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Matter."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by Rev. Cephas B. Crane, D. D. Subject: "Who is My Neighbor."
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "An Inpedement in His Speech."
7.45 P. M., Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In this city, Aug. 30, by Rev. James J. Keegan, James Edward Nolan and Margaret Katherine Harkins, all of Woburn.

In this city, Aug. 26, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Joseph Jordan Bennett and Katherine Louise Jones, all of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Sept. 4, Ellen McCauley, aged 27 years.

In this city, Sept. 4, Joseph Grainor, aged 22 years.

In this city, Sept. 2, Bernard H. Davis, aged 40 years, 14 days.

In this city, Sept. 8, John Odonnell, aged 76 years.

In this city, Sept. 10, Michael Reddy, aged 68 years.

Pork AND Lard
Are Cheaper

Best Pure Lard,	10c per lb.
Pork,	10c " "
Peanut Butter,	15c " "
Queen Olives,	35c per qt.

We are headquarters for
Kennedy's Biscuits.
Call and see the great variety we keep.
DO YOU USE SALADA TEA?
☞ We sell it.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

Of the many brands of Toilet Soaps sold by us, none have ever given as great satisfaction as our own

Woburna
Lotion Soap.

This is a pure, neutral soap, adapted to the most sensitive skin of infant or adult, making a good lather, and leaving that peculiar soothing sensation so much to be desired.

Price 15c. a Cake. 40c. a Box.

To introduce this more widely we offer a cake for 10c. and this advertisement.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.
361 Main St.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Thomas Wolfe, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by John G. Maguire, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-second day of September, A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this second day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

To Let.

A desirable tenement of 7 rooms in good repair on Academy Hill, 16 Wyer's Court. Inquire at 49 Church St., Woburn, Mass

WARRANTED WILL NOT CROCK
GORDON DYE
STAINLESS

Under ordinary circumstances almost everybody wears

HOSIERY

Our story is simply to supply the demand for these necessary articles of dress.

School Hose for Children.

Fine Lisle and Cotton for Women.
Full size and good wearing qualities for Men.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

CITY OF WOBURN.

City Collector's Taking

— OF —

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., August 25, 1903.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and all other persons are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1901, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that said parcels of real estate will be taken for the City of Woburn at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Tuesday, the twenty-second day of September, 1903,** at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes and street watering assessment, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be taken, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this taking.

WARD 1.

SARAH M. C. PHINNEY.—About 19,638 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Bennett street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Thayer; easterly by Boston & Lowell Railway Corporation; southerly by land of Nathaniel Simonds and land of Almira P. Richardson; westerly by said Bennett street.

Tax of 1901,	$157 25
Street Watering for 1901,	1 88

SARAH M. C. PHINNEY.—About 7,200 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Court street, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Church avenue; easterly by land of Dow; southerly by land of Dow; westerly by Court street.

Tax of 1901,	94 35

ROBERT J. W. PHINNEY, ESTATE.—About 13,631 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 29 Warren Avenue, bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of Choate; easterly by Warren avenue; southerly by a private way; westerly by other land now or late of said Choate.

Tax of 1901,	179 45
Street Watering for 1901,	2 62

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn

CITY OF WOBURN.

City Collector's Sale

— OF —

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., August 25, 1903.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1901, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of said land sufficient to satisfy said taxes with interest and all legal costs and charges or the whole of said land if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Tuesday, September 22nd, 1903,** at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

JOHN REARDON & SONS CORPORATION.—About 69½ acres of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises on Salem street thence by Boston & Lowell Railroad north 17½° west 885 feet; thence northerly 165 feet; thence north 6½° east 241 feet; thence north 23° east 105 feet; thence north 6½° east 162 feet; thence north 31° west 116 feet; thence north 18° west 164 feet; thence northwesterly 150 feet; thence northerly 1115 feet; thence northeasterly 30 feet; thence northwesterly by north 800 feet; thence northwesterly 85 feet; thence 43 feet; thence 203 feet; southwesterly thence by a curved line southerly 146 feet; thence northwesterly 1078 feet; thence southerly 647 feet; thence southeasterly 400 feet and bounded by land now or late of Edgell; thence southerly by land of Edgell 314 feet; thence northwesterly by land of Edgell and owners unknown 1028 feet; thence southeasterly 55 feet; thence southerly and southwesterly by owners unknown 310 feet; thence southerly 40 feet; thence southeasterly 1595.8 feet; thence southerly 1086.6 feet; thence northwesterly 42 feet; thence southerly 73.70 feet; thence on Salem street 250 feet; thence northerly 300 feet; thence southeasterly 125 fee; thence southerly about 285.5 feet to Salem street; thence southeasterly by Salem street 185.75 feet to point of beginning, being same premises described in deed dated June 27, 1898, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2668, Page 321.

Tax of 1901,	$263 63

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

SEPTEMBER 1st, A. D. 1903.

FOURTH DISTRICT COURT OF EASTERN MIDDLESEX

At a Court begun and holden at Woburn in said County, on the first day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three, Frank H. Sargent, plaintiff, Kimball M. McLaughlin, defendant, and Lawrence C. Swain, supposed trustee. This is an action of contract to recover the sum of three hundred dollars, alleged to be due the plaintiff from the defendant, on the eighteenth day of June, A. D. 1903, as set forth by the plaintiff's writ of that date.

And it appearing to the Court by the suggestion of the plaintiff, and on inspection of the officer's return of the plaintiff's writ, that the defendant at time of the service of said writ had no last and usual place of abode tenant, agent or attorney in this Commonwealth known to the plaintiff or the said officer, and that no personal service of said writ has been made upon the defendant, it is ordered by the Court here, that the plaintiff give notice of the pendency of this action by causing an attested copy of this order to be published in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed in said Woburn, once a week, three weeks successively, and that this action be continued from term to term until notice shall be given to the defendant, agreeably to this order.

ARTHUR E. GAGE, Clerk.

Chester W. Clark, Plaintiff's Attorney,
62 Equitable Building, Boston.

A true copy. Attest,

ARTHUR E. GAGE, Clerk.

To Let.

Tenement of six rooms at 37 Salem street, $11.00 per month.

E. H. RICHARDS,
25 Fairmount street.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co.

On and after June 1, 1903, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Burlington and Billerica at 5.45 a. m.

Leave Woburn for Burlington, Billerica and Lowell, at 6 45 a. m., hourly till 11.45 a. m., half hourly till 9.45 p. m., 10 15 and 10 45 p. m. to Billerica only.

Leave Lowell at 5 45 a. m., hourly till 11.45 a. m. half hourly till 9 45 p. m.

Leave Billerica for Woburn or Lowell, at 6 30 a. m., and hourly till 12.30 a. m., half hourly till 10 30 p. m. Also 11 and 11 30 p. m. for Woburn.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6.55 a. m., hourly till 12 55 p. m., half hourly till 11.55 p. m.

Cars arrive at Woburn 7 15 a. m., hourly till 1.15 p. m., half hourly till 12.15 midnight, connecting at Woburn with B. & M. trains for Boston at 7.12, 8.14, 9.06 a. m. and 4.11 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

First car leaves Woburn at 6 45 a. m., hourly till 9.45 a. m., half hourly till 10.45 p. m.

Leaves Billerica at 7.30 a. m., Lowell at 6.45 a. m.

For special cars or other information address C. W. E. HARRISON, Supt., Woburn, Mass.

Tel. 112-4.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

COURT OF LAND REGISTRATION.

To Adoniram J. Littlefield of Cambridge, Ellen T. Ellis, Martha C. Linnell, Salem T. Bridgham, Edward H. Richards and Margaret T. Kenney of Woburn, all in the County of Middlesex and said Commonwealth, and to all it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by George F. Bean of said Woburn and Benjamin F. Wells, Guardian of Hattie A. Wells, and Frank Wells of Elms in the County of York and State of Maine, to register and confirm their title in the following-described land: A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon situate in said Woburn and bounded as follows: Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises on the southerly side of Pleasant street, thence the line runs a little east of south by land of Ellen T. Ellis one hundred sixty-one and 57-100 (161.57) feet; thence easterly by land of said Ellis sixty-two and 2-10 (62.2) feet to the westerly side of Bennet street; thence southerly by and with said Bennett street seventy (70) feet to land of Martha C. Linnell; thence westerly by land of said Linnell one hundred one and 2-10 (101.2) feet to land of Bridgham; thence northerly by a wall in a slightly irregular line by land first of Bridgham and second of Richards one hundred and thirty-three (133) feet; thence westerly by land of said Richards nineteen and 5-10 (19.5) feet; thence northerly by said land of Richards and land of Kenney twenty-eight and 4-10 (28.4) feet; thence westerly by land of said Kenney fifteen (15) feet; thence northerly by land of said Kenney sixty-four and 15-100 (64.15) feet to said Pleasant street seventy-seven and 1-100 (77.01) feet to the point of beginning. Containing 17,307 square feet and being the property devised to Asa and Hannah Littlefield and their heirs by the will of Nehemiah Littlefield dated February 9, 1863 duly admitted to Probate in the Probate Court of said Middlesex County. Petitioner claims an easement of view pertains to said estate fronting on said Pleasant street over said land of Kenney as reserved and described in a deed of said Nehemiah Littlefield to Rufus Wyman dated Jan. 9, 1845 and recorded with Middlesex Deeds, Book 454, Page 405 as follows: "It is hereby agreed by and between the parties and this conveyance is made upon the express condition that the said Wyman his heirs and assigns shall not ever erect have or keep upon the tract of land above described and which lies back of my house any building whatsoever and shall not erect make or maintain any fence upon the same which shall rise higher than the top of the lowest light of glass in the windows which are on the first or ground floor of my said dwelling house."

You are hereby cited to appear at the Court of Land Registration, to be held at Boston, in said County of Suffolk, on the fifth day of October, A.D. 1903, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition, or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, LEONARD A. JONES, Esquire, Judge of Court, this ninth day of September, in the year nineteen hundred and three.

Attest with Seal of said Court.

[SEAL]

CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

CITY OF WOBURN.

THE

Registrars of Voters

will be in session at their office, Municipal Building, Common St., on

Saturday Evening, Sept. 19, 1903,

At 7 o'clock,

to receive applications for registration from those who desire to act in the respective party caucuses, as required by Sect. 36, Chap. 11, of the Revised Laws.

Parties must produce evidence of assessment. Naturalized citizens must produce their naturalization papers for inspection, if a record thereof has not been made by the Registrars of Voters of Woburn.

THOMAS E. MATHEWS,
FRED F. LOWELL,
CHARLES H. HARRINGTON,
JOHN H FINN,
Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, Sept. 3, 1903.

HAVE YOUR
OLD CARPETS
Made into handsome and durable
RUGS
For full particulars address
C. A. NICHOLS,
Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFILD,
Violin Instruction,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

TO LET.

No. 635 Main street, next to Mr. S. F. Trull's residence, near Mishawum Road, contains 10 rooms, bath, furnace, and 2 acres of land. Rent reasonable. Enquire of C. E. COOPER & CO., Mechanics Building.

WINCHESTER.

Nearly all of our vacationists have returned to their homes here.

Preparations are in order for the opening of our public schools. Long may they wave?

Dr. B. T. Church passed a pleasant summer vacation at Seaconnet, R. I., and is now at home again. The Doctor has a large medical practice and has to take an outing once in awhile to recruit.

Col. N. A. Richardson passed his 83d birthday last week, but there was no general celebration of it. He received friendly greetings and shook hands with some of his good friends. May he live to celebrate his centennial!

The *Star* cordially endorses Mr. A. C. Dowse for Senator from the Malden District. Dowse is a newspaper man, and a fine fellow, hence the *Star's* taking to him. There is a strong bond of friendship between fellowcraftsmen of the newspaper Guild.

Literary Notices.

From cover to cover this issue of the AMERICAN BOY is filled with good things. There are eighteen stories of interest, suited to every kind of boy. The cover page is a representation of a Bronco Rider. A Piece of Pie tells about a boy and what came of his craving for blueberry pie. Making Collections will appeal to the boys and their sisters who have the "collecting" hobby. Thot Bye is a fine story. Trapping a Wild Goose teaches kindness to animals. The Horses of the Roosevelts has pictures of the President's hunters and Archie Roosevelt's pony, Algonquin. Painting the Dome of the United States Capitol, tells of the dangerous nature of the undertaking. Broncoes and Bronco Riders will appeal to all boys who love horses. Some of the other stories are Lone Island, In the Trap of a Bear, When Rama Killed the Elk; Browning's Sacrifice, Two Young Defenders, A Boy of Old Vendome, Measure for Measure, Two of a Kind, A Seventh Son, Three Good Cronies. The practical departments which have been so great a feature of this best boy's paper in the world are continued; and this number will be marked as a winner by over 110,000 families into whose homes it enters regularly every month. Published by the Sprague Publishing Company, Detroit, Mich. $2.00 a year; sample copies ten cents each.

Shrinkage.

The following report of the financial condition of the American Hide & Leather Company, taken from the Boston *Advertiser*, will be of interest to people of Woburn, as the Company are large owners of the leather factories in this city, and considerable of the stock is held by parties here. James Skinner, Esq., is one of the Directors in the Company:

The report of American Hide & Leather for the fiscal year to June 30, is very unsatisfactory. Profits decreased $525,395, and expenses only $38,885. The result was a deficit of $79,634, as compared with a surplus of $406,876 for the previous year. No charge was made for depreciation, and only $9988 for bad and doubtful debts. During the previous year $91,171 was charged to these two items. The appropriation for replacement and repairs showed a slight increase.

The balance sheet shows quick assets of $2,192,864, consisting of $428,451 in cash and $1,774,413 in accounts and bills receivable. Against this are current liabilities of $1,923,579 in accounts payable and bond interest. Quick assets exceed current liabilities by $269,285. Other available assets are $6,746,516 hides and leather on hand, $42,317 in miscellaneous claims, and $72,692 unexpired insurance, a total of $6,861,525. The working capital, therefore, is $7,130,810, a decrease of $135,149 from the previous year. The report states that the valuation of the materials on hand has been revised, and is thoroughly conservative.

It Dissolves Greece and Dirt.

It is a perfect cleanser of all impurities and a destroyer of all bacteritic life. It is a concentrated dark colored liquid, a spoonful to a pail of water containing more real cleaning powders than any amount of soap and doing innumerable things soap cannot do. We speak of Cabot's SULPHO-NAPTHOL, which has raised the standard of household purity to a height unattainable by the ordinary cleaning and so-called disinfecting agents. For Fall Cleaning and as a guard against Smallpox it is the best thing on the market. Get the genuine.

Wakefield--Reading Fair.

The fare for the fair at the Fair is 25 cents.

The fare for the husband of the fair at the Fair is 25 cents.

The fare for the children of the fair at the Fair is 15 cents.

Wakefield-Reading Fair
Sept. 15, 16, 17, 18.

Origin of the Turban.

The origin of the turban must be looked for not, as commonly believed, among Moslems, but as a sign of authority and honor dating back to the earliest periods of Jewish history. The term used in the Hebrew Bible for putting on the bonnet of the high priest is from a root meaning "to bind round." The words miter, hood, diadem, as used in the Old Testament, are only variations of the word turban.

Jerome tells us that the turban has a place in the most ancient records of history. The variations as adopted by Mohammedans are many. Their own authorities hint at a thousand methods of arranging the turban, which shows not only the tribe and religious distinction, but even the personal peculiarities of the wearer.

An old legend traces the turban to an act of desperate courage recorded of the ancient Levantines. A brave band of warriors are said to have wrapped their winding sheets round their heads as they devoted themselves to certain death to save their comrades on the battlefield.

The Gopher Snake.

It has long been a question in our minds as to how the gopher snake caught the gophers on which he lives, but H. C. Heitzer tells how it was done, having witnessed a catch. Mr. Snake coiled his tail over the gopher hole, setting a snare for him. When the gopher had crawled out of the hole sufficiently to permit the snake's tail to be drawn about the body of the gopher the coil was fastened about Mr. Gopher as quick as a flash.

It was gradually drawn tighter and tighter until the gopher fell over dead, the life having been completely squeezed out of him. After the gopher is dead the snake swallows him whole, and it is not an unusual thing to find one of these snakes with a number of gophers in him. The gopher is a great fighter, and if he was not caught in a snare as the one mentioned he would doubtless make a hard fight for life even with a snake.—Tulare Advance.

HE CAUGHT THE HOUSE.

A Yell of Applause at a Critical Point in a Play.

Edward Harrigan once said that the most trying moment in his theatrical career occurred in New Orleans soon after the civil war. He had gone south with his company and, yielding somewhat to popular request, put on "The Blue and the Gray." The play had been a success up north, but down south, with the air still full of the bitterness of the war, it was a dangerous experiment. Tony Hart was to represent the Confederate gray, so he hunted up a uniform of the Louisiana Tigers, and when he came marching on, young, stalwart, handsome, the typical soldier boy in the beloved uniform, the house, men and women, cheered and shouted and cried for all their heroes embodied in this boy. Harrigan, standing in the wings in his northern blue, waiting to go on, had just one thought—"They'll kill me!" Then he stepped out, the embodiment of the enemy, and a cold, dead silence fell upon the house. Not a hand moved for him. The audience was tense with emotion, and there was only an instant to act if the play was to be saved. Harrigan, big, kindly, good looking, came swiftly down to the front and stepped over the footlight gutter, leaning down to them. "For the love of heaven, won't you give the Yankee a hand?" he exclaimed. At once the house was caught and all the pent up feeling turned the right way. There was a yell of applause.

How the Sculptor Cellini Was Cured.

Benvenuto Cellini, when about to cast his famous statue of Perseus, now in the Loggia dei Lanzi at Florence, was taken with a sudden fever. In the midst of his suffering one of his workmen rushed into his sick chamber and exclaimed: "Oh, Benvenuto! Your statue is spoiled, and there is no hope whatever of saving it!" Cellini said that when he heard this he gave a howl and leaped from his bed. Dressing hastily, he rushed to his furnace and found his metal "caked." He ordered dry oak wood and fired the furnace fiercely, working in a rain that was falling, stirred the channels and saved his metal. He continues the story thus: "After all was over I turned to a plate of salad on a bench there and ate with a hearty appetite and drank together with the whole crew. Afterward I retired to my bed, healthy and happy, for it was two hours before morning, and slept as sweetly as if I had never felt a touch of illness." His overpowering idea of saving his statue not only drove the idea of illness from his mind, but also drove away the physical condition and left him well. It was a triumph of mind.—Success.

Annual Flowers.

Annual plants are those that you must sow every year. From seed to seed is only a year or less. Annual plants probably comprise half the flowering plants of the world. They quickly take advantage of the moving seasons, grow, blossom and die before they are caught by the blight of winter or by the parching dry season. They are shifty plants, now growing here, then absconding to other places. This very uncertainty and capriciousness make them worth the while. The staid perennials I want for the main and permanent effects in my garden, but I could no more do without annuals than I could do without the spices and the condiments of the table. They are flowers of a season; I like the flowers of a season.—Country Life In America.

Deaf and Dumb Teachers.

"I suppose a deaf and dumb asylum is the last place to which most persons who wish to learn a language would think of going," said the principal of one of those institutions. "Yet there are several educated foreigners who came here to take lessons in English.

"The reason is that a teacher in a school for the deaf and dumb, having to talk so her pupils can read her lips, learns to enunciate clearly and distinctly and give each word its true value. The foreigners say our teachers speak so distinctly that they can acquire the language in half the time they can from ordinary instructors."

The Bird of Paradise.

Probably no famous bird has a smaller habitat than the bird of paradise, whose beautiful feathers are so highly prized in the millinery trade. No one knows why the varieties of this beautiful bird are confined to the island of New Guinea and the neighboring coasts of Australia. There are many other islands not far away where the conditions would seem to be equally favorable to their existence, but they are not found among them.

The Difference In Seasons.

"Br'er Williams," said Brother Dickey, "you all time talkin' 'bout wantin' ter go ter glory in a chariot er fire. How'd you like ter try it in de middle er August?"

"Br'er Dickey," replied Brother Williams, "w'en I made dem remarks we wuz deep in December en de white snow wuz all over de ground!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Rabid.

Noozey—I've heard a rumor that she is to be married.

Oldbache—Yes.

Noozey—Who's the lucky one?

Oldbache—Neither of them, if they only knew it.—Philadelphia Press.

Wanted.

I am looking for dishonest borrowers—yes, indeed—fellows who will borrow my troubles and never pay them back.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

It is a great evil as well as a misfortune to be unable to utter a prompt and decided no.—Simmons.

An Ailment of the Feet.

Poetry is at last classified. The Washington Post tells a story of some children who were discussing the perfections and usefulness of their respective fathers.

"My father's the best man in the world," said one little girl. "He is a minister. He makes people go to church."

"Mine is the best," piped up another. "He's a doctor. He makes sick people well so they can go to church."

Three or four more enlarged upon the benefit the world derived from their fathers, and it finally came the turn of a sweet, blue eyed little girl.

"My papa's the best of all," she said. "He's a poet."

"A poet!" said another, joining the group. "Why, a poet isn't a profession! It's a disease!"

His Point of View.

"I wonder why there are no marriages in heaven," said the sweet young thing.

"Well, heaven's heaven, isn't it?" asked the crusty bachelor.—Detroit Free Press.

A "Beat" of Jacob Riis.

One of Jacob Riis' great public benefactions, the most costly to New York, was a newspaper "beat" typical of the shrewdness and intelligence of the man. Riis picked up in the health department one day the weekly analysis of the Croton water and read "a trace of nitrites." "What are nitrites?" he asked. Getting an evasive answer, he went off and found out what nitrites were and published the news, explaining that they meant sewage contamination and advising the people to boil the water. Then while the other papers were poohpoohing the news he went up through the Croton watershed with a camera and took pictures of towns sewering into the streams, public dumps on their banks, people and animals washing in the water. He made good his case. The other papers belittled the conditions, saying running water purifies itself. But Riis inquired how long it took the water to come down from the worst town, sixty miles away. The answer was four days. He asked the experts how long a cholera germ might live in running water. "Seven days," was the answer. New York had to buy up that watershed, and the cost ran into the millions. But Riis had his "beat," and New York has pure water. —J. L. Steffens in McClure's.

Walls and Wall Papers.

"Wall papers are unhealthy," said a physician. "They destroy the porousness of walls. If I had my way nothing but whitewash would be used all over the world. Wall paper closes our walls' pores and thus to a certain extent does us harm. Walls, you see, should be porous, like our clothes, like our skin. Clog up the pores of our skin, and we die. Close up the pores of our clothes, and we would soon discard them, for they would be insufferable. But we are used to the clogging of our walls' pores, and therefore we no longer notice the inconvenience of it. Some people argue that wall papers are porous. My answer is that they may be porous when they are new, but as soon as they get damp the pores fill up, and, once filled, there is no way to open them again. Have porous walls, I say, and to have them substitute for wall paper whitewash."—Philadelphia Record.

Vicious Stowaways.

Some remarkable stowaways are found on ships of the merchant marine. An official of the London zoological gardens had a call one day from a sailor who wanted to know if he was open to buy a "sarpint." He said, "Yes." "There's a beauty for you," said the man, opening a little rice sack he carried in his hand. An Indian cobra, with hood expanded and deadly fangs ready to strike, lay in the bottom of the frail bag. In this case the creature had probably been brought aboard in timber or in a package of fruit. Vipers, deadly spiders and other undesirable immigrants are constantly found in the holds of ships that have arrived from tropical ports. A Liverpool fruiterer recently had a narrow escape from being bitten by a viper which arrived in a case of Spanish melons.

Human Property In China.

In China every member of a family is property and may be sold voluntarily or seized for debt. Contracts are held sacred among the Chinese, and whatever is promised must be performed. A father may sell his son, and this is the despairing Celestial's last resort.

The Chinaman sells a son in order to save the life of the boy and the rest of the family. If afterward the father's circumstances improve he can buy the boy back again, usually at some advance. It is not considered disgraceful, but rather an act of humanity, to buy children in China, as otherwise the parents, as a last resort, must let them die by the roadside.

Unanswerable.

Two little girls were engaged in an animated discussion as to the merits of their respective homes.

"Well, anyway," said one little maiden in a triumphant tone, "you may have more bedrooms than we have, but we have more cream than you do. We have enough for our cereal every single morning."

"Pooh," said the other, "that's nothing! We own a Jersey cow, and we get a whole cowful of cream twice every day."—Lippincott's.

A Fijian Chief's Rebuke.

A frivolous visitor to the Fiji islands said to a Fijian chief: "It is really a pity you have been so foolish as to listen to these missionaries. No one nowadays believes in the Bible."

The chief's eyes flashed as he said: "Do you see that stone? There we killed our victims. Do you see that oven? There we roasted their bodies for our feasts. If it hadn't been for the missionaries and the Bible you would have met the same fate."

A Good Time.

Mr. Bensonhurst—Willie, did you have a good time the week you spent at your grandfather's?

Little Willie—Rather! He let me go out to play without calling me back every time and saying, "Willie, have you got a clean handkerchief?"—Brooklyn Citizen.

A Henry George Tax.

The last campaign in which Henry George was permitted to engage abounded in wordy encounters. In making squelching rejoinders to impertinent questions the famous single taxer could not be excelled. During one of his addresses Henry George remarked that a lifetime had been devoted to the dissemination of his single tax views.

"And what have you accomplished?" inquired a voice in the audience.

"Taxed New York's halls to their greatest capacities," said the orator suavely. And a delighted audience would not permit him to continue for some minutes.

A Literal Minded Class.

A teacher in one of the schools near Philadelphia had one day been so disturbed by the buzzing of lips and shuffling of feet of the children that she was on the verge of distraction. Finally she said: "Children, I cannot stand so much noise. Please be quiet for a little while, at least. Let me see if you can't be so still that you could hear a pin drop."

Instantly every child became as still as a mouse. Then a little boy in a back seat piped out, with marked impatience:

"Well, let her drop!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Debts In China.

In China one can always borrow money on the strength of having a son, but nobody would advance him a cent if he had a dozen daughters. The former is responsible for the debts of his father for three generations. The latter is only responsible for the debts of her own husband.

THE FIERY DRAGON.

Ancient and Mediæval Descriptions of the Monster.

Dragons were important animals in ancient and mediæval natural history. Until comparatively recent time no scientist ever thought of questioning the existence of this most formidable of beasts. The annals of Winchester for 1177 gravely state that "in this year dragons were seen of many in England." Gesner, professor of natural history at Zurich, gives a detailed description of the dragon, while Aldrovandus, in his "History of Serpents and Dragons," published in 1640, devotes fifty pages to the monster. A good specimen of a dragon would seem to have been a beast about the size of a sheep, incased in a coat of scales which shone like silver. Its back was serrated like a saw. It possessed a long tail, a pair of batlike wings, four heavily clawed feet and a wolvine head, the jaws of which were armed with very formidable teeth. The tongue was barbed with fire, and fury issued from the monster's mouth, and the head bore a crest. Dragons were the most wicked and vindictive of creatures. They seem always to have been in a towering rage and spent the greater portion of their time in rushing up and down the earth destroying everything that came in their path. The origin of dragons was a disputed point among mediæval naturalists. Some maintained that these animals were generated by the heat of India; others were of opinion that the volcanoes of Ethiopia used to belch forth the monsters. One scientist, John Leo by name, declared the dragon to be a hybrid, a cross between an eagle and a wolf.

Temperature and Atmosphere.

That a body can acquire during the night a different temperature from that of the surrounding atmosphere has been demonstrated by an English physicist. If a thermometer is taken from the window, wrapped in cotton and placed on the ground its mercury will descend seven or eight degrees. Vegetables similarly situated, and being bad conductors, may freeze at a time when the thermometer does not mark the freezing point—proof that the cold experienced by the plant may be entirely different from the temperature of the surrounding air. This low temperature of plants, however, only occurs when the night is clear, since at this time the plant sheds its heat throughout space and becomes chilled, whereas if the night is cloudy the phenomenon does not occur. This gives rise to the popular superstition that plants and buds are frozen by moonlight.

Curious Case of Mind Reading.

A very curious case is related in the Annales Psychiques. A child of seven years, in good health, lively and robust, belonging to equally healthy parents, showed a strange facility in learning all that his mother taught him. He recited the whole multiplication table at the first trial, solved instantly complicated problems and made not a single mistake in his first spelling lesson. It was soon realized that the child did not calculate by himself and did not spell of his own accord. He was reading his mother's mind, and he did this even when his eyes were shut and his back turned, provided only that she were near him. One day she had the idea of interposing a screen between her and the child, and there was no more calculation, no more spelling. The screen was sufficient to prevent the child from reading the mother's thoughts.

A Moving Sermon.

"I once had a parishioner who was a miser," said an English clergyman. "For this man's benefit I preached one Sunday a strong sermon on the necessity of charity, of philanthropy—a sermon on the duty and the joy of giving. The miser, at whom I gazed often, seemed impressed.

"Next day I met him on the street.

"'Well, John,' I said, 'what do you think of yesterday's sermon?'

"'It moved me deeply, sir,' he answered. 'It brought home to me so strongly the necessity of giving alms that honestly, sir, I've a great mind to turn beggar.'"

Light and Heat and Eyes.

Looking into the fire is very injurious to the eye, particularly a coal fire. The stimulus of light and heat united soon destroys the eyes. Looking at molten iron will soon destroy the sight. Reading in the twilight is injurious to the eyes, as they are obliged to make great exertion. Reading or sewing with a side light injures the eyes, as both eyes should be exposed to an equal force of light. Those who wish to preserve their sight should preserve their general health by correct habits of living and give their eyes just work enough, with a due degree of light.

Fuddling Cups.

An article in the Burlington Magazine describes some early English earthenware drinking cups of eccentric patterns. The principal feature of most of the quaint tygs, or loving cups, is their astonishing number of handles, which range from two to as many as twelve. It is supposed that the purpose of this equipment was that the cup might pass from hand to hand and each guest have a fresh portion of the rim to himself, no doubt an excellent arrangement for the first time round! Not content with half a dozen or so of full grown handles, the potter frequently inserted between each of them a sort of rudimentary handle, consisting of a looped strip of clay. The "fuddling cup" is a cluster of half a dozen good sized cups joined together. When it is realized that the six cups communicate with each other internally, so that to empty one you must empty all, the force of the name will be apparent. Any doubt as to the use of these formidable vessels is dispelled by the inscription: "Fill me full of sidar. Drink of me."

At the Top of St. Peter's.

One needs to climb to the top of St. Peter's to understand best how its builders sought to overawe its beholders. Then the colossal proportions of every detail become apparent; then one may discover that the pen in the hand of St. Mark is as long as a six foot grenadier. On approaching the row of apostles which stand along the edge of the roof and which seem to the bystander in the street below of the size of ordinary human beings one will find gigantic figures whose eyes are as big as men's heads and whose fingers vie in size with an athlete's forearm. The roof is indeed a city in itself, for here are rows of houses where the workmen who are constantly employed in repairing the cathedral have their homes. A fountain supplies them with water, and their provisions are brought to them on the backs of donkeys driven up the broad and easy incline of the stairway.

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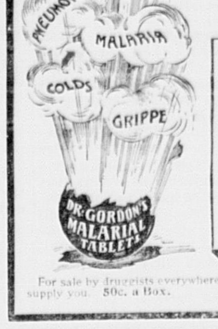

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ON THE WAY TO AYLWIN

By M. MACLEAN HELLIWELL

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The train stopped with a jolt, and the passengers thronged out, filling the station with bustle and confusion.

Chatterton, who was on his way to Halifax, was looking idly out of the smoker window, when suddenly there passed across his range of vision a certain well cut profile which he knew could belong to only one woman in the world. Without an instant's hesitation he picked up his hat and left the car, clearing the steps just as the train started heavily forward.

The small station was crowded with people, and Chatterton looked some time for the lady of the profile before he espied her sitting quietly in one corner of the dingy waiting room.

She had thrown open her coat and was leaning back against the wall with closed eyes, evidently prepared to wait some time. Chatterton seated himself in the opposite corner of the room and, drawing out a paper, pretended to read the while he watched her furtively.

People passed and repassed between them. The noise and confusion ebbed and flowed as train after train came in and departed.

Then all at once a lull came. Silence reigned on the platform, and Chatterton suddenly realized that he and the lady were alone in the waiting room. He rose and went out abruptly, and as he passed through the door he stopped for a moment before a time table that hung beside it, one name having caught his eye.

"Aylwin," he muttered. "Of course going home for the dear old people's anniversary dinner. How could I have forgotten it? I don't believe she ever traveled alone before, and it's a whole hour to wait in this hole. Don't I know the long, interminable dragging on of the minutes, don't I know—ah, but it did not seem long last year when we waited here together!"

He passed out on to the deserted platform and, lighting a cigar, smoked furiously while he paced up and down, revolving many things in his mind.

At last, throwing back his head with a sudden resolution, he tossed aside his cigar and re-entered the waiting room.

As the door closed behind him the girl in the corner opened her eyes, and a sudden wave of color touched her cheeks. Her cool, gray eyes regarded his steadily for a moment, then she turned her face slowly from him. But the man, lifting his hat, advanced quickly.

"Margaret," he cried as he stood before her, "I want to talk to you." Her baffling gray eyes met his with no trace of embarrassment.

"I know of nothing you can have to say to me. You were very explicit. Nothing of importance was omitted, but if something else has occurred to you you have my lawyer's address and can communicate with him."

He made no answer for a moment, then he said abruptly:

"You are going home for the anniversary dinner tomorrow. I can just see the table blazing with lights and flowers, the dear old pater beaming with pride and the little mother all soft smiles and tender happiness. Tomorrow will be the first time there has ever been an empty place at the anniversary dinner. I am afraid the little mother will not like that. She has always had perfect faith in her sons-in-law."

"It is easy to deceive old people," she interrupted, "particularly such dear, guileless, trustful old people as they. Will you kindly leave me? Under existing circumstances no gentleman should have to be reminded that he has renounced his right to inflict his company upon his—the woman"—

"His wife," he finished gently. "Why hesitate? Is the word so hateful to you? A separation is not a divorce, you know. I don't want to force myself upon you, Margaret. But I cannot get the little mother out of my mind. Do they know at home of our trouble?"

The girl was silent for a moment, then she faced him suddenly, her eyes blazing.

"No," she cried; "they don't. You are not the only one who loves them! You have been the cause of my doing much that I regret, and now you are making me do the one thing I have always loathed with all my soul. You have forced me to lie to them for the first time in my life! I have told them nothing yet of the truth. In my letters I have always added your love and such messages as you used to send. They expect you tonight. I shall tell them that just as we were starting an urgent telegram came from the Halifax branch demanding your immediate presence. Oh, I shall get through! I have had my schooling." The last words were rather faint, but she threw back her head and added almost fiercely, "And it will not be acting to show them how happy I am!"

He did not tell her that her face, her voice, her very attitude, belied her words, for something was teaching him wisdom. Instead he answered gently:

"It will be impossible to deceive the little mother. When those clear blue eyes look into yours and her soft voice asks, 'Why, Madda, where's our Teddy?' all lies will shrivel up and die. You will have to tell her everything, and that will mean that all joy will go not only out of the anniversary dinner, but out of her life. You know how she regards such things. Margaret, don't you think that for her sake and the pater's I had better go down with you just for the dinner? I can make my excuses and leave on the midnight train tomorrow. I shall not trouble you, believe me. They must not be allowed to suspect anything, but when we are alone we shall be as strangers. I shall not even talk to you if you do not wish it. There is plenty of time for you to decide. I am asking nothing for myself—I know that that is fruitless—but I am pleading for the little mother and the pater."

He turned as he finished speaking and left her alone.

It seemed scarcely five minutes before she heard his voice again. "The Aylwin train is coming," he said. "Shall I get a ticket?"

"Yes," she answered simply.

The cars were crowded, but he found a seat, and, putting her in it with the old air of proprietorship that had always been so sweet to her, he seated himself beside her in silence.

The train rattled on, and as they sat so near together, yet so very far apart, the thoughts of each turned to the last time they had traveled that road together, on their first visit home after their honeymoon.

How happy they had been then! How happy they might have been now if only that little rift within the lute—

Through the mind of each the same questions rang—had there been just and sufficient cause? A little patience, a little forbearance, a little sacrificing of pride at the beginning—

Chatterton looked down at the slight figure beside him. They would not be able to deceive the little mother after all. Happy? With the old sparkle all gone from her eyes and those pathetic little lines about her mouth! And he had sworn to love her, to cherish her and protect her through good and ill till death should part them. Instinctively his hand closed over hers as it lay listlessly on the seat beside him.

At the touch of his fingers she turned, and something shone in her eyes as she drew closer to him.

"Dear," she said softly, "I'm so lonely, so tired and so sorry. Will you"—

His firm clasp of the hand tightened as the conductor threw open the door and shouted, "Aylwin next station!"

"Hush," he whispered. "It was all my fault, little girl. I have been a brute, but all the rest of my life I shall make atonement, for we'll start all over again, and—we won't have to act a lie to the little mother, will we, Madda?"

And, though she answered nothing in words, each understood and was happy.

No Windfalls For Him.

"When I read of folks finding bank notes stuffed in old sofa pillows and pincushions," said a west side dealer in secondhand household furniture to a New York Times man, "it just makes me ready to cry. Half the stories printed about such finds I don't believe. I've been in this business thirty-one years right here in little old New York. I've made it a point of gathering in all sorts of odds and ends from old cranks that I thought would be likely to hide money. I've never left anything like a pillow or a thing where money could be hidden in any lot I bought outright, although I've had to brave many a pitiful appeal for father's tobacco box and mother's sewing basket. I never let any piece of furniture go out of here again until I have been through it myself. Wife and I have pulled hair stuffing out of things and put it back again when we could have saved ourselves trouble and money by letting the stuff go out for sale without it. Find anything? Not a cent. Once I found an old book hidden in a mattress that was bought from a woman who died. I took it to a bookseller, who said it was not worth my car fare. No, sir; the only way to get money in this business, like any other, is to work for it and not expect to find it."

Rain Brought No Orders.

Philip D. Armour one day received a very long letter from an agent in regard to conditions of trade in the country through which he was traveling. Page after page was devoted to telling his employer that the weather and uncertain crop conditions were responsible for the meager orders and not a lack of energy or perseverance on his own part. Rain was needed in that section. With the first downpour hope would enter into the despondent community, and an order commensurate with the benefits granted to a parched earth could be expected. Rain saturated the earth, lengthy letters continued to arrive, but no orders.

"How about orders?" wrote the merchant, who was weary of footing nonproductive expensive accounts and reading long letters. "Write and let me know in the fewest possible words what merchants say now that they have rain."

By return mail the famous merchant received a letter which told him in a few words the reception accorded the agent in the newly drenched territory, "Dry up, old man, dry up."

Not Friends; Just Gushers.

In a big department store a dainty, pretty little woman in the act of buying some lace caught sight of another pretty little woman who was buying some ribbon. As their eyes met both shoppers dropped the articles at which they had been looking and rushed into each other's arms.

"Old and dear friends reunited after many years," thought the clerk behind the counter.

At last the time for parting came.

"Now do come and see me real soon," said the first woman.

"Oh, I never pay calls, you know," replied the other. "You come and see me."

"Well, I don't know your address."

"It is the last house on —— street, next to Riverside drive."

"But I do not know your name since your last marriage."

It was then that the clerk woke up to the real situation.

"Just a pair of gushers," he said to himself disgustedly.—New York Press.

Pontiffs Once Wore Red.

There are many people who will doubtless be interested to know that it is only since the thirteenth century that the popes have been accustomed to wear white. Until that time they were always arrayed in the red robes now affected by the cardinals. Boniface VIII., in 1294, however, realizing that the red was no longer a distinctive color of the papacy since his predecessors had accorded to their legates abroad the right to wear it, issued a decree granting to all the members of the sacred college the red robes which they now wear and decided that the white should henceforth be the hue of the raiment of himself and of his successors. The popes, however, still retain from those ancient days the red hat which they wear out of doors and the red mantle as well as the red shoes.

Such Cases Are Serious Sometimes.

Late one evening a doctor received a note from a couple of fellow practitioners saying:

"Pray step across to the club. We are one short for a game of poker."

"Emily, dear," he then said to his wife, "I am called away again. It appears to be a very serious case, for there are two doctors already in attendance."

Advantages of Black.

Little Bobby (whose mamma is very particular and is always telling him to wash his face and hands)—Mummy, dear, I do wish I was a little black boy.

Mamma—My dear Bobby, you generally are.

Little Bobby—Oh, I mean really black. Then you wouldn't see when I was dirty.—Punch.

Servants In China.

A rich man's servant in China gets no salary, yet many are the applicants; while big salaries are paid to the servants of the common people, but few make application. The perquisites of the former often more than triple the salaries of the latter.

The first step to knowledge is to know that we are ignorant.—Cecil.

The wise man is cured of ambition by ambition.—La Bruyere.

THE TOWN OF YAFA.

Famous In History and the Most Interesting Spot In Palestine.

Yafa is a little town that was many times destroyed alike by Jews, Assyrians, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans and Turks. It was to Yafa that Hiram, king of Tyre, sent the cedar wood "in flotes" which from there were taken to Jerusalem for Solomon's temple. Jonah sailed from this little town to Tarshish when fleeing from the face of the Lord. It was in Yafa that the humble Dorcas lived her life of good deeds and upon her dying was raised to life by Peter. To this shore the great Richard Cœur de Lion swam, girded in armor, fighting for Christendom, and won a victory for the crusaders over the Arab. Bonaparte left a memory of his cruelty here by his massacre of several thousand prisoners and the poisoning of some persons afflicted with the plague. Simon the tanner's house, where Peter learned that all nations were acceptable before God, is one of the few sights to be seen in Yafa. In the courtyard there is a large well of spring water, and from the roof of the house a most beautiful view of the surrounding country presents itself. Another site of interest in the tomb of Tabitha, which stands in the garden of the Greek monastery, close to an old fountain, among the orange groves and fruit orchards. Of all towns in Palestine, Yafa is one of the most interesting for its antiquity and its strange mixture of the oriental in its most primitive form with European civilization gradually admitted.

The Vernacular.

This was the conversation between the girl with the gum in her mouth and the other girl with the gum in her mouth:

"Aincha hungry?"

"Yeh."

"So my. Less go neet."

"Where?"

"Sleev go one places nuther."

"So dy. Ika neet mo stennyware. Canchoo?"

"Yeh. Gotcher money?"

"Yeh."

"So vy. Gotcher aptite?"

"Yeh. Gotchoors?"

"Yeh. Howbout place crosstreet?"

"Nothin teet there. Lessgurround corner."

"Thattledoo zwell zennyware. Mighta thoughta that 'tfirst. Getcher hat."

"Ima gettinit. Gotcher money?"

"Yeh. Didn'cheer me say I had it? Allready?"

"Yeh."

"K'mon."—Chicago Tribune.

Turtles Tenacious of Life.

The way cats cling to their proverbial nine lives is well known, but the average turtle will make a tougher stand than nine ordinary cats. Perhaps boiling will kill a turtle at once, but any other method seems hopeless.

The severed head of a snapping turtle will bite for an hour after separation from the body. But more wonderful is the indifference of the green turtle of the West Indies to mutilation. A party of naturalists lately returned give an account of an experience which proves beyond doubt that the green turtle's indifference does not lie in its head.

A green turtle found on the beach turned and made for the water. One of the party severed its head with an ax and turned the body around. The headless turtle ran, then stopped and turned toward the water again.

Melba In a Temper.

When Mme. Melba first tasted the sweets of fashionable life a Boston woman of fashion captured her for a dinner. The Boston woman loaded her guest with attentions, and after the dinner she said to Melba, "You will give us a little song tonight, dear Mme. Melba?" But the songstress refused. The Boston woman pleaded and said petulantly: "I am quite sure my guests will be disappointed. Really you are quite unkind." This infuriated the high spirited singer, and she answered: "My terms as a dinner entertainer are $2,000. You may see my manager if you want me to sing for your guests." Then Melba got her wraps and went away in a frenzy of anger.

What He Missed.

"An old negro living in Carrollton," relates the Bosworth (Mo.) Star-Sentinel, "was taken ill and called in a physician of his race to prescribe for him. But the old man did not seem to be getting better, and finally a white physician was called. Soon after arriving Dr. S. felt the darky's pulse for a moment and then examined his tongue. 'Did your other doctor take your temperature?' he asked. 'I don't know, sah,' he answered feebly; 'I hain't missed anything but my watch as yit, boss.'"

The Shorter Way.

"I understand that you have been experimenting with a view to discovering the philosopher's stone?" said the boyhood friend.

"Yes," said the intellectual man. "If I discover it, I shall become rich."

"But what's the use of waiting so long? Why don't you get stone straight from the quarry and get rich on paving and building contracts the same as I did?"—Washington Star.

It Was a Draw.

Red Gulch Joe—Did you say that thar fight between Scar Faced Sam an' Lasso Bill wuz a draw?

Brimstone Ike—Yes, an', unforchinitly fer Sam, Lasso Bill drawed fust.—Baltimore American.

Their Mutual Fervent Wish.

She—I trust, Jack, our marriage will not be against your father's will.

Jack—I'm sure I hope not. It would be mighty hard for us if he should change it.—Town and Country.

The Handy Boy.

"Willie, you may finish this piece of pie if you want it," said mother. "It isn't enough to save."

"Mother," said Willie when he had finished it, "a boy in the family comes in very handy when there is a little bit of pie left over, doesn't he?"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Enough to Kill.

Doctor—I see what the matter is. It's dyspepsia. All you have to do is to laugh heartily before and after each meal.

Mrs. Binks—Impossible. I get them myself and wash the dishes.

A Secret Society.

Mabel—A lot of us girls have established a secret society, Jack.

Jack—What are the objects of it?

Mabel—Why, we meet together and tell secrets, of course.

Funny Comparison.

Tom—My father's so tall he can look over the garden wall.

Jack—So can my father—with his hat on.

Sound Without Air.

Sound can be obtained without air if some elastic medium be interposed between the ear and the body that emits the sound, but sound cannot be transmitted through a perfect vacuum. Hawkesby proved that if the space between the sounding body and the ear be exhausted of air no sound will be audible.

Any medium, however—gaseous, liquid or solid—will if elastic transmit sound waves. Franklin, for instance, having plunged his head under water, caused two stones to be struck together beneath the surface and at a distance of half a mile heard the blows distinctly. Colladon, another investigator, heard the sound of a bell struck under water in the lake of Geneva at a distance of nine miles.

It is well known that wood transmits sound in a remarkable manner. A person at one end of a wooden beam will hear a pin scratch made at the other end, though the person making it may hear no sound at all. This fact is sometimes employed as a test of the soundness of the beam, for the experiment will fail if the intervening wood be rotten.

A Book He Didn't Have.

At the very beginning of his editorial career a friend visited Henry Labouchere and, seeing a quantity of books around which had been sent in for review, offered to bet the editor of London Truth that there was one book he had not got in the office. Labouchere inquired the name of the book, and his friend promptly answered, "A Bible." With a laugh Labouchere offered to bet £10 that he had even that book. Turning the conversation in another direction, he furtively sent a note out into the clerk's office telling the boy to go downstairs and ask the booksellers underneath for the loan of a Bible. Presently he returned to the subject of the bet and, calling his assistant in, asked him whether he had a Bible in the office. The clerk produced the book, which Labouchere handed over to his friend, giving himself away, however, as he did so by saying sotto voce to the clerk, "I hope to goodness you didn't forget to cut the leaves!"

A Polite Denial.

Everybody knows the man who is careful never to say "No" abruptly in answer to a question. "No" is a hard word, but one may sometimes be made ridiculous by a reluctance to utter it, says an exchange.

A certain man who had this habit was once met by two ladies who had been discussing the peculiarity, and one of them said that she was positive she could make him say "Oh, no!" flatly. So she addressed him thus:

"Let me see, Mr. Smith; you are a widower, are you not?"

"As much a widower, madam," he answered, with a polite inclination of his head, "as it is possible for a man to be who has never married."

The lady had to own herself beaten.—Mobile Register.

Sex Characteristics.

Have you ever noticed in a fashionable crowd how much like men the women are and how much like women the men? It is not that the men are really effeminate or the women really masculine, as a keen observer once put it, but there is, nevertheless, a curious approximation in type. It may be to some extent a matter of dress. Women affect the mannish in their costume, men in summer seek more color. But it is not dress alone. The woman's face seems stronger and the man's less sensual than it would have been even a century ago. The figure, too, has changed. The man is less gross, the woman more athletic, and both are taller.—London Tatler.

Lion Cubs as Pets.

The most attractive household pets in the entire animal kingdom are said to be very young lion cubs. They are docile, affectionate and quick to learn tricks, it is said, besides being very decorative, considered merely as an article of furniture. Persons who have adopted young lions as pets and enjoyed their society for any length of time are ever after intolerant of any animal so tame and uninteresting as a dog or a cat.

A Quaint Sort of Wedding.

When a marriage takes place among the Negritos, a people of the Philippine Islands, the whole tribe assembles, and the affianced pair climb two trees growing close together. Then the elders bend the branches that the young folks are on till their heads meet. When the heads have thus touched each other the marriage is legally accomplished, and there are great rejoicings. A fantastic dance completes the ceremony.

Experienced.

"What is the first thing to be done in case of fire?" asked the professor.

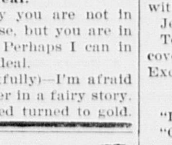
"Sue the insurance company," promptly answered the boy at the foot of the class, whose father had been burned out once or twice and appeared to have made a good thing of it.

Her Ideal.

Slimpurse—You say you are not in love with any one else, but you are in love with an ideal. Perhaps I can in time approach that ideal.

Miss Beauti (regretfully)—I'm afraid not. He is a character in a fairy story. Everything he touched turned to gold.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

EAT LETTUCE DAILY.

Then You Will Be In No Danger of Catching Smallpox.

Lettuce is an absolute preventive of smallpox. No one is in the least particle of danger of catching smallpox who eats a little lettuce every day.

Smallpox belongs to the scorbutic class of diseases. Sailors at sea, deprived of fresh vegetables, get scurvy. Scurvy is a typical scorbutic disease. Smallpox is another. Smallpox always rages during the winter season, when the poor people are deprived of fresh vegetable foods.

Celery and onions are good for this purpose, but there is such a long interval between their being gathered and being eaten that they lose most of their antiscorbutic properties. Lettuce is served shortly after it is picked, and hence contains the valuable properties which will prevent smallpox.

We say without the least hesitation or reserve that lettuce will prevent smallpox. It is a thousand times better than vaccination. It has no liabilities, like vaccination, to produce other diseases. We are willing to stake our professional reputation on the broad statement that any one who eats lettuce daily will not catch smallpox, whether he be vaccinated or not.—Medical Talk.

Birds as They Fly.

No bird can fly for any appreciable distance tail first. The nearest approach to such a movement is shown in the tumbler pigeon when that bird slews his wings forward and, suddenly turning back his head, throws a somersault, but this is not true backward flight.

When a bird wishes to reverse its motion it tilts its body laterally, as a railway carriage would be tilted in taking a curve, or increases the number of beats given by one wing as compared with the other or keeps one wing extended while the other is partially flexed. But a bird can no more fly backward than a ship can sail astern.

Some birds, however, and particularly the albatross, can fly half upside down—that is, with the wings pointed in a direction nearly perpendicular to the sea—and when turning quickly in this position the appearance is sometimes almost as though the bird were using its wings in a backward direction, though their structure is not really adapted to any such movement, and when poised, facing a strong wind birds may seem to move astern.

Rossetti and Whistler.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti once showed Whistler a sketch for a painting and asked him how he liked it. "It has good points," said Whistler. "Go ahead with it by all means."

A few weeks later he asked how the work was progressing. "All right," answered Rossetti cheerfully. "I've ordered a stunning frame for it."

Happening in at Rossetti's in Cheyne Walk, Whistler asked to see the canvas, which was brought out beautifully framed.

"You've done nothing to it since I saw it, have you?" said Whistler.

"No," replied Rossetti, "but I've written a sonnet on the subject if you would like to hear it."

The former of course assented, and the poet-painter thereupon recited some lines of peculiar tenderness and melody. They were barely ended when Whistler broke in with:

"Rossetti, put the sonnet in the frame."

Indian Tribes of the South.

The Cherokees, as far back as the whites have any knowledge of them, occupied portions of northeast Alabama, southeast Tennessee, western North Carolina and a portion of northwest Georgia. They were essentially a hill people and their homes were among the mountain ranges. The Choctaws, on the contrary, occupied the comparatively level regions of middle west Alabama and eastern Mississippi. Between them and the Cherokees were the Creeks on the northwest and the Chickasaws on the north. The Cherokees and Choctaws were widely separated and were never neighbors, at least in historic times.—Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser.

The Ocean Located.

The class in elementary geography was up for recitation. "What is an ocean?" asked the teacher. "You may answer, Janet."

"It is a large body of water situated near Norfolk, Va.," replied Janet, who had once visited her aunt at the seashore.—Kansas City Journal.

His Solitary Satisfaction.

"Does Jawley chew gum habitually?"

"No. Why?"

"I never see him that his jaw isn't wagging."

"Oh, that's because he delights in saying to himself the things he would say to his wife if he dared."—Harper's Bazar.

Where She Missed It.

Tess—Poor May! Jack Mistry asked her if she would care to be satisfied with love in a cottage with him.

Jess—And she refused him?

Tess—Yes, and the next day she discovered the cottage was at Newport.—Exchange.

A Beauty.

"Is she pretty?" asked Languide.

"Quite," replied Statisticus, "fully 50 per cent as pretty as she thinks she is, I should say."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Almost Irresistible.

Briggs—What do you consider among the greatest of temptations?

Spriggs—A lone and defenseless umbrella.—Baltimore American.

The best thing for any one to say who has nothing to say is to say nothing and stick to it.—Schoolmaster.

The Phrenologist and the Grocer.

Phrenologist—Here is a man out of his proper sphere. His head betokens high intellectual and spiritual qualities, yet he is spending his time behind a grocer's counter. Sir (to the grocer), I wish to ask you a question. Have you any aspirations—

Grocer (calling to clerk)—John, have we any aspirations?

Clerk—All out, sir; have some in the last of the week.—Kansas City Journal.

Conclusive.

Briggs—It's too bad about Winkle and the girl he is engaged to. Neither of them is good enough for the other.

Griggs—What makes you think that?

"Well, I've been talking the matter over with both families."—Life.

Getting Rid of the Proofs.

"Mrs. Flutterby doesn't show her age, does she?"

"Well, no, not so much as she did before she sent those grown up children of hers abroad."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

TELLING TREES' AGES.

Only Accurate Way Is Said to Be by Girth Measurement.

"The only accurate way to estimate a tree's age is by the measurement of its girth," said a botanist. "The counting of the rings of exogenous trees can only be applied to such as are cut down in their prime, for these trees, when they begin to die, cease to add their yearly rings. Girth measurement is the only safe guide to the age of trees.

"Hence all over the world botanists have now for some years been measuring trees of known and unknown age, compiling thus a volume of statistics that will become more and more valuable as it increases in size.

"The yew is the longest lived of trees. Three feet a century, our statistics show, is its normal growth. According to this rule, the Fortingal yew of Scotland, which was fifty-six feet in girth in 1769, must have lived over 1,800 years. The Tisbury yew, in Dorsetshire, is thirty-seven feet in girth and should be, therefore, 1,200 years old.

"There is a table of the age of oaks that differs from this. It is not a very satisfactory table, but it was compiled from trees of known age, and therefore it is statistically very valuable. According to it, a 40-year-old oak had a circumference of 8 feet; 83 years, 12 feet; 100 years, 18 feet; 200 years, 20 feet; 250 years, 27 feet; 300 years, 33 feet."—Philadelphia Record.

Curly Shavings.

A shaving of wood curls up owing to contraction on one side and expansion on the other. This expansion is accelerated by what is known as the "back iron" or "cap iron" which is used in most planes.

The object of this "cap iron" is to break the shavings into short lengths and to prevent the "cutting iron" from tearing or splitting the fibers of the wood, which lie always more or less in a slanting direction.

The nearer the edge of the "back iron" is placed to the edge of the "cutting iron" the shorter the shavings are broken off. These are smooth on one side, and the serrations on the other correspond with the distance between the edges of the two irons.

All wood, too, is formed in circular rings, such as can be seen in the section of any tree trunk. It follows, therefore, that when the rings of wood are cut across, as they are to a certain extent in the act of planing, they are relieved from tension, and curl up in the endeavor to expand themselves.

Head Massage Saves Hair.

"The hairbrush is responsible for much of the baldness that we see," a barber said. "It irritates the scalp. It destroys the little, delicate, tender follicles of hair that are trying their best to get on in the world."

"What would you substitute for the hairbrush—the comb?" a man asked.

"By no means. I'd substitute rubbing with the hands—massage. A little massage morning and evening, with a shampoo once a week, would keep the hair in excellent condition. It would encourage new hair to grow, whereas the vigorous brushing that is so common scares and kills all the feeble new hairs as soon as they sprout out. The brush and comb should only be used to part and arrange the hair—for about half a minute, that is, daily."

Sarah's Gloves.

A family in the south had a coal black cook named Sarah, whose husband was suddenly killed in a quarry accident. For the time being her grief was allayed by the preparations for an elaborate funeral, and on the day of this event, so dear to negroes who desire to show their importance, she appeared before her mistress in deepest black, but on her hands were a pair of white gloves, such as soldiers wear at dress parade and guard mount.

"Why, aunty," exclaimed her mistress, "what made you get white gloves?"

Sarah drew herself up indignantly and said in the chilliest tones, "Don't you suppose I wants dem niggahs to see dat I'ze got on gloves?"—Lippincott's.

A Busy Day.

"Ebenezer, dear," cried the wife of the kindly old capitalist as he slouched heavily homeward in the dusk, with his toil worn hands begrimed with gold dust and his back bowed by heavy and laborious calculation, "hurry now and water the stock and then come in, dear, and we'll sit down cozily and cut coupons."

"And glad I will be to rest," sighed he. "I've been shearing lambs all day. Dum this life! Dodgast it anyway! I got half a million to sell out and move away, I'm that tired out."

Ah, life is a hard problem.

His Private Zoo.

Smith—Come and go with me to the zoo.

Jones—No, thank you. I'll stay at home. My oldest daughter does the kangaroo walk, my second daughter talks like a parrot, my son laughs like a hyena, my wife watches me like a hawk, my cook is as cross as a bear and my mother-in-law says I'm an old gorilla. When I go anywhere I want a change.—Wasp.

Not Less Devoted.

"You used to sing 'Every Morn I Send You Violets' before we were married," said Mrs. Brimkin with a sigh.

"Yes," answered Mr. Brimkin, "but my devotion has taken a more practical form. Every month I pay the meat bill."—Washington Star.

Consoling.

He—Darling, I have lost my position.

She—Never mind, dear. Think how small your salary was.—Town and Country.

Financed.

"He says that he has paid every cent he owed."

"Where did he get the money?"

"Borrowed it."—Brooklyn Life.

Of Two Evils.

He—You're getting your hat ruined.

She—Well, it's an old hat, and I do hate to wet my new umbrella.—Detroit Free Press.

There are animals purporting to be whales a-swim in the ocean of Fame of whom Posterity will easily pack a dozen at a time into a sardine box.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

No Branch.

Inquiring Stranger—What branch of education does your teacher prefer, my boy?

Boy—He don't use no branch, sir. He hits us with the ruler.

The Home.

The blessing of a house is goodness; the honor of a house is hospitality; the ornament of a house is cleanliness; the happiness of a house is contentment.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XI, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 13.

Text of the Lesson, II Sam. ii, 1-10. Memory Verses, 1-3—Golden Text, Ps. cxxxiii, 1—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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1. And it came to pass after this that David inquired of the Lord, saying, Shall I go up into any of the cities of Judah?

The title of our lesson is "David Becomes King," and it would seem as if the fifth chapter should have been chosen instead of this one, as there David is anointed king of all Israel, while in this lesson he is only anointed king of Judah; but as chapter v is suggested as a study in connection with this the ground is thus covered. Some have wondered how David with such a record as he has in Scripture could ever be called "a man after God's own heart" (I Sam. xiii, 14; Acts xiii, 22), but there are at least two rays of light on this. One is that the evil in David's life was the exception, not the rule, and the other is that it was in the matter of the kingdom and his reliance upon and obedience to God that he was a man after God's heart. See how here and almost invariably he takes no step without inquiring of the Lord (I Sam. xxiii, 2, 4, 10-12; xxx, 8; II Sam. v, 19, 23). It would be well for us if we all lived according to Prov. iii, 5, 6.

2, 3. So David went up thither, * * * and his men that were with him did David bring up, every man with his household, and they dwelt in the cities of Hebron.

Not only his own household, but all his faithful followers and their households, share with him his rest and his kingdom; so shall it be when the Son of David (Matt. i, 1) shall have come to His kingdom. All His faithful followers shall reign with Him (Rev. iii, 21; v, 9, 10; xx, 6). David's 600 were not always faithful to him (I Sam. xxx, 6), and who is there among the disciples of Christ who can truly say, "Surely the Captain may depend on me?" No one who knows anything of himself will ever talk of his faithfulness, but will rather rejoice in I Cor. i, 9; x, 13; I Thess. v, 24.

4. And the men of Judah came, and there they anointed David king over the house of Judah.

In chapter v, 3, we read that all the elders of Israel anointed him king over Israel. In I Sam. xvi, 13, Samuel anointed him king in the midst of his brethren, so that he was three times anointed. For the full light upon this we must wait till He of whom David was a type shall have come to His kingdom. While David was king at Hebron over Judah one of Saul's sons was king of Israel and resisted him, but the house of Saul waxed weaker and weaker, and David waxed stronger and stronger. So David went on and grew great (going and growing), and the Lord God of Hosts was with him (verses 8-10; chapter v, 3, 10). Though our Lord is still rejected and by the world disowned, He will surely come to His kingdom and His throne, for God has said, "I will overturn, overturn, overturn it, and it shall be no more until He come whose right it is, and I will give it Him" (Ezek. xxi, 27). He is now waiting on His Father's throne (Rev. iii, 21; Ps. cx, 1), but He will as truly come to His own throne as David did (Jer. iii, 17).

5, 6. And now the Lord shew kindness and truth unto you, and I will also requite you this kindness because ye have done this thing.

These are some of the words of David concerning the men of Jabesh Gilead who kindly buried the bodies of Saul and his sons (I Sam. xxxi, 11-13). Our Lord has Himself assured us that not even a cup of water given in His name shall lose its reward and that in the time of recompenses, the resurrection of the just, He will reward every one according to his work (Mark ix, 41; Luke xiv, 14; Rev. xxii, 12). Since these men are so kindly spoken of because of their kindness to these dead bodies, rescuing them from further dishonor, what shall be said of Joseph and Nicodemus, who rescued the body of our Lord from a grave with the wicked and gave it a place of honorable burial? (Isa. liii, 9.)

7. Therefore now let your hands be strengthened, and be ye valiant.

Kings die, circumstances change, friends, health and wealth may all fail, but One has said that He will never fail us nor forsake us, so that we can always say, "Thou, O Lord, remainest forever" (Heb. xiii, 5; i, 11; Lam. v, 19). Only as we see Him, the King who never dies, can we be strong and of good courage. Let us lay to heart the following among many of the encouraging words of Scripture for all believers: Josh. i, 7, 9; II Chron. xv, 7; Hag. ii, 4; I Cor. xv, 58. Since it is written that "He shall not fail nor be discouraged" (Isa. xlii, 4), there is no good reason why any of His redeemed should ever be cast down (Ps. xlii, 5, 11; xliii, 5).

8-10. Saul, Ish-bosheth and all other enemies of God and His people from Cain onward are forerunners of the man of sin, the antichrist, the last great enemy of God and man, who shall with his companion be cast alive into the lake of fire when the Lord Jesus shall come in power and glory to overthrow all His enemies and take the kingdom (Rev. xix, 11-21). All such enemies are controlled and possessed by the devil, the first one who ever questioned the word of God and turned man away from Him, but the devil and all his works, even death itself, shall be swept off the face of the earth, and Jesus shall reign (I Cor. xv, 25, 26) in the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.

He Loved His Enemies.

James MacNeill Whistler looked upon life as upon a kind of warfare and was never so happy as when he was quarreling with somebody. He is quoted as having said when asked if he did not have many friends: "Yes, I have many friends, and I am grateful to them, but those whom most I love are my enemies, not in a Biblical sense. Oh, no, but because they keep one always busy, always up to the mark, either fighting them or proving them idiots."

Must Be Something Terrible.

Dora—I shan't stand it another minute! I'm going to send him back his ring!

Clara—What! That beautiful diamond ring?

"Yes."

"Horrors! What has he done—robbed a church, killed his mother or what?"

A Fair Exchange.

Angry Poet (rushing into the office)—See here, sir! That check you sent me for my poem is no good!

Editor (coldly)—Neither was the poem. Shut the door, please.

Business Cards.

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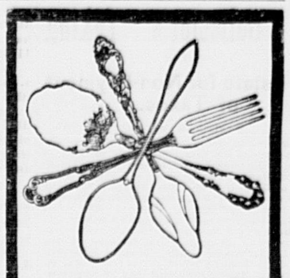

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A Valuable Book.

Oliver Wendell Holmes once entered the private office of Mr. James T. Fields, the publisher, on an errand. He had a book done up in paper under his arm. As he was going out he suddenly turned and said:

"I have here a most wonderful book. It is worth in money value any other book in Boston. In fact, it is worth a whole library. If it could be properly edited and illustrated, as I would do it, it would be worth the whole public library put together."

Nodding authoritatively, he shut the door, leaving those in the office looking at one another, too bewildered for conjecture. Presently the door opened again quietly, and Dr. Holmes put in his head, his face bubbling over with amusement, and said:

"Oh, I forgot to tell you what book this is. It is Nat Thayer's checkbook."

Then he shut the door. Mr. Thayer was understood at that time to be the richest man in Boston.

Are You Left Eyed or Right Eyed?

There are but few ambidexters either in the matter of hands, feet or eyes. It may sound rather queer, but it is a fact nevertheless, that ninety-five out of every hundred human beings are right handed, left legged and left eyed.

Felix Hement remarked that it is an established fact that we all use one eye more than we do the other, which establishes as clear a case of "left and right eyedness" as though the same terms were used to denote a preference in the use of hands and feet.

If you want to decide as to whether your friends or relatives are right or left eyed give them a small telescope or spyglass to look through or have them take aim with a gun. We all take great interest in ascertaining the color, size, shape and visual powers of our children's eyes, but how many of us stop to consider whether they are right or left eyed?

How Naval Officers Are Betrayed.

"You see that man pacing up and down while he waits for the car?" said the nautical looking man to a group of bystanders. "Well, I'll bet anything he's a naval officer."

"How do you know?" asked one of his audience.

"By his well kept hands I know he's not a merchant seaman. They work too hard. But, just the same, he's a seafaring man. Whenever you see a man pacing like that make up your mind he has paced the poop or quarter deck on many a night watch.

"I've paced a watch of four hours in a space that allowed only three steps and a shove each way. You have to do it to keep awake. I can tell that quarter deck pace in others because I've got it myself."

Fresh Air and Sound Health.

There are many persons who seem afraid of the fresh air. A little rain, a little wind, a little fog, a little chill in the air will keep them within doors. Going out, they bundle up in clothes so thickly that one would think they were tender shrubs transplanted from some more genial clime. The healthy people, however, are not the health cranks, not the people who run to the doctor every time they feel an ache. They are the people who walk a great deal in the fresh air, who live in the open as much as they can and who take a vacation in the country every year.—San Francisco Bulletin.

A Singular Forest.

The most singular forest growth in the world is encountered in the Falkland islands, a dismal region constantly swept by a strong polar wind. What appears to be weather worn and moss covered bowlders are scattered about, and when one of these curious objects is seized in an attempt to overturn it strong roots are found to hold it down, these "bowlders" being, in fact, native trees which the wind has forced to assume this shape. The wood appears to be a twisted mass of fibers almost impossible to cut up into fuel.

Quails are said to be extinct in Ireland, where they were formerly to be found in great numbers.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. LIII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18. 1903. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 42.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 22, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 6.55, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05 10.30, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY-To Boston**, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P.M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23 7.50, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Boston & Northern Street R'y
Woburn and Reading

On and after October 1, 1901, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchetser and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.1g 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.
In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

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115 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway
WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 26, 1903, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P.M. then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P.M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6.37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A.M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2.37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M.; every half hour to 12.07; then 12.30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.
MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

TALES OF A TUB

By HARRIET G. CANFIELD

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The Landers, with the exception of Dick, whose business detained him in the city, were spending the summer at their country home, some thirty miles out of C. One day Mollie decided to run in for a few days "to see Dick and shop a little."

The next morning she walked into her brother's office, much to his surprise and delight, for Dick was fond of his little sister.

"I thought you must be lonely, dear," she said, "when you go home at night, and I've come to be company for a day or two."

"That's good of you, Mollie. I'll tell Mrs. Klapper to come over early and get breakfast for us. She keeps my rooms in order, but I get all of my meals downtown."

"Bless you, Dick, I can get breakfast for us both! You need not say a word to Mrs. Klapper. How surprised she'll be when she comes over in the morning! I must go to do some shopping now, but I'll take tea with you at 5, and then we'll buy bread, coffee and some kind of breakfast food. Won't it be fun camping out in the house?"

After a jolly breakfast Mollie watched him swing into a car; then she went into the kitchen. Mrs. Klapper found her there. "Why, Miss Mollie," the good woman cried, "what ever are you in town for?"

Mollie explained. "Now that I'm here," she added, "I think I'll wash all of the bedroom curtains—those dotted swiss ones, you know. Jane should have attended to them before she went out to Hill Side."

"Oh, let me wash them, Miss Mollie! It 'll spoil your pretty hands." And Mrs. Klapper looked distressed.

But Mollie laughingly declined. "No," she said; "you may sweep and dust to your heart's content, but I shall do the washing."

The water was soon bubbling on the kitchen range. Mollie scorned the basement laundry, and, with Mrs. Klapper's help, carried her wash bench and tubs to the back porch.

Enveloped in one of Jane's big aprons, with sleeves rolled up to her dimpled elbows, Mollie bent over her washboard. Mrs. Klapper, broom in hand, stood for a moment watching her. "Don't tire yourself to death," she said. "I hope you'll call me before you're all tuckered out." She turned to go into the house, but paused to say, "I'd most forgot your brother said he expected a young man here today."

"Yes, I know—it's some one that wants work, Dick says. I'm to find something for him to do. If he comes in time I think I'll let him take a turn at the tub if I'm tired. Now you can go to work in peace, Mrs. Klapper, for I shall have an able assistant," and Mollie laughed and splashed the water right and left with her vigorous rubbing.

A half hour went by, and then Mrs. Klapper appeared in the doorway. "That young man's come," she said. "He walked right up to the front door and rang the bell. He didn't look as if he needed work much—dressed as well as Mr. Dick, every bit. I've left him on the porch and locked the door after me. You can't be too careful. No one knows but he stole that suit."

Mollie laughed. "Tell him to come around here where I am," she said, "if he wishes to work."

"Mercy! He ain't so much as mentioned yet that he is hunting a job—acts as if he expected you to see him in the parlor. I'm most afraid to have such a man around."

"Oh, no!" said Mollie. "You are too hard on the poor fellow. Probably some one gave him the clothes. Please send him here, Mrs. Klapper."

A minute or two later a pleasant faced, athletic looking young man swung around the corner of the house and lifted his hat to Mollie. Yes, he was well dressed and fine looking.

"Miss Landor?" he asked.

"Yes, and you are the—the"—how should she say it?—"young man my brother was expecting?"

"The same—Brent Carrol, at your service. Your brother said I'd find you here. I've just been down to his office."

"Very well," she said. "You can put your hat and coat on the chair just inside the kitchen door there; then come here." A look of surprise crossed the young man's face; then his blue eyes twinkled with fun, and he sprang to do her bidding.

"What next, ma'am?" he said submissively. Brent had been a star performer in the college plays, and now he fell at once into the part Mollie had assigned him.

"Next I want you to take my place at this tub while I rest. It isn't a man's work perhaps, but you look strong and"—

"Yes'm, I'm strong," he interrupted her, "but they thought I'd die once, when I had ammonia of the lungs." And he bent over the washboard with a pensive air.

"Of course he means pneumonia," Mollie said to herself. "No one would imagine from his appearance that he was so ignorant."

She sat on the top step and wiped her wet hands on Jane's apron. The young man found time to glance at her now and then, but he did not neglect his work. Indeed, after watching his vigorous operations for a few minutes Mollie felt it necessary to curb his zeal.

"You will wear the curtains out if you rub so hard," she said. "See! This is the way." And she took his place at the tub. Her pupil looked on admiringly.

"Aye, there's the rub," he said softly, for the moment forgetting his part.

Mollie turned and looked at him in surprise. "Do you like 'Hamlet?'" she asked.

He was on his guard again. "I never met the gentleman, ma'am," he said, "bein' only a poor washerman."

"Oh," Mollie exclaimed, "is washing your usual occupation?"

"It's a good one, ma'am, as you know, or you wouldn't be at it yourself, beggin' your pardon." He bent low over the tub as he made this speech.

"Yes," she said gravely, "it is a good occupation—making things clean and sweet. 'Cleanliness is next to godliness.' Now the curtains are in the rinse water and we'll have lunch, and then get them on the line as soon as possible."

So they ate bread and jelly together on the back steps to the dismay of Mrs. Klapper, who saw them from an open window.

When Dick came home from the office a little later she met him at the door. "Well," he said to her, "I suppose you've had two callers this morning—the man after work and my old friend Carrol. I was surprised when he walked in."

Mrs. Klapper looked mystified.

"Only one man came," she said. "He's here now, helping Miss Mollie wash curtains. They were sitting on the steps awhile ago, eating a cold lunch together. You'd be frightened if you knew how she's trusted that strange young man. I told her it was dreadful risky, but she said she'd trust him exactly as she would any friend of yours, and she liked him much better—all but his language, which was not always grammatical. I believe he heard her, too, for he's been freer than ever since."

Dick stalked through the house and on to the back porch. A cuffless, collarless young man was hanging curtains on the line. Dick could not see his face, but there was something familiar about those broad shoulders.

"Brent Carrol," he said with a chuckle, and was down the steps with a bound.

Mollie's assistant turned, finger on lips. "Hush," he whispered, "she takes me for a washerman, and I like the job." It was too late. Mollie's quick ears had caught the word of warning and an explanation was unavoidable.

I'm sure that she forgave him, for he is still in her service. Cupid does not always slay his victims with arrows—sometimes he uses soapsuds.

Sensible Swiss Covenants.

Some of the ancient agreements between the little Swiss states were very noteworthy. In 1243 Berne and Fribourg made a covenant which lasted for more than 200 years by which they agreed that even a war between them should not destroy their agreement, that no war between them should be entered on without a previous attempt at conciliation and that within fourteen days of the end of any feud all territory conquered and spoils of war must be returned to their owners. Cities which 650 years ago could agree to such terms deserve to live in history. Basel, Schaffhausen and Appenzell a few years later were wise and far-sighted enough to agree "to sit still and seek conciliation" in case of difference between them. Just over 600 years ago the Swiss confederation was founded by the three tiny mountain states Uri, Schwys and Nidwalden, which, remaining small and unimportant themselves, have by the force of the idea of union drawn to themselves from time to time larger states and powerful cities till today the Swiss nation can in proportion to its size and population boast of a prouder history and greater benefits to mankind than any other nation in Europe.

ALWAYS INSIST UPON HAVING THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

The Anthem.

The rustic choir's greatest show was always made in the anthem, in which some bumpkin had generally a solo to exhibit his "lusty voice." It was a splendid musical display—of its kind. People came from a long distance to hear it and felt so satiated that they left without the sermon. No wonder Shakespeare made Sir John Falstaff lose his voice with "hallooing and singing of anthems." To be sure, he was guilty of an anachronism, for there were no anthems in the fat knight's time, but it may reasonably be supposed that he had become so impressed with this part of the service in his own day that he dropped into the nod which even Homer is privileged occasionally to enjoy.

The Jack Tar who explained a "hanthem" to his mate on the simple principles of verbal elongation was not so far out after all. "If I was to say to you," he began, "'Ere, Bill, give me that handspike,' that wouldn't be a hanthem, but if I was to say to you, 'Bill, Bill, Bill, give, give, give me, give me that, that, that handspike, spike, spike, spike,' why, that would be a hanthem." Just after this fashion did the old village choirs tear and toss their anthem texts.—Cornhill Magazine.

Impressions While Drowning.

Most of us, I expect, at some time or other have wondered what it feels like to be drowned. If we have never seen any one drowning we mean by this that we wonder whether it is at all like what it is represented to be—whether one's whole past life passes before one's eyes like a dream, whether one spends one's last few moments in wishing one had spent more profitably the last few years. If we have seen people drowning we wonder whether it feels as bad as it looks. Now, I cannot pretend to have been nearly drowned. Nor can I say what it feels like to sink after a prolonged struggle in calm water within sight of land. But I can say what it feels like to be quite convinced that one is going to be drowned, and I am happy to know from personal experience that the feeling is one merely of disappointment. One is simply annoyed, certainly not angry, certainly not afraid.—Hubert Walter in Blackwood's.

Too Many Revolutions.

The New York Outlook tells an amusing story illustrative of the vigilance of the Turkish censorship. There is a strict supervision over telegrams. A German engineer in the Lebanon placed an order with a Paris firm for some sort of a stationary engine, to be shipped to him as soon as possible. The firm telegraphed to inquire how many revolutions a minute he wanted. He answered, "Five hundred revolutions a minute." The next day he was arrested. Brought into court, the judge asked him if he lived in the Lebanon. He replied that he did. "Do you correspond with such and such a firm in Paris?"

"Yes."

"Ah!" cried the judge. "I know you. You are the man who telegraphed to Paris that there are 500 revolutions a minute in the Lebanon!"

The Quaker's Retort.

In the early days of the White House, when Dolly Madison was its presiding genius, the conversation was lively, and the bonmot, the repartee and even the retort gave zest to the talk. On one occasion a Quaker from Philadelphia who was dining with the president paid back the raillery of the gay hostess in her own coin. As Mrs. Madison, looking very handsome in an evening gown that displayed her plump shoulders to great advantage, took her seat at the table, she raised her wine glass to her lips and, bowing to her guests, said gayly, "Here's to thy absent broad brim, Friend Hallowell," to which the Quaker, nothing daunted, said, returning the bow to his hostess, "And here's to thy absent kerchief, Friend Dorothy."

What She Should Do.

Bertie had been forbidden under severe penalties to play in the rain barrel, but the other day, sad to relate, his mamma and grandmother found him splashing in it in high glee.

His mamma's face hardened, but the grandmother's kind heart led her to make a plea for the offender.

Bertie heard the plea, and when his mamma asked him sternly what she should do to a little boy who did not mind what was told him he answered promptly:

"I fink you had better mind your mamma."

A Widespread Vanity.

In these days there seem to be as many writers as there are readers. The spread of authorship and its egregious pride is hit off in this dialogue from the Fliegende Blatter:

A guest at a hotel table reading the bill of fare says, "Your bill of fare is great!"

"I am glad to hear it," replies the head waiter. "I am its author."

Some Hope.

Whiting—Since my son has been at college the things he has learned are perfectly marvelous.

Biting—I've no doubt of it, but I wouldn't worry. He'll forget them all after a few years.

Subject For Soft Words.

A newspaper epigrammatist says, "Every wife is the architect of her own husband." Then she shouldn't be too severe on the edifice when she botches the job.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

THEIR GAME OF HEARTS

By Elsie Carmichael

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"I am awfully sorry," he said meekly, but his eyes belied his words. "I really wouldn't have come if I had known I had to inflict myself on you in this way." He offered his arm, looking at her downcast, piquant little face with a world of pity in his eyes "Don't take it so hard, dear," he whispered.

She raised her head and flashed him a defiant look. "You forget," she said icily. "Don't take advantage of our having to sit next one another through a long dinner to treat me so. I don't see what Mrs. Clarke was thinking of."

Don's eyes twinkled. "Well, really," he said, "I don't see that Mrs. Clarke can be blamed. How could she know that you had refused me last evening? If you don't want to talk to me you can talk to your other neighbor."

Nan looked at the fat, stupid old gentleman on her other side and made a little moue. "He is certainly the lesser of two evils," she said and turned her round white shoulder to Don.

The latter, with seeming eagerness, talked to a gay young widow on his other side, and Nan listened with wandering attention to the dissertation of the elderly gormand on the delights of pate de foie gras.

The conversation between the widow and Don waxed most frivolous. Nan felt the angry tears coming to her eyes. It was not fair to treat her so. Never since she had known him had he deliberately turned his back on her. Every one would notice it. She hated that widow.

"Ah, that will be glorious!" cried the latter. "Will you come for me at 3, and may I really drive those grays of yours all the way out to the club? I long to feel the reins in my hands again. I haven't driven good horses for so long. Most people are afraid to let me try, but you know I can drive, don't you, Don? Do you remember long ago, in those good old days, how we used to go spinning out to the Country club and"— Then her voice dropped, and Nan heard no more.

Oh, if only Archie or Dick or Malcalm were next her, wouldn't she show Don how little she cared? But this stupid old Mr. Jones could hardly be induced to take his attention from his plate for a moment. She talked excitedly, the color mounted into her cheeks, and Don, who watched her surreptitiously, thought he had never seen her so charming. It was a bittersweet thing just to sit next her this way, even if she would not speak to him.

He listened only half mechanically to what Mrs. Wright was saying. His mind would wander back to that last evening when he had finished that delicious waltz with her and they had strolled into the conservatory. He could still hear the last strains of the music die away, sobbingly sweet. She was radiant in her filmy rose colored gown that he told her looked like a bit of sunset cloud. She had seemed happy and content until he had made the mistake of telling her he loved her, and then the whole radiant world was suddenly turned to cold gray tones, as when the evening colors in the sky fade into the twilight.

The hostess rose, and he stood back to let Nan pass. She had never a look for him, but chatted gayly with Madge Trelawney as they left the room. Then he threw himself back in his chair and smoked in silence, not listening to the talk about him.

When he strolled into the drawing room half an hour later Mrs. Clarke, who was near the door, held out a detaining hand. "I want you to take Nan into the library to play pingpong," she said.

"But perhaps she won't want to," objected Don. Mrs. Clarke looked at him shrewdly.

"Don't you think I know that you and Nan have quarreled?" she asked. "Am I blind? Be a good boy and make it up."

"I am willing enough to, Mrs. Clarke," he said so earnestly that his hostess felt as though he had taken her into his confidence and led him up to the low couch near the fire, where Nan was still talking to Madge Trelawney. The color had gone from her face now, and she looked tired and listless.

"Take Mr. Prentice into the library and make him play pingpong, Nan," begged Mrs. Clarke. "Things are going very dully tonight, and I want some one to start them up a bit."

Nan was surprised to find herself a moment later alone in the dimly lit library with Prentice. She had not intended to come. Now that she was there, however, she longed to sit down on the low seat before the flickering fire and have him tell her again how he loved her. If she could hear those words now she thought her answer would be different. He had taken her by surprise last night. He had taken her love too much for granted and hurt her pride. But all that was over. She dared not yield to the spell of the fire light. She picked up a racket and tried the delicate little celluloid ball on the table.

"Come on," she said. "We might as well play a set to please Mrs. Clarke."

They played a game absent mindedly. "Love one," he said when they had finished.

"But it isn't," pouted Nan. "It's no fun to play with you. You never keep score right. You won that game."

"Oh, did I?" he inquired. "I am surprised. You always win."

"What?" asked Nan scornfully. "What game do I ever win, Don? I am stupid at most games, and you know it."

"Oh, hearts," he said.

"But this isn't hearts!" she cried, willfully misunderstanding him. "It's pingpong, and it isn't love one."

"But it always is for me," he said. She went on playing and ignored the subject.

"I think this will probably be the last game we will play together for a long time," he said mournfully after they had played in silence for a few minutes.

Nan missed the ball. "Why?" she asked. The color left her face and then surged back again.

"I am going to start for South Africa next week," he said. "Some business interests call me there, and if all goes well I may decide to stay—forever."

Nan picked up the ball. "Oh!" she said after a moment. "South Africa must be—a—er—very interesting place, but rather—er—hot, is it not?"

"Yes," he said pensively. "It's a very unhealthy climate where I am going. Marsh fever, cholera—all those things kill people off rather fast."

He sent the ball back so wildly that it landed on top of the bookcase. "The game is mine," he said, throwing down his racket.

"But it isn't," she said. "I won it fairly and squarely."

Her lips were trembling and there were bright tears in her eyes as she went over to the fireplace and looked down into the leaping flames. There was something so pathetic and lonely about the little figure in the fire light that he went to her quickly.

"Please say the game is mine," he begged and held out his hands.

She swayed for a moment as though she would fall and then turned and put both her little hands in his.

"Well, yes," she said, smiling through her tears. "You have won, Don. Only please don't go to South Africa."

Ayer's
Sometimes the hair is not properly nourished. It suffers for food, starves. Then it falls out, turns prematurely gray. Ayer's Hair Vigor is a
Hair Vigor
hair food. It feeds, nourishes. The hair stops falling, grows long and heavy, and all dandruff disappears.
"My hair was coming out terribly. I was almost afraid to comb it. But Ayer's Hair Vigor promptly stopped the falling, and also restored the natural color."
MRS. E. G. K. WARD, Landing, N. J.
$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
Poor Hair

Modern Antiquities.

The quest for things antique has led to systematic forgery and imitation on the part of dealers. Paris is the great center of this deceitful industry, says the Nation. There has been discovered in the suburbs a thriving factory for the fabrication of Egyptian mummies, cases and all. These are shipped to Egypt and in due time return as properly antiquated discoveries.

A funny story is now current about a collector of mediaeval things. A certain clever workman in stone made to the order of a dealer in mediæval antiquities a Venetian chimneypiece of the fifteenth century and received for his work some two or three thousand francs. The dealer shipped the chimneypiece to Italy and had it set up in a palace near Venice, bringing back to Paris photographs of the palace and of the chimneypiece in situ. By means of these photographs he aroused the interest of a rich collector, who sent his secretary to Venice to make sure that the photographs did not lie, and on his favorable report bought the thing for 50,000 francs. On the arrival of the article at his house in Paris he sent for some workmen to open the cases. One of them appeared to him to go about the work rather carelessly, and he remonstrated with the man, who answered: "Have no fear, sir. I know just how it needs to be opened, for I packed it when it left Paris."

Quick Lunch.

He was obviously tired, preoccupied and in a hurry. He lifted himself to one of the stools at the quick lunch counter and in answer to a query said:

"Bring me some plain beans, a piece of apple pie and a glass of milk."

In a little while the waitress reappeared.

"Pork and," she remarked impersonally, sliding the dishes before him.

"I asked for plain beans. I can't eat pork," he remonstrated.

"Oh!"

The dish was removed, and after stopping to chat a few minutes with a young man with a scarlet tie she returned. "Here's your beans," she remarked, and after a thoughtful moment, while still eying the scarlet tie, added:

"Let's see; you wanted pie—huckleberry pie?"

"No, apple."

"Oh!"

There was another longer wait, a still longer sojourn in the entrancing neighborhood of the scarlet tie. Then the pie was brought.

"That all?" she asked, feeling absently for a check.

"No; I ordered"—

"Oh, yes; coffee. Excuse me for forgetting."—New York Telegram.

Inconsiderate Fellow.

"He said he'd die if I didn't marry him."

"And still you refused?"

"Yes. I wished to find out before promising whether he really loved me as much as that or not. Oh, Harriet, I'm p-p-perfectly miserable! He seems to be wretchedly healthy, and I d-do love him so much!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Asking For Her Hand.

He—Now, if I only had three hands I could get through life so much better.

She—Well?

He—I was just wondering if you wouldn't give me one of yours.

Sauntered Into It.

Nell—He invited me to take a stroll, and before we had gone half a mile I had him proposing.

Belle—Won in a walk, eh?—Philadelphia Record.

COLLAR AND CRAVAT.

Ways In Which They Affect the Appearance of the Wearer.

Men who do not want to look any fatter in the face than they can help have an easy means of accomplishing their purpose. Not all of them are aware of the effect that may be created by the form of a collar or cravat.

"The stout man who wants to look as thin as he can," said a haberdasher's clerk, "ought to wear a tie of the kind known as a four-in-hand. Preferably it should be dark in color and drawn tight. That carries down the line of the face and lengthens it to a degree that tends to make the face look thinner.

"Another aid to making a man look thin is in the height of his collars. Stout men who want to look thin should wear high collars and closed ones. Any collar that opens in front makes one look stouter under nearly every circumstance. Such collars are becoming to the thin men.

"The fat man should avoid the kind of tie that has a horizontal effect. This will add pounds to his appearance—in his face, at least.

"On the contrary, this cross effect will make the thin man look stout. The broad scarfs have little effect on a man's looks one way or the other. When he wears them it is the collar that makes the difference.

"He should therefore see that he wears a high one that does not open if he wants to look as thin as possible, whereas if he wants to seem stouter an open collar will produce that effect for him."

English Smugglers.

Smuggling was carried on with great boldness in England a century ago. When Samuel Pellew was appointed collector of customs at Falmouth early last century he found corruption the chief characteristic of the service. One day he surprised a party of his own men attempting to smuggle in a cargo of wine in broad daylight. Pellew, who was a conscientious man, so worried the smugglers that they threatened his life repeatedly and posted bills offering a reward for his assassination. One smuggler, who kept a public house, erected a battery of guns to defend his illicit goods, and when a sloop of war exhibited what he considered a too inquisitive spirit actually fired on her. The vessel's guns were too low to reply with effect, but her crew landed in boats, attacked the house in the rear and leveled it to the ground.

The Difference In Two Words.

Did it ever occur to you to think of the difference in significance of the two words "seems" and "appears?" We say "it seems to be true" or "it appears to be true." Are those expressions identical, or if there be a difference what is it?

There is a difference, and it consists chiefly in the strength of the expression. If we read a story and say, "That story seems to be true," we mean that it has the semblance of truth and we infer that it is true. If we say, "That story appears to be true," we mean that the statements made in it or the incidents related go to show its truth.

In other words, "appears" refers to the actual presentation of something to our view; "seems" refers to an inference of our mind as to the probability of a thing being true.

First Type Cast In America.

It was a good man, Christopher Sower, who made the first punches and matrices and cast the first type in America. The anvil he made them on is still preserved. They were for a German Bible which he published.

"The price of our newly finished Bible, in plain binding, with a clasp, will be 18 shillings," he said, "but to the poor and needy we have no price. John the Baptist sent the message to Christ, 'Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?' and Jesus sent back word, 'The poor have the gospel preached to them.'"

Sower's German Bible was printed in 1743 and was the first Bible published in America in any European language.

Thoroughly "Done Up."

"Have you done up my shirt yet?" asked the patron of the laundry.

"It is just out of the ironing room," answered the clerk, "and we will have it done up for you now, so that you may take it along with you."

"All right. I hope it has had better luck than the last one I had done up here."

"Better luck?"

"Yes. You did it up so completely in the ironing room that it wasn't worth doing up in the bundle."—Judge.

Good For His Business.

"If there's one thing I hate," declared the passenger who had trouble with the conductor, "it's to be contradicted."

"Well," replied the man who shared his seat, "I like to have people talk back to me."

"You do?"

"Yes. I'm an auctioneer."—Philadelphia Ledger.

After a Bargain.

The new woman had applied for a marriage license.

"How much?" she asked in a businesslike way.

"Two dollars," replied the clerk.

"Make it $1.98," she said, "and I'll take two of them."—Chicago Post.

A Puzzle to the Last.

When a woman tells a man just what she thinks of him she really tells him just what she wants him to think she thinks.—Somerville Journal.

All imposture weakens confidence and chills benevolence.—Johnson.

Refused.

"Yes, he proposed to Miss Coke while they were standing at the edge of one of her father's deepest coal mines."

"And what did she do?"

"She threw him down."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

While we never trouble trouble till trouble troubles us, still we are not kept waiting long between times, are we?—Atlanta Journal.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, SEPT 18, 1903

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.

The municipal affairs of Woburn have been in the hands of the Democratic party exclusively for the last 8 or 10 years, and that they have been mismanaged is patent to every taxpayer who has given the subject thought. Money that should have been expended on internal improvements has been squandered. Except from the Water Department, the people have not received returns for their taxes which they had a right to expect. The leeches get more of the appropriations than they are entitled to, and the interests of the city suffer correspondingly. This state of things has been brought about by Democratic rule.

This year an additional appropriation of $10,000 for use of the Highway Department is called for. That Department is empty with some July bills remaining unpaid, it is said, and it is in order to ask what has become of the money?—what has Com. Kelley got to show for it? Should not the attention of the taxpayers be called to the gross mismanagement of the heads of our Municipal Departments indicated by that of the Highways? The Highway Department is not the only one deserving of condemnation, although its conditions are bad enough, of which a comparison of the state of our streets and sidewalks with the liberal amount of money appropriated for them in the beginning of the year, is conclusive evidence. Too much of the public money is paid out in salaries to incompetent, and self-seeking individuals.

Is is not high time for the citizens to call a halt and insist upon a more rigid economy in municipal expenditures? Is it not clear to the mind of every intelligent taxpayer that if the money first appropriated had been economically and judiciously expended there would have been enough to last through the year with vastly better results? It cannot be winked out of sight that, for years past, there has been a wanton waste of money in many of the City Departments; too many idlers on the payrolls; too many high priced supernumeraries; too few intelligent and ambitious workers. Would it be safe to say that the city is getting fifty cents on a dollar for the money expended by some of the Departments? How long would a good business concern tolerate the methods that have prevailed, and now prevail, in the management of our municipal affairs? How long would they escape bankruptcy if they did? Is it not about time that the city should insist on a fair day's work for a fair day's wage. The city's business should be conducted on business principles and not upon the theory that the public treasury is to be regarded as common plunder to be raided on by unscrupulous Ward politicians with a "pull."

Our tax rate, as high as it is, is only kept within its present limits by abnormal inflation, and this scheme of excessive valuation is, no more nor less, than political dust with which to blind the eyes of the taxpayer as to the real size of their tax bills. If any persons doubt this, let him try to sell a piece of residential property anywhere in the city and he will quickly discover the difference between the value for taxation and of sale. And still, there are those who continue to prattle about our enviable financial condition, as evidenced by our borrowing capacity! How far from the debt limit would we be if there was anything like a fair, honest valuation of the property of the city? Real estate is a drug in this market; it is impossible to get an offer for any of it anywhere near its assured value.

And the end is not yet. What with a 36-acre farm to be used for the new schoolhouse site; water mains to be relaid in the near future; fire stations to be built; and parks, playgrounds, sidewalks, and many other things, to be provided for, it looks as though we would be obliged to mark up our goods again to show on paper a condition of solvency, and place an unwarranted mortgage on the future. It should be remembered that the percent of Woburn's gain in population during the census decade ending in 1900 was only, 5.09

Medford,	64 47
Somerville,	53.50
Winchester,	49.11
Malden,	46.17
Melrose,	52.15
Wakefield,	33.06
Reading,	21.42
Arlington,	52.83

REPUBLICAN CAUCUSES.

The Republicans of Woburn are to hold caucuses for the choice of delegates to conventions next Wednesday evening, Sept. 23, in pursuance of orders from the Republican State Committee. Judging from present appearances, they will be slimly attended.

We fail to call to mind a time when the party were so poorly prepared for a Representative campaign as at present. The year cannot be remembered when they had not at least one candidate for the House, and more often several fighters for the nomination.

Representative Nowell of Reading will, as a matter of course, be renominated and reelected high and dry; but how about a Woburn candidate? So far as we have been informed there is not a Woburn Republican in the field for it—not one.

This is a strange, and not altogether pleasant, or creditable, condition of things. This city ought to have a Republican candidate to run against Representative Aldrich; but it looks now as though they would go into the caucuses next Wednesday evening without one. Can't the Stalwarts drum up somebody with sufficient courage to enter the lists and make a fight for the delegates? It may be that Mr. Edward Q. Brackett will do so; but, then, he is not a Republican. It really seems as though the Republicans of Woburn ought to be ashamed of themselves.

Only five days (Sundays are not "excepted" in calculating political campaign time) remain for the Republicans to pull themselves together, select a candidate for the House of Representatives, and prepare for his election with Represenative Nowell. There are a plenty of good strong men in the party, some one of whom should be pressed into the service and made to run.

FLORAL EXHIBITION.

The annual exhibition of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, consisting of plants, flowers, fruits and vegetables, is to be held on Sept. 24, 25, 26, 27, at Horticultural Hall, Boston, and promises to be the most interesting and one of the largest Exhibitions ever held by the Society, as the October Exhibition will be incorporated in this one.

Good music will be rendered every afternoon and evening.

The last day occuring on Sunday will give those persons fully engaged during week days an opportunity to enjoy a day of quiet rest.

☞ Reading Republicans will commend Mr. Grimes for his courage and persistence if it is true that he is a candidate, and work hand in glove to do anything and everything that will promote his chances of success. It has seemed that if the rest of the District was trying to keep everything out of this end in the past and possibly the reward for waiting may come this year. It has not appeared (though there is a possibility that this may be true) that Senator Fletcher has rendered such distinguished services as to entitle him to a monopoly of the office of Senator from this District. If he has, the knowledge hasn't reached us yet.—*Reading Chronicle.*

Mr. Grimes made a strong run for the nomination last year and would have come out of the campaign with flying colors had not Senator Fletcher played on him one of his shrewd political games. According to custom, Fletcher had no business in the contest, anyway. Mr. Grimes is personally popular in the Sixth Senatorial District, and politically sound. The people have confidence in his ability and integrity. We have not learned that he is a candidate this year.

☞ The annual Boston & Maine's autumn New York excursions are always looked forward to with pleasure by lovers of the beautiful in nature and art who live in Boston and adjacent cities and towns. Well they may, for it is the most delightful of all the excursions that depart from the Hub at any season of the year, and many people patronize them. This fall the grand excursion is booked to leave North Station, on Causeway street, on Oct. 1 and proceed to Albany, N. Y., via Hoosac Tunnel and the charming Deerfield Valley, a treat worth more than the cost of the whole trip. A tarry at Albany, a sail down the Hudson, aptly termed "the Rhine of America," a stop in New York City affording ample opportunity to enjoy its attractions, and returning by the Fall River line of steamers, are what the Company offer to the excursionist for the small sum of $5. Send to the Passenger Department of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company, Boston, and get a book, free, descriptive of the delightful excursion.

☞ We understand that some pressure is being brought to bear on Mr F. M. Pushee to induce him to enter the field for the Republican nomination for Representative to the Legislature and allow his name to go into the caucuses next Wednesday evening for votes and delegates. It is believed that he would run well in the caucuses, be strong at the polls, and make an excellent Representative.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

E. C. Barnes.—Piano.
Dora A. Winn.—Piano.
Five C. S. Bank.—Notice.
E. F. Johnson.—Citation.
Tremont Theatre.—Yankee Consul.
J. W. Thompson Co.—Ivers & Pond.

— Kenneth S. Johnson passed last week pleasantly at Intervale, N. H.

— The heat on Monday was more intense than on Sunday, if possible.

— Miss Cora Daws of Pleasant street, will spend a week at Nahant.

— The Barber Oil Heater is a class by itself. Sold by C. M. Strout & Co.

— Travel on the N. W. Div. of the B. & N. St. Ry. is increasing rapidly.

— The Board of Public Works are to hold a meeting this evening.

— C. E. Cooper, 415 Main street, represents solid Insurance Cos.—4.

— James Begley and family are at home again from Veazie on the Penobscot.

— Womens Relief Corps, 161, will hold their next regular meeting on Oct. 13.

— The Woburn Brass Band are to play at the Reading Firemen's Field Day, Sept. 30.

— Ald. and Mrs. Linscott are at home from a pleasant tarry in the White Mountains.

— Read what the Tremont Theatre says about "The American Consul" in the JOURNAL this week.

— Mr. Hubbard Copeland of Copeland & Bowser, Merchants, and wife are touring Nova Scotia.

— A document from Representative Nowell will be attended to by the JOURNAL next week.

— Silas Corbett and family will occupy their cottage at Bass Point, Nahant, for the next month.

— Walter Eaton of Bennett street spent last Sunday with friends in a camp at Bucksport, Maine.

— Read the offer of Mr. Edwin Chaloner Barnes, Teacher of Piano, in his professional card, this issue.

— Maude H. Littlefield is in Pittsburg, Penn., playing a fortnight's engagement with the Fidette Orchestra of Boston.

— Mrs. Austin G. French returned from a visit and wedding in Vermont to her home on Church avenue last Monday.

— Frank T. Buchanan is at his home again on Church avenue. A few months of outdoor work has done him good.

— Next Tuesday afternoon W. R. C., 161, will visit Corps 29 of Lynn to leave here at 2.30 p. m. on the Stoneham cars.

— C. E. Cooper, 415 Main street, is giving much attention to Insurance. —4.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

FLOOR COVERINGS

Assortment—COMPLETE
Prices — — —RIGHT
Work — — —PROMPT

It is generally known that we are ***Distributors of Floor Coverings*** of every description, and we desire it to be equally well known that we have all grades of ***Upholstery Fabrics, Lace Curtains, Furniture Coverings, etc.***

The advice of an interior decorator is at your service, if desired. Goods displayed either in our show-room or at residences. Estimates furnished for covering single pieces of furniture or for completely decorating either a single room or an entire house.

For eighty-six years, under the same firm name, we have distributed to the public, to our friends, Carpets and Rugs, and until we added Interior Decorations and Upholstery Fabrics our sole and entire business has been Floor Coverings.

Does not this record make for intelligent confidence on your part?

Pray Building, Washington St., opposite Boylston St. BOSTON

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

New Line of FALL GOODS
—AT—
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street. - - - - - - - Woburn

Protect Your Home

against the ravages of SMALLPOX, Diphtheria, Scarlet and Typhoid Fever, Measels, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all other contagious and infectious diseases by the use of

FORMALDEHYDE GENERATORS.

The most modern method of Disinfection. Consult your Doctor about it, or this ad. Also sold at CUT PRICES by

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
GREEN TRADING STAMPS.

— Favorable insurance rates by C. E. Cooper.—4.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— Phil M. Brown, First Secretary U. S. Legislation at Guatemala, arrived at his post of duty on Aug. 18, safe and sound.

— Gillette, the jeweler, gave a fine grapohone concert at his store Tuesday afternoon. People gathered in numbers to take it in.

— Last Wednesday Mr. Charles E. Tripp conducted a Nason excursion party to Quebec and Montreal. He's a popular conductor.

— W. J. DeLoreia, George Durward's right bower, and a right down good sort of a bower he is, has been rusticating in N. H.

— The men at the M. E. Church will give a reception and supper to their friends Monday evening, Sept. 21, in the church vestry at 6.30.

— The St. Charles parochial school is growing rapidly. It opened on the 8th instant with 275 pupils, "and still there's more to follow."

— T. Marvin Parker and wife and Mrs. J. L. Francis and family, have returned from a long visit at her old home in Lebanon, Maine.

— At 3 p. m. Sunday, Sept. 13, Supt. Callahan of the Church Avenue crossing Weather Bureau reported a temperature of 92 in the shade.

— Mr. Thomas F. Kelley, the blacksmith, got through with a long job of work at Belchertown last week and came home on Saturday.

— Mr. Cyrus Lamb, carpenter, has just returned from a visit to his old home, where he met a brother whom he had not seen for 15 years.

— If people would get their furnaces and heaters into complete shape for winter use they should call on C. M. Strout & Co., to do the work.

— Arthur Whitcher has a fine assortment of Woburn souvenirs executed by himself, just the articles for presents, and to advertise the city.

— Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Abbott of Topsham, Vermont, are visiting Mrs. Austin French of Church avenue and other relations on their wedding tour.

— Mrs. Nellie Augier, her daughter, Mrs. A. Wheeler, and granddaughter Marion Wheeler, all of Somerville, visited Woburn friends last Monday.

— Donald DeLoriea, son of James F., has been quite sick at their home at Marblehead Neck, which prevented them coming back before school began.

— Edw. G. Clough has bought their old homestead at Greenland, N. H., and is erecting green houses on the premises intending to move there with his family.

— The manager of the Boston Weather Bureau gave out notice that last Sunday, Monday and Tuesday were the hottest Sept. days that there is any record of.

— Chief of Police McDermott finished up his vacation last Saturday, and is at his desk at Police Headquarters. He had a great time up among the White Mountains.

— Apply to C. E. Cooper, 415 Main street, for Insurance.—4.

— M. Bancroft, Sewing Machines and finding, 410 Main street.—6m

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— We repeat: this city is suffering for a municipal flagstaff. A nice, tall straight one will cost only about $450, a mere bagatelle in view of the way money goes at City Hall.

— Mr. Charles Pollard of Albany, N. Y., has been spending the past two weeks with his sisters, Misses Emily and Mary Pollard in this city. His many old friends have enjoyed his visit here.

— Capt. John L. Parker, Editor of the Lynn *Item*, and formerly for 10 years Editor and proprietor of the Woburn JOURNAL, was discovered shaking hands with friends in this city last Wednesday afternoon.

— About thirty of our young people made a pleasant picnic party last Saturday afternoon and evening at Innitou Park through the courtesy of Guy Marion. It was in charge of Harold Johnson, Quincy Brackett, Percy T. Strout, Harry Fellows and Chester Holland.

— The tailend of the New Jersey and Southern hurricane reached here last Wednesday evening and raged furiously for several hours. Rain poured in torrents. Trees and flower beds suffered a good deal from the wind, as was shown by the streets yesterday morning.

— Ellis & Buswell of this city began work this week on a large contract for railroad stonemasonry at Sharon, Vt., 15 miles above White River Junction. The firm have several good contracts on hand, and expect additions to them soon.

—Mr. Wm. J. Hammond, janitor of the Baptist church and of the Mechanics block, is to assume the duties of janitor of Lyceum Hall. We feel sure he will prove to be the right man in the right place. Col. Cyrus Tay resigns as janitor after a continuous service of over 20 years.

— A Sunday school was started at the Cummingsville Chapel last Sunday, 38 being present. Rev. Mr. Tilton gave an interesting talk at the 3 o'clock meeting. The Society received a gift of $10 from Y. P. C. E. District Union the past week.

— Rev. Ebenezer Thompson of the Trinity Episcopal Church will give a Smoke Talk to the Towanda Club on Wednesday evening, Sept. 23. His subject will be: "The Negro at Close Range." Mr. Thompson's long residence in the "Black Belt" qualifies him to speak with authority on this subject.

— Miss Annie E. Cook, clerk at the Five Cents Savings Bank, returned from a fortnight's vacation last Monday morning. She did New York City with its myriad of attractions, sailed up the picturesque and romantic Hudson, and wound up with a few days in New Hampshire. All of which she greatly enjoyed.

—One of the clerks at the Post Office was nearly paralyzed when a man asked, in all sincerity, a few days since, if they gave trading stamps to purchase of postage stamps? He was politely informed that the office had not yet found it necessary to do so, as Uncle Sam's cash sales were holding up very well.

— No better insurance Cos. than those represented by C. E. Cooper.—4.

— Houses let and rents collected by E. Prior Real Estate agent, 349 Main street.

— The National Band give its last concert for the season on the Common this evening the same to be followed by a ball in Lyceum Hall.

— The stores close Monday and Wednesday evenings; some close Friday evenings. It is said some of them who kept open for awhile Monday evenings while others were closed received a hint from the labor organizations that it would be just as well for them if they should comply with the rule for closing.

— Miss Anna Cummings is taking her vacation. She has been bookkeeper and presiding genius of the countingroom of Cummings, Chute & Co, the well known coal dealers on High street, ever since the firm was established, a situation that demands a vacation once in awhile, and so Miss Anna is now taking one.

— The advertisement of Hammond & Son speaks for itself. It needs no comments from our pencil, neither does that old, staunch and reliable clothing house. It has stood at the head of the heap for many years, and is all of the time getting farther in advance of the common dealers in point of popularity and business.

— The public schools of this city opened in fine feather last Monday morning, with teachers and pupils on deck prepared for work. There was found to be rather too much crowding in some of the rooms and the transfer of a few scholars became necessary. And right here we would emphasize the fact that Woburn enjoys the reputation of having the best schools in the county.

— All who visited the Towanda Club on "Pianola Night" last season will be interested to know that Mr. Reed, who exhibited so acceptably the Pianola that evening, sails for London next week, to assume charge of the Sales Department of the English branch of the Aeolian and Pianola Company of New York. Mr. Reed was a classmate at the M. I. T. of Mr. W. W. Crosby.

— Edgar W. Ela's display of dahlias at Caldwell's furniture store is a beautiful one. It is composed of a great variety of splendid colors, tints and shades. Mr. Ela has an acre and a quarter of ground planted with these flowers which present a gorgeous sight to the beholder. Mr. J. Fred Leslie's large beds on Montvale avenue contain as handsome specimens, in colors and size, as Ela's, but his dahlia grounds are not so large.

— It is probable that the attention of Supt. Stanton of the N. W. Div. of the B. & N. Street Railway has not been called to the fact that every stop of his cars in the Woburn business centre north of the Robbins Drug Co's store, is made in front of a barroom, but it has been a theme of considerable advese criticism of late, all the same. One temperance organization, at least, thinks of making a protest, and endeavor to have a change made in this respect. Doubtless Supt. Stanton will see to it that the cause of complaint is soon removed.

— Luckily we ran up against Mr John Maxwell, the Winchester "Old Tanner," on our streets the other day just after he had loaded himself down with a choice variety of excellent fruit from one of our fruit stores. We use the word luckily advisedly, and the Gentle Reader is at liberty to supply the missing link in this narrative, or read between the lines, or do anything else. Uncle John would rob himself any time to make somebody else happy, even to denying his cravings for fine fruit. He is recovering in good shape from a long and severe attack of malaria. And long may he wave!

— It is said to be settled that there is to be no change, as reported, in the running of cars between Medford and Lowell, but that the present system is to be continued. To send the Lowell cars around by Reading and Malden, instead of on the direct, shortest, and best line from Lowell, via Woburn and Medford, to Boston, would be an absurdity, and the plan, if ever seriously entertained by the Company, has been abandoned. It is more likely that the cars, at an early date, will run onto the Elevated at Sullivan Square with no change at Medford.

— Last Monday Mr. George Buchanan of Church avenue received from a Boston friend a mushroom which made his eyes stick out, as well as the eyes of everyone who saw it. It was a monster, much the largest that Mr Buchanan ever saw before. It was 18 inches in circumference, weighed nine pounds, and as perfect in development as ever a mushroom could wish to be. Not only was its size astonishing, but an equally marvelous thing about it was that the mammouth fungus grew from root to top in two nights! Another, which grew near it and gathered at the same time, weighed six pounds.

— Albert Nichols, son of Mr. C. A. Nichols of Burlington street, returned from a happy outing at Epsom, N. H., last Friday evening. He visited there Mr. James Tripp, an enterprising and highly successful Granite State farmer, dairyman, contractor, etc., whose son is in the Legislature, and whose home, on a lofty hill which overlooks Concord and all the surrounding country and villages, is one of the pleasantest in that region of country. Albert enjoyed his visit with the Tripp family and the grand and beautiful scenery surrounding their hospitable home.

— Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Hammond of this city were the first guests to make their appearance at the 60th anniversary celebration of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Twombly at their home in Winchester last Monday, Sept. 14. The Hammonds and Twomblys have been close friends for many years, and of course Mr. Winthrop would not allow Samuel W.'s 60th wedding day anniversary to pass without making an especial note of it and acting accordingly. The celebration last Monday was not, and was not intended to be, a spread eagle affair, but it was an exceedingly pleasant one. Many neighbors and friends, including several from Woburn, called on the venerable couple, extended to them warm wishes for continued health and happiness, and enjoyed their generous hospitality.

"ON THE STREET"

By "the Street" is usually meant the financial centre of a great city.

The men who do business there are among the best-dressed men in the world.

What "the Street" says is as final in matters of attire as in matters of finance.

We clothe a great many of these men and have done so for years.

We ask you to consider this fact when next you buy clothing.

Macullar Parker Company,
Clothing for Men and Boys,
400 Washington Street, BOSTON.

A Cake of Peter's Chocolate

Taken with you on your tramp will allay that "hungry feeling."

YOU FIND IT AT *Whitcher's*

—ALSO—

ALLEGRETTI CHOCOLATES.

— The new "Globe" Theatre which was opened in Boston Monday evening is most beautifully decorated. The Boston papers were full of praise for the work of Mr. Louis Amarosi of Rome, who excells in figure paintings for mural decorations. It is interesting to note that when decorating Lyceum Hall, a few months ago, the decorators, Messers Shupbach & Zeller of Boston, commissioned Mr. Amarosi to paint the proscenium panels and also the ceiling of the ladies' retiring room. Those who watched Mr. Amarosi at his work were impressed with his great ability.

— Last Friday evening, at 9 20, box 26 was rung in by some one at North Woburn who hearing the Merrimac Chemical Company's whistle blowing to call their fire department men together for fire in one of their acid sheds. When the Woburn Dept. arrived the fire had been got under control by the Chemical Co.'s men and were not needed. The alarm from box 36 last Friday night, at 12 o'clock, was for a fire in a small barn on the Owen Collins estate on Winn street. The alarm from box 65 at 10.20 Wednesday evening was rung in for a burning tree caused by an electric light wire in contact with it on Prospect street.

— Miss Jennie Trecartin of 19 Church avenue, the residence of Mrs. J. H. Hovey, was heard, with many indications of delight, in the choir gallery at the Orthodox church last Sunday for the first time since the opening of the last vacation season. For several years she has been the admired and highly prized soprano of the First Church Quartet, and her return was hailed with genuine pleasure by the lovers of, and those capable of appreciating, sweet melody. She is an accomplished singer and fine lady. There was a new tenor singer at that church last Sunday, but whether he is there permanently, or not, is more than we are able to say.

— Last week the homestead of Mr. Austin Stearns, near Paris Hill, Oxford County, Maine, was struck by lightning and all the buildings, with a barnful of hay, cattle, horses, hogs, etc., were burned to the ground and only ashes left. The residence, a fine brick mansion, was nearly two hundred years old and had always been in the Stearns family. Its loss to the proprietor could not be estimated in money. Arthur Jones, a bright lad, who claims Mr. Charlie A. Jones, treasurer of the Five Cents Savings Bank in this city, as his father, was present and with his little kodak took fine views of the conflagration. He was right in it and saw the whole business, and his pictures are exhibited with a commendable degree of pride.

— Charlotte Callahan, one of the most popular teachers in Cambridge, resumed her school work there last week. She is a poetess of no mean ability; indeed, her productions rank high.

— The first morning train on the B. & M. Railroad for Boston leaves Woburn at 5 55 o'clock and is manned by Cyrus Chase, Engineer; Joe Riley, Fireman; Richard Carton, Conductor; Isaac Philips, Baggagemaster; Machin and Comer, Brakemen. At Medford Hillside, last Tuesday morning, it was boarded by a young man and his wife, and when they reached the Northern Station, 15 or 20 minutes later, there were three of them! The JOURNAL did not learn which one of the above named gentlemen officiated as accoucheur, or whether, or not, Chase and Carton came to the conclusion to run a hospital car hereafter on their train. They did everything possible for the comfort of the lady and her offspring. Engineer Chase switched his train to a sidetrack and converted it into a hospital; Conductor Carton summoned an ambulance; while Philips and the others made themselves generally useful. At last accounts mother and child were doing well.

NOTICE.

We learn there is a demand in Newark, N. J. for experienced leather jappanners and that the manufacturers are paying from thirteen to sixteen dollars per week.

M. E. Church Notes.

Monday, Sept. 21, 7.30 P. M., Men's Club give a Reception and Supper to Men. The Supper will be served at 6.30. A Solo by Mr. Frank A. Davis of Cambridge. Dr. G. A. Crawford of Boston will deliver an address.

Friday, Oct. 2, the Epworth League gives a Reception to students of Boston University School of Theology.

Sunday, Oct. 4, this church will observe "Old Folks Day." Rev. Geo. S. Butters, D. D., will preach.

— C. E. Cooper, 415 Main street, insures property on easy terms.—4.

Local Notes.

— Francis A. Partridge is a student in Hebron Academy, Maine.

— Stephen A. Norton, D. D., pastor of First Church, and familiy have returned from their vacation.

— Hanson & Co., jewelers and silversmiths, have quite an interesting article in this paper. See ad.

— Mr. W. F. Kenney, of the Boston *Globe* Editorial Staff, and family have returned from the seaside to their Pleasant street home.

— In the Fifth Infantry shooting match at Walnut Hill Range last Tuesday Co. F. of Waltham made 400; and Co. G, Woburn, 399. Both did splendid rifle work.

— We haven't had sufficient time to fully size up Mr. Grimes, the new Editor of the *News*, but what we have seen of him leads us to the conclusion that he is the right man in the right place.

— The Unitarian Church and Sunday School will be reopened for services next Sunday, Sept. 27. Nearly all the work of improvement on the interior of the edifice will be completed this week.

—Miss Mary D. Prior and Miss M. Adeline Hinckley arrived at their homes in this city from a delightful European trip last Saturday. On Monday morning, with as much enthusiasm as could be comfortable wrought up after such a rare outing, they repaired to their respective places in the High School and are now teaching "young ideas how to shout" just as though nothing had happened.

— By reference to her card in this issue of the JOURNAL it will be seem that Miss Dora A. Winn, an accomplished teacher of the piano, will resume work on Oct. 1. She has met with excellent success as an instructor and is well liked by pupils and parents. She learned the art of music from the best teachers.

— The Board of Directors of the Woburn Woman's Club have arranged an unusually fine program for the coming season. Among the list of lecturers are Leon H Vincent, F. Schuyler Matthews, Heloise E. Hersey, Rev. Thomas Vaupess, Dr. Emily Brainerd Ryder and Sarah Cone Bryant. The Appleton Ladies' Quartette will furnish one program; Mrs. Maud Conway will give a lecture song recital; Prof. Hans Schneider will give a lecture at the piano. There will be a Federation Reception; a Children's Day; a Reciprocity Day; a Gentlemen's Night and a Club Dramatic. Plans are also being made for a Colonial Tea Party and other social functions. The Club enters upon its twenty-first year full of enthusiasm and assurance of success. The place of meeting has been changed to the Towanda Club Rooms and the opening meeting will be Oct. 16.—A. C. KENDALL, REC. CLERK.

George A. Blaney

Died suddenly at his home in Newton of heart failure about an hour after taking his supper last Saturday, Sept. 12. He was a member of the well known law firm of Robinson & Blaney, Boston, and Associate Judge of the Newton District Court.

Mr. Blaney graduated from the Woburn High School, Class of 1870 and Harvard College and Law School. He resided while in Woburn at Cummingsville.

He married Ella A. Fowle, of Woburn, who was a member of his Class in the High School. She was a daughter of the late Charles Fowle.

Some of those who were his classmates in the Woburn H. S. and became prominent in life were:

Herbert W. Lull—Supt. of Schools.
Frank H. Allen—Clergyman.
Horace J. Allen—Journalist.
Edwin A. Daniels—Physician.
Elmore A. Pierce—Elocutionist.
Leonard Fowle—Merchant.
C. Willard Smith—Merchant.

Mr. Blaney had kept up his acquaintance with many people in this city, by whom he was highly respected.

THE BEST $3.00 HAT
IN AMERICA IS
THE GUYER HAT
FALL 1903

FOR SALE BY
Hammond & Son,
Leading Clothiers,
Lyceum Hall Building,
403 Main St., WOBURN.
A Clothing Store for 50 years.

Egypta—Story of the Nile.

The scenes of the opera, Egypta, which is to be given by local talent at Lyceum Hall in October, under the auspices of Camp 66, Sons of Veterans and the Sons of Veterans Club, are laid in the Land of Egypt during the reign of Rameses the Great, who lived some three thousand years ago. The story follows the life of Moses from the time when as a babe he is hidden among the bulrushes, till, as the prophet of the Hebrews, he leads his people out from bondage. The oriental nature of the work gives scope for the most brilliant and interesting effects in the costuming and scenery. Among the historical scenes there is a fine view of the blue Nile with the pyramids and sphinx and waving palms and bushes; a charming oriental garden in the palace of Pharaoh's daughter; a magnificent view of a harvest field with its wealth of golden grain and laden camels and oxen; an exquisite pastoral scene in the land of Midian when sheep and lamb are sheltered in a peaceful valley; a marvellous representation of the famous city of Thebes with its walls and gates and lofty minarets and towers. It is here that the mighty Pharaoh holds his regal Court.

In solemn contrast is shown the gloomy rock hewn catacombs with sculptured hieroglyphics where black-robed priests chant stately dirges.

The opera closes with a triumphal scene in the wilderness near Mount Sinai when the Hebrews rejoice over their escape from bondage.

Musical.

EDWIN CHALONER BARNES,
Instructor in Pianoforte,
Twenty-eight Franklin Street.

The first two lessons, and a copy of Mr. Barnes's novel, "The Reconciliation of Randall Claymore," given free to each pupil completing a course of twenty lessons.

The National Graded Course Used.
P. O. Box 344.

MISS DORA A. WINN,
WILL RESUME
Pianoforte Instruction,
October 1, 1903.
6 Highland Street, Woburn.

MISS BANCROFT,
WILL RESUME
Pianoforte Instruction
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1st, 1903.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFILD,
Violin Instruction,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,
Teacher of Pianoforte,
4 Fairmount St.,
WOBURN, - MASS.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—No Services next Sunday, interior not finished.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—15th Sunday after Trinity. Morning Prayer at 10.30. Evening Prayer at 7. No Sunday School during July and August. Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Pastor Rev. Dr. Norton. Subject: "Life's Refreshings."
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Evening Service. Subject: "Work and Play."
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday Evening, at 7.30.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by Rev. Cephas B. Crane, D. D. Subject: "The Victory in Darkness."
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "Left in the Lurch."
7.45 P. M., Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev. J. H. Mansfield, D. D.
12 M. Sunday School.
5.45 P. M., Epworth League.
At 7 P. M., Preaching by N. E. Richardson. Subject: "A Young Man Called to Save His Father's Family."
Monday, 7. P. M. Boys' Probation Class.
Wednesday, 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Reality."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Sept. 15, Rose E. Weldon, age 46 years, 9 months, 18 days.
In this city, Sept. 11, Mary Dwyer, aged 65 years.
In this city, Sept. 11, Margaret Rose Haggerty, aged 34 years, 8 months.
In this city Sept. 11, Leo Curran, aged 2 years, 1 month, 10 days.

Pork AND Lard Are Cheaper

Best Pure Lard,	10c per lb.
Pork,	10c " "
Peanut Butter,	15c " "
Queen Olives,	35c per qt.

We are headquarters for
Kennedy's Biscuits.
Call and see the great variety we keep.

DO YOU USE SALADA TEA?
☞ We sell it.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

PEACH Ice Cream

CRAWFORD'S
No. 412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE 48-3.

WARRANTED WILL NOT CROCK
GORDON DYE
STAINLESS

Under ordinary circumstances almost everybody wears

HOSIERY

Our story is simply to supply the demand for these necessary articles of dress.

School Hose for Children.

Fine Lisle and Cotton for Women.
Full size and good wearing qualities for Men.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

COURT OF LAND REGISTRATION.

To Adoniram J. Littlefield of Cambridge, Ellen T. Ellis, Martha C. Linnell, Salem T. Bridgham, Edward H. Richards and Margaret T. Kenney of Woburn, all in the County of Middlesex and said Commonwealth, and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by George F. Bean of said Woburn and Benjamin F. Wells, Guardian of Hattie A. Wells, and Frank Wells of Elms in the County of York and State of Maine, to register and confirm their title in the following-described land: A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon situate in said Woburn and bounded as follows: Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises on the southerly side of Pleasant street, thence the line runs a little east of south by land of Ellen T. Ellis one hundred sixty-one and 57-100 (161.57) feet; thence easterly by land of said Ellis sixty-two and 2-10 (62.2) feet to the westerly side of Bennet street; thence southerly by and with said Bennett street seventy (70) feet to land of Martha C. Linnell; thence westerly by land of said Linnell one hundred one and 2-10 (101.2) feet to land of Bridgham; thence northerly by a wall in a slightly irregular line by land first of Bridgham and second of Richards one hundred and thirty-three (133) feet; thence westerly by land of said Richards nineteen and 5-10 (19.5) feet; thence northerly by said land of Richards and land of Kenney twenty-eight and 4-10 (28.4) feet; thence westerly by land of said Kenney fifteen (15) feet; thence northerly by land of said Kenney sixty-four and 15-100 (64.15) feet to said Pleasant street, and thence easterly by and with said Pleasant street, seventy-seven and 1-100 (77.01) feet to the point of beginning. Containing 17,307 square feet and being the property devised to Asa and Hannah Littlefield and their heirs by the will of Nehemiah Littlefield dated February 9, 1863 duly admitted to Probate in the Probate Court of said Middlesex County. Petitioner claims an easement of view pertains to said estate fronting on said Pleasant street over said land of Kenney as reserved and described in a deed of said Nehemiah Littlefield to Rufus Wyman dated Jan. 9, 1845 and recorded with Middlesex Deeds, Book 454, Page 405 as follows: "It is hereby agreed by and between the parties and this conveyance is made upon the express condition that the said Wyman his heirs and assigns shall not ever erect have or keep upon the tract of land above described and which lies back of my house any building whatsoever and shall not erect make or maintain any fence upon the same which shall rise higher than the top of the lowest light of glass in the windows which are on the first or ground floor of my said dwelling house."

You are hereby cited to appear at the Court of Land Registration, to be held at Boston, in said County of Suffolk, on the fifth day of October, A.D. 1903, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition, or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, LEONARD A. JONES, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this ninth day of September, in the year nineteen hundred and three.

Attest with Seal of said Court.

[SEAL]

CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

SEPTEMBER 1st, A. D. 1903.

FOURTH DISTRICT COURT OF EASTERN MIDDLESEX

At a Court begun and holden at Woburn in said County, on the first day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three, Frank H. Sargent, plaintiff, Kimball M. McLaughlin, defendant, and Lawrence C. Swain, supposed trustee. This is an action of contract to recover the sum of three hunnred dollars, alleged to be due the plaintiff from the defendant, on the eighteenth day of June, A. D. 1903, as set forth by the plaintiff's writ of that date.

And it appearing to the Court by the suggestion of the plaintiff, and on inspection of the officer's return of the plaintiff's writ, that the defendant at time of the service of said writ had no last and usual place of abode tenant, agent or attorney in this Commonwealth known to the plaintiff or the said officer, and that no personal service of said writ has been made upon the defendant, it is ordered by the Court here, that the plaintiff give notice of the pendency of this action by causing an attested copy of this order to be published in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper printed in said Woburn, once a week, three weeks successively, and that this action be continued from term to term until notice shall be given to the defendant, agreeably to this order.

ARTHUR E. GAGE, Clerk.

Chester W. Clark, Plaintiff's Attorney,
62 Equitable Building, Boston.

A true copy. Attest,
ARTHUR E. GAGE, Clerk.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Thomas Wolfe, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by John G. Maguire, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-second day of September, A. D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this second day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of John O'Donnell, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament—and one codicil—of said deceased have been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Edward F. Johnson, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the thirteenth day of October, A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this ninth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

NOTICE.

The regular Quarterly Meeting of the Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank will be held at their Banking Rooms, Woburn, Massachusetts,

Friday, October 2d, 1903,

at seven thirty (7.30) o'clock, in the evening, to hear and act on the reports of the Treasurer and Auditors, and to transact any other business that may legally come before them.

CHARLIE A. JONES, Clerk.

Woburn, Mass., September 18th, 1903.

Money deposited on before Saturday, October 3d, will draw interest from that date.

CHARLIE A. JONES, Treasurer.

To Let.

Tenement of six rooms at 37 Salem street, $11.00 per month.

E. H. RICHARDS,
25 Fairmount street.

TO LET.

No. 655 Main street, next to Mr. S. F. Trull's residence, near Mishawum Road, contains 10 rooms, bath, furnace, and 2 acres of land. Rent reasonable. Enquire of C. E. COOPER & CO., Mechanics Building.

Lowell & Boston St. Railway Co.

On and after June 1, 1903, cars will run as follows:—

Cars leave Woburn for Burlington and Billerica at 5 45 a. m.

Leave Woburn for Burlington, Billerica and Lowell, at 6 45 a. m., hourly till 11.45 a. m., half hourly till 9 45 p. m., 10 15 and 10 45 p. m. to Billerica only.

Leave Lowell at 5 45 a. m., hourly till 11.45 a. m. half hourly till 9 45 p. m.

Leave Billerica for Woburn or Lowell, at 6 30 a. m., and hourly till 12 30 a. m., half hourly till 10 30 p. m. Also 11 and 11 30 p. m. for Woburn.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6 55 a. m., hourly till 12 55 p. m., half hourly till 11 55 p. m.

Cars arrive at Woburn 7 15 a. m., hourly till 1.15 p. m., half hourly till 12.15 midnight, connecting at Woburn with B. & M. trains for Boston at 7.12, 8.14, 9.06 a. m. and 4.11 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

First car leaves Woburn at 6.45 a. m., hourly till 9.45 a. m., half hourly till 10.45 p. m.

Leaves Billerica at 7.30 a. m., Lowell at 6.45 a. m.

For special cars or other information address C. W. E. HARRISON, Supt., Woburn, Mass.

Tel. 112-4.

CITY OF WOBURN.

WOBURN
LOCATED 1640 INCORPORATED 1642 A CITY 1888

THE

Registrars of Voters

will be in session at their office, Municipal Building, Common St., on

Saturday Evening, Sept. 19, 1903,

At 7 o'clock,

to receive applications for registration from those who desire to act in the respective party caucuses, as required by Sect. 36, Chap. 11, of the Revised Laws.

Parties must produce evidence of assessment. Naturalized citizens must produce their naturalization papers for inspection, if a record thereof has not been made by the Registrars of Voters of Woburn.

THOMAS E. MATHEWS,
FRED F. LOWELL,
CHARLES H. HARRINGTON,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters

Woburn, Sept. 3, 1903.

Of the many brands of Toilet Soaps sold by us, none have ever given as great satisfaction as our own

Woburna Lotion Soap.

This is a pure, neutral soap, adapted to the most sensitive skin of infant or adult, making a good lather, and leaving that peculiar soothing sensation so much to be desired.

Price 15c. a Cake. 40c. a Box.

To introduce this more widely we offer a cake for 10c. and this advertisement.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.
361 Main St.

Buy a Piano By Renting It.

We rent pianos, and by agreement apply all paid toward the purchase. This allows ample trial in your home before a decision is made to buy. If you are pleased with the instrument it can be rented till rent accumulates enough for its purchase, 36 or 48 months' time being given to complete the rental purchase. At your request we will mail catalogue with price-list and full information about our rental purchase plan. Send for our bargain list of used pianos.

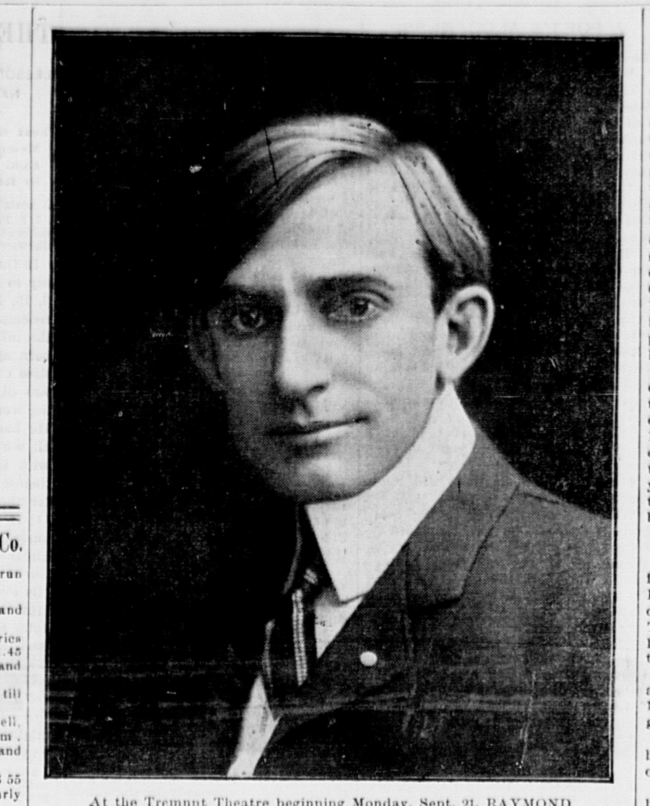
Ivers & Pond Piano Co.,
114 Boylston Street, Boston.

TREMONT THEATRE | BOSTON

BEGINNING MONDAY, SEPT. 21.
HENRY W. SAVAGE OFFERS
RAYMOND HITCHCOCK
—IN THE—
YANKEE CONSUL
A NEW COMIC OPERA
By H. M. Blossom, Jr., and A. G. Robyn.
Wednesday and Saturday Matinees.

To Let.

A desirable tenement of 7 rooms in good repair on Academy Hill, 16 Wyer's Court. Inquire at 49 Church St., Woburn, Mass.



At the Tremont Theatre beginning Monday, Sept. 21, RAYMOND HITCHCOCK in the New Musical Comedy THE YANKEE CONSUL.

Reunion of 39th Regiment.

The survivors of the 39th Massachusetts Regiment of Volunteers in the Civil War are to hold their 37th annual reunion at Roxbury on Thursday, Sept. 24.

Company K of the Regiment was largely composed of Woburn men and registered as the Woburn Company. Its officers, on organization, were: Captain, John I. Richardson; 1st Lieut., Luke R. Tidd; 2nd Lieut., Luther F. Wyman; 1st Sgt., Oscar Perrons; 2nd Sgt., Albert S. Leslie; Sgts., W. P. Brown, W. McDevitt, John Gilcreast; Corporals, Abijah Thompson, Samuel T. Hooper, Samuel H. Brown, Charles F. Linscott, Parker L. Eaton, Timothy Maloney, George E. Fowle, T. Marvin Parker.

The principal battles in which the Regiment was engaged during the Rebellion were: Mine Run, Wilderness, Spottsylvania C. H., Laurel Hill, North Anna, Bethesda Church, Cold Harbor, Siege of Petersburg, Weldon Road, Five Forks, Appomatox, and many others.

The survivors of Company K now residents of Woburn, and many of whom will probably attend the reunion at Roxbury next Thursday are: Abijah Thompson, John Gilcreast, George E. Fowle, C. H. Johnson, William B. Warren, Edward Hoskins, Alonzo D. Carpenter, Alonzo L. Richardson, Albert H. Richardson, A. Roscoe Linscott, Rufus Poole, T. Morton Parker, T. Marvin Parker, Julius F. Ramsdell, Col. Charles K. Conn, Albert P. Barrett, Parker L. Eaton, J. Fred Leslie.

The following enlisted in Co. K at Woburn and now reside elsewhere: Joseph Garfield, Lynn; M. B. Baldwin, Stoneham; A. G. Brown, Malden; W. P. Brown, Winthrop; C. H. Colgate, Somerville; W. T. McDermott, Boston; Charles Linscott, Mexico; George Linscott, Boston; T. W. Flint, Bridgeport, Conn.; Sam. McFeeley, Streator, Ill.; J. H. Dean, N. Y.; J. H. Sheehan, Penna; Al. Leslie, California; Albert Bancroft, N. H.; Fred Spokesfield, Worcester; Freeman Colby, N. H., Fred M Smith, N. H. There were 150 in the Co. and these are all who are left.

The annual reunions of the old Regiment have always been well attended and occasions of real enjoyment. May the next one be equally so.

Mrs. Haggerty.

At 7.30 o'clock Friday morning, September 11th, 1903, Mrs. MARGARET ROSE HAGGERTY, wife of Mr. James D. Haggerty, Editor and proprietor of the *Times*, peacefully passed away at her home, 491 Main street in this city, after an illness of only one week. She was the daughter of Mrs. Ann Byrne, widow of the late Mr. Philip Bryne, 70 Harrison avenue, born in Woburn on Jan. 11, 1869, and in the prime of life when so suddenly taken away.

Mrs. Haggerty graduated, as Margaret Rose Byrne, from the Woburn High School in '85 class and from the Salem State Normal School in 1887. For five years thereafter she taught in Maynard, Mass., and then was appointed to the staff of the Cummings school in this city, a position she filled with great acceptability for four years, leaving it only to be married, that ceremony occuring at St. Charles church this city June 1, 1897. Mr. and Mrs. Haggerty began their married life at Highlandville in the town of Needham, Mr. H. being at that time instructor in printing at the Working Boys' Home at Newton Highlands. Later they removed to Newton, and three years ago came back to Woburn.

She is survived by her husband, her widowed mother, three sisters, Mrs. John Keating, Mrs. Patrick Mooney both of Woburn and Mrs. Charles Smith of Fitchburg, Mass., and three brothers, James of Portville, N. Y., and William and Robert of this city. The funeral was held Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock at St. Charles church, and was largely attended by the numerons friends of the family. There was a rich profusion of lovely flowers contributed as tokens of respect and esteem for the deceased in her lifetime.

Mrs. Haggerty was a most estimable woman. She was an eminently successful teacher, being intelligent and faithful in the discharge of her duties, and no instructor in our schools ever secured the love of pupils to a greater degree than did she. She was kind, amiable and genius; a woman of rare commonsense, and quickly won the esteem of all who came in contact with her. The bereaved husband and other members of the family have the sympathy of the public in their deep bereavement.

A Competent Official.

Since Supt. G. Stanton took charge of the Woburn Division of the Boston & Northern electric railroad he has done many things that have been of much benefit to the travelling public, one of the most important being the connecting of his cars at the center with those of the Arlington line.

Previous to his assuming charge, the cars on either line would not wait for connecting passengers, much to the discomfort of the travelling public. Supt. Stanton is a practical and clear headed official who is constantly striving to give the best of service, and the public appreciate him for this.—*Winchester Star.*

— C. E. Cooper, 415 Main street, is Insurance Agent.—4.

WINCHESTER.

Mr. George H. Gilbert has returned to his home at Sunnyside physically, mentally and spiritually sound.

A cog, or something of that kind, worked loose in the anatomy of one of our local hebdomadals, the *Press*, last week, and caused it to skip its publication day. No *Press* made its appearance on Friday, but on Monday morning it came up smiling "as big as life and twice as natural."

At a meeting of the Board of Selectmen Monday evening a petition bearing the signatures of over 150 citizens was presented asking the Board to use its endeavors to persuade the Boston & Northern Railway Company to arrange for the running of its cars on the Woburn Division from the present terminus in Medford Square over the tracks of the Boston Elevated Company to the Sullivan Square terminal station of that road. The petition has been in circulation but three days and in only one place, so that the number of signatures testify to the interest taken in the matter. The petition was read and the Board voted to communicate with the officials of the Railroad at once.

Chief Engineer of the Fire Department Symmes has had the old steamer, in use 30 years, rebuilt, and one day last week he invited all the Fire Chiefs of the surrounding towns and cities to assemble at the steamerhouse here and examine the rejuvenated machine and witness tests of her capacity to do things and throw streams of water. A large number of the fraternity accepted Chief Symmes's invite and duly met at the above named rendezvous. Everything passed off in the most satisfactory manner. The old steamer performed wonders. After the tests, Chief Symmes invited his guests, among them were Chief Clarence Littlefield and Assistant Chief Tracy of Woburn, to his residence and gave them a fine lunch accompanied by the most cordial greetings and courteous treatment. It was a pleasant occasion.

Mr. John Maxwell, the Old Tanner, one of our most highly respected citizens, is slowly recovering from the evil effects of a severe cold contracted in Chicago when en route from Alabama to his home here some months ago. He has had a serious time of it, but is now able to be out and about much as usual. His visit to Alabama covered 7 or 8 months, a large share of which time was passed at Ft. Payne, where he has large real estate and valuable property interests, looking after and improving the same. His investments in buildings there yield him a handsome percent on his money, and his residence and business lots and blocks are meeting with ready sale at satisfactory prices. There has been an immense advance in the value of real estate at Ft. Payne and Bell City since Mr. Maxwell made purchases in both places several years ago, and he is now reaping an abundant harvest from the money which he expended there. Nobody will begrudge him his good fortune.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Twombly celebrated, in a quiet and unostentatious manner, the 60th anniversary of their wedding day at their delightfully pleasant home last Monday afternoon and evening. Notwithstanding the informality of the occasion, its rarity —60 years of married life—and the prominence of the parties here, and the high esteem in which Mr. and Mrs Twombly are held by all who know them, induced many kind friends in Winchester and Woburn to call on them with warm hands and cordial greetings. They were welcomed with hearty good will and the best of cake, lemonade and fruit, and a few hours were happily spent by guests and hosts. Mr. S. W. Twombly has been a conspicuous figure in Winchester's local affairs many years, and has done more to make it the beautiful residential town that it is than any other single individual. This is everywhere conceded and everybody appreciates the fact, and honors him for it. The wish was expressed by everyone present that Mr. and Mrs. Twombly might live to celebrate their centennial wedding day anniversary.

The Modern Way.

Mrs. Knicker—Aren't you glad your children are all settled?

Mrs. Bocker—Yes, indeed. They're all happily divorced now.—Puck.

Every difficulty overcome is, in accordance with its enormity, that much added to your strength of character.—Maxwell's Talisman.

The United States Capitol.

The United States capitol at Washington is one of the most majestic buildings in the world. It was first begun in 1793, when the north wing was founded. This was finished in 1800, and the south wing was begun in 1811. The building was burned by the British in 1814, and rebuilding did not begin until 1817. In 1851 the new extensions began, the house of representatives first occupying its present hall in 1857, the senate its present quarters in 1859. The dome was constructed between 1856 and 1865. The cost of the building has exceeded $30,000,000. The dome is 307 feet high and 135 in diameter, contains 4,000 tons of iron, arranged to move during atmospheric changes like the unfolding of a lily.

The rotunda beneath is 96 feet in diameter and 180 feet high. The extreme length of the building is 751 feet; extreme breadth, 324 feet. It covers 153,112 square feet of ground. The architecture is of the Corinthian order; the material of the central structures yellowish sandstone painted white, of the wings white marble, tinged with blue.

Solicitous About Him.

An artist who was spending a month in the neighborhood had asked Mrs. Lawton's permission to make a sketch of the little bridge in her meadow. The permission was given, and Bobby had been spending the morning with the artist.

"I stood close to him all the time," announced Bobby triumphantly, "and I watched him, and I talked to him a good deal so he wouldn't be lonesome."

"I'm afraid perhaps you bothered him, dear," said Bobby's doting mother.

"Oh, no, I didn't, mother," said Bobby. "He liked me. He said he was real interested in me. He kept looking at his watch so he could tell me when 12 o'clock came, so I needn't be late for dinner. He even made me show him what thick shoes I had on, for he said 'twas so damp he was most afraid I might catch cold."

Checks and Drafts.

A bank check is really a sight draft on the depositor's bank. It differs from a draft in wording and is used in paying a creditor, whereas a draft is commonly used as a means of collecting money from a debtor. The bank is obliged to pay a check if it has funds enough of the drawer to meet it, but the person on whom a draft is drawn may or may not honor it at pleasure. Another use to which merchants put drafts is in sending remittances from one part of the country to another, for as banks keep money on deposit in all of the large commercial centers a bank draft is simply the bank's check drawing on its deposit with some other bank which it calls its correspondent. Banks sell these drafts or "cashier checks" to customers.

Professional Jealousy.

Brignoli, the famous singer, was intensely jealous of all other tenors, never admitting for an instant that any one of them could sing even passably well. When the handsome, talented Tom Karl burst upon the New York stage Brignoli turned up his nose.

"What do you think of Tom Karl?" Tagliapietra asked him one night.

"Oh, he is a very nice little boy," he replied, with a shrug. "I like him very much, but he has missed his vocation. I think he was born to be a policeman."

Karl was tall and of fine proportions and was singing at the time with Titiens in "La Favorita."

No American Horse Type.

Notwithstanding the importance of horse breeding as an industry in this country, there is at this time no distinctly American horse type. The racing thoroughbred is English, the heavy draft horse is French, the hackney is English, and the trotting horse, as bred at present for track and road service, is not a type at all. An animal type cannot be said to be established until it reproduces itself with reasonable certainty.—John Gilmer Speed in Century.

Dangerous Examples.

Mrs. Long (who recommended a servant)—Yes, she was an excellent girl in every way, except she would imitate me in dress and things like that.

Miss Short—Ah, yes. I noticed she began doing it when she came to me, but she's given it up now.

Mrs. Long—I'm glad to hear it. I expect she saw she was making herself ridiculous.

His Idea Exactly.

Uncle—How do you like your Sunday school teacher?

Tommy—Oh, she's got good sense. She's smarter than mom is.

Uncle—Indeed? So you believe in her, eh?

Tommy—Sure! Her an' me thinks alike. She says Sunday school don't do me no good.—Philadelphia Press.

Lucky Inspiration.

Young Bride (looking over the new house)—Why, Herbert, do you call this little pigeonhole a shoe closet?

Young Husband—My love, that will hold a hundred pair of shoes of the size you wear.

Young Bride—Well, perhaps you are right. It's neat and cozy anyway.—Chicago Tribune.

Becoming Discouraged.

He—Your father did not object to our marriage as much as I had expected.

She—Oh, poor papa has given up the idea of being too particular.—Brooklyn Life.

Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

Henry W. Savage, himself a Bostonian, is one of the foremost producers of musical comedies, comic operas and grand operas in the world, and many of the first-night performances have been given in Boston. His latest offering will be a comic opera in two acts, called "The Yankee Consul," and Raymond Hitchcock, who scored such success as a star in "King Dodo," will play the title role. The new piece will be presented at the Tremont Theatre, Sept. 21, and it is promised that the production will be the most pretentious that has yet been made by the well-known manager. There is every reason to believe that it will be a distinct success. Raymond Hitchcock, the star, is a comedian who enjoys the distinction of occupying a field with few, if any, competitors. Flora Zabelle will play the leading feminine, and is a dainty commedienne. She has an excellent voice and charming personality, and is regarded as one of the handsomest women on the stage. The book of the new piece was written by Henry M. Blosson, Jr., who wrote that delightful story, "Checkers," and Alfred G. Robyn, who has composed such successful pieces as "Answer," and "You,' wrote the music. "The Yankee Consul," with its clever principals, carefully selected chorus, elaborate costumes and scenery designed by Walter Burridge, will remain at the Tremont for a limited engagement only, as Manager Savage's famous opera company will begin about the middle of next month a season of grand opera in English.

ALMANACS ARE ANCIENT.

They Were Made by the Greeks as Far Back as A. D. 100.

According to Theon, the commentator on Ptolemy, almanacs, as we understand the word, were constructed from about the year 100 A. D. by the Greeks of Alexandria, but the dates of festivals and other events of national interest had been exposed on marble tablets in Rome 200 years B. C. Lalande, an authority on the subject, states that the earliest almanac of which the author's name is preserved was that of Solomon Jarchus, who lived in the middle of the twelfth century.

A primitive English calendar or almanac was called the "prime-staff," "rein-stock" or "clog almanac." It was made of wood, bone or horn, about eight inches long, like a square ruler. On this the days were marked by a series of notches, every seventh being of larger size. The festivals were indicated by symbols, as were the golden number and the cycle of the moon.

Specimens of this "clog almanac" may be seen at the British museum and in museums or libraries at Oxford, Cambridge and Manchester. Some of larger size were hung "at one end of the mantle-tree of their chimneys" for general use, and smaller ones were carried in the pocket or on the walking stick.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Dust In the Air.

The air of cities is impregnated with dust and filth. To combat their deleterious effects the streets should be freely ventilated and watered. Wind and rain are the great destroyers of dust. From the fields the wind lifts the debris of vegetation—pollen, seeds, spores of fungi and bacteria; the dust of the soil—silica, silicate of aluminium, carbonate and phosphate of lime and peroxide of iron. In and proceeding from volcanic regions fine particles of carbon and dried mud are taken up and wafted hundreds or even thousands of miles. In and round about cities and towns the finely ground dust of the pavements, fragments of straw, hair, stable manure, debris of insects, soot, epithelia from floor sweepings or shaken from rugs, carpets and bedding, together with gases and other volatile emanations from factories, rendering establishments, abattoirs, tanyards and compost heaps of all sorts, though not of the air, are in it, in so much as to be in some degree almost everywhere present.—Sanitarian.

A Canny Scot.

A canny Scot lived in a small settlement some miles from the neighboring town. The distance, however, could be considerably lessened by cutting through a large estate. This practice was accordingly so much resorted to that the owner gave peremptory orders for all trespassers to be turned around and sent back the way they came.

One time, however, the Scot in question, having occasion to take some articles to town in a wheelbarrow, decided to run the risk and was about half way through when he saw the owner in the distance. Not relishing the idea of retracing his steps, he bethought himself of a scheme, and, promptly turning the wheelbarrow to face the direction from which he came, he sat down upon it as if resting.

Soon the owner came up and, seeing him there, roughly ordered him to turn around and go back.

As "back" was in this case his objective point, the Scot obeyed and went on his way rejoicing.

Did Not Look Right.

The intelligent compositor, one of the kind that figures in many an anecdote, worked on an Arkansas paper at a period when a well known novelist was editor. One day the printer undertook to set up the word "doughnut." He spelled it "donut."

"See here," said the novelist, "don't you know how to spell 'doughnut?' You've misspelled it here."

The intelligent compositor came over and gazed at the proof and scratched his head in perplexity.

"Well," he admitted, "that doesn't look right, but it had a 'w' in it once, and somehow that didn't look right either."

Set His Own Novel.

B. L. Farjeon was one of the very few writers who set up work in type without the medium of manuscript. When the novelist first turned to fiction he was editor and publisher of the Otago Times, which was printed at his own offices at Dunedin, and many of the chapters of his novel "Grif" were transferred direct to type by the late Mr. Farjeon, who was one of the most rapid compositors of his time. He was a firm believer in charms and attributed much of his good fortune to a New Zealand greenstone which he wore for many years on his watch chain.—London Tit Bits.

The Home Product.

"I should think you would be ambitious for political distinction."

"No," answered Mr. Cumrox, "I don't care for it. My daughter has studied painting and her pictures of me are funny enough without calling in the aid of any professional cartoonist."—Washington Star.

The Single Misfortune.

"Misfortunes never come singly, you know, Miss Priscilla."

"Alas," said the poor maiden, shaking her head, "the single misfortune is the worst of all!"—New Yorker.

Painless Operation.

The old beau was trying to make himself look youthful.

"He is dyeing for love," they commented.—Chicago Post.

The kicker usually does not make much progress, notwithstanding that he puts his best foot forward.—Boston Transcript.

Getting Acquainted.

In his "Life of Bret Harte" Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton recalls a story which turns on the typical westerner's gift for humorous understatements. In the author's early days in California he spent a night in an inn, newly opened. After he had got comfortably to bed he was aroused by the noise of scuffling and shouting, punctuated by occasional pistol shots below.

In the morning, on going downstairs, he found the landlord with a bruised eye, a piece of court plaster extending from his cheek to his forehead and yet with a pleasant smile on his face. Taking his cue from this, Harte said, "Well, landlord, you had rather a lively time here last night."

"Yes," admitted the landlord, with a deepening smile. "It was rather a lively time."

"Do you often have such lively times round here?" continued Harte, emboldened by the landlord's cheerfulness.

"Well, no," the landlord replied reflectively. "The fact is, we've only just opened yer, and last night was the first time the boys seemed to be getting really acquainted."

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I. C. BRAND

By
EDWARD MARSHALL

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Lieutenant Phillips, U. S. V., had been inspecting government property out in the corral, but the heat had driven him into his tent, which was pitched just on the edge of a coffee plantation.

It was at the time when our government was withdrawing from Porto Rico the vast number of horses, army wagons and other transportation paraphernalia which had been necessary during the war. Inspection duty is only given to men who are thoroughly trustworthy. Especially is this true in Porto Rico. There were large quantities of government property there after the surrender, most of it in good condition. The planters thereabouts, who had lost a season's crops through the war, were anxious to cheaply re-equip their plantations with wagons, horses and mules. It was because the honest gentlemen had a tendency to offer "inducements" to inspecting officers to condemn good property, which the planters could afterward buy for a song at the auction, that especial care was used in the selection of inspecting officers. Lieutenant Phillips was one of the elect.

On such government property as is condemned the "I. C." brand is placed. "I. C." means inspected and condemned. It is not wise for a civilian to have in his possession any property which bears the mark "U. S." and does not also bear the mark "I. C." Both are stenciled in black paint on tentage canvas, blankets and such like, burned into the bodies of wagons and other wooden articles and branded on the flanks of horses and mules.

Lieutenant Phillips kept the irons in his own possession for fear they might be used unscrupulously. He carried them, with their brazier still half full of hot coals, to the rear of his tent so that what little breeze there was would blow the heat away from him. Then he removed his heavier garments.

It had been a hard day for the lieutenant. Early in the morning he had been chief witness at a court martial which had convicted an American soldier of having cruelly treated his wife, a beautiful Porto Rican girl. The accused, Luigi Aramado, was a swarthy fellow of Italian parentage.

Lieutenant Phillips remembered with discomfort the fierce look the man had thrown at him as, handcuffed, he had been led away to the guardhouse. But, although the lieutenant had the pink cheeks of a girl and never a suspicion of a mustache upon his upper lip, he had a reputation for fearlessness.

Before he settled down to sleep he released from the ventilated box a pair of little lizards. They are of the variety called chameleons and can be easily tamed by any one who will occasionally give them a sip of sugar and water, a few flies or some other dainties dear to the heart. Many of our soldiers in Porto Rico so tamed them, and Lieutenant Phillips was among their number.

When he finally lay down on his camp cot they took their stations, one upon his pillow, one upon his chest. They knew instinctively that he did not like to have them on his face, for whenever they trespassed on this territory he moved restlessly, but their presence near his face was quite sufficient to keep most of the flies away.

While the lieutenant was making all these preparations for his siesta there was an unpleasant eye watching him through the open space left by the lifting of the back flap of the tent. The eye was in the head of the man whom the lieutenant had given evidence against that morning. Luigi Aramado had escaped. Below the eye, but wholly hidden in the bush, there were two hands, and in one of them there was a knife. The man was waiting until the lieutenant should fall asleep.

The tent's flaps moved lazily in the sleepy breeze. Now and then one of the little lizards made a lightning dart, and a fly had perished. The lieutenant slept peacefully. Everything was as it should be when noon approaches in the tropics.

Still the figure crouched, watchful and silent. At length the man crept forward till he was full in the tent; then he stopped and drew from his blouse a tiny vial. He was near enough to have used the knife, but he evidently had other purposes. Perhaps he wished to gloat over his victim before the blow fell. His glance had fallen upon the brazier and the branding irons.

Slowly and noiselessly he rose to his feet. It was a mistake, for it startled the lizards. Disobeying their training, they scampered over the face of the sleeper.

It half woke him, and he looked up lazily, but before he could more than catch a glimpse of the evil eyes and gleaming blade, before he could halloo for help, the man flung himself upon him and in the lieutenant's nostrils entered the deadly fumes of chloroform. Then he lost consciousness.

The Italian raised himself cautiously—the stupor might be feigned. But a moment's scrutiny relieved his fears. In a twinkling he had bound the lieutenant hand and foot and thrust a gag into his mouth.

"Killing wouldn't be enough," the desperado muttered fiercely. "I'll mark him for life, so I will."

The lizards meanwhile had darted up on the canvas of the tent. They had done all that they could in waking the lieutenant. They could not fight for him.

And while the lizards watched with their beady eyes the intruder thrust the irons into the brazier. The lieutenant's eyes were open now, for the force of the opiate was spent. The desperado turned and caught their undaunted glance.

"Pig of a lieutenant!" he said viciously. "It is now I who have the power. I will wait until the irons heat, then we shall see what we shall see." And he kicked the helpless figure before he turned again to the brazier.

As he watched the metal turn from black to gray and flush into redness, a cruel smile disclosed his fanglike teeth.

"'Tis most ready, my lieutenant," he said tauntingly.

Noiselessly the tent flap swayed, as if moved by a gentle breeze. The man's back was turned. He was too intent on the brazier to see a slight figure which slipped through the aperture. It was Ysabel, his wife.

The girl's eyes dilated with horror as she glanced from the bound lieutenant to the deadly preparations of his enemy. Then with a little movement she snatched the pistol which lay on the table. At the sound the man at the brazier turned and found himself looking into the barrel held in her steady hands. He was a coward, and he quailed before her.

"Take those ropes off," she said imperiously in her musical Spanish, pointing to the lieutenant's bonds. "If you do not I will shoot you."

There was a tremor in her voice, but her eyes were unflinching.

The lieutenant watched her, fascinated. Her husband, sullenly accepting defeat, began to untie the knots. At length the captive was released and the two stood silently before her. Both seemed overawed by the beauty and fearlessness of the woman.

Still pointing with her pistol, she cried:

"Now, go—go—go, Luigi, and never come back again." Without a word the desperado obeyed.

When the tent flap fell behind him the pistol dropped from her trembling fingers and she leaned against the table as if for support.

"Was it wrong to let him go?" she said appealingly. "You would have killed him if he had stayed, and I could not have stood that. I—loved him—once." There was a sob in her throat. "Now he will never dare to come back again. I shall be free from him. You will let him go for my sake?"

As the lieutenant glanced from the irons from which she had saved him to her pleading face he could not but consent. Yet, as she, too, disappeared behind the coffee bushes, he heard her choking sobs.

"The way of a woman is hard," said the lieutenant.

Casting a Statue.

Stiglmayer, a German goldsmith in the first part of the last century, having an ambition to attempt larger works than any he had accomplished, went to Naples in order to see the casting of Canova's statue of Charles III., but was denied the sight of certain secret technical processes. Stiglmayer found them out for himself nevertheless and as soon as he went home made his first experiment on a statuette of Venus. Many delays occurred, and the excitement increased as the end drew near. By some mistake one of his assistants poured his molten metal into the air hole. Then the casting came to a standstill.

"The crowd of lookers on," writes the poor founder in his diary, "stood first dumb about me and then slipped out one by one and left me with my pain."

In a month a second casting was begun and failed. With unbroken courage he began the third cast, and on Christmas eve the metal was again poured in. It ran into the mold and spurted joyfully out at the air hole.

"Our joy knew no bounds," he declares. "We raised a loud cry of joy and embraced and kissed each other. Pasquale, the helper, kissed the head of Phidias coming out of the broken form and burned his mouth, for it had not had time to cool."

The Sign Was Ruinous.

A member of the colored race who presides over the destinies of a barber shop in West Philadelphia is looking for a former customer who recently played a rather mean joke upon him. The customer in question was shaved regularly at the colored man's shop, and the proprietor held his opinion and advice in good regard. One morning the boss of the shop wanted a new and high toned sign to hang over the door, and he appealed to the aforesaid customer for an idea. The customer's wit was ready, and several days after the following sign was discovered hanging from the shop: "Tonsorial Abattoir."

The next day the regular customer passed the shop and noticed the following over the door: "Barber Shop."

The proprietor is waiting for the regular customer, and the regular customer is waiting for a little collection of excitement to blow over.—Philadelphia Press.

Knew His Fate.

"Silas, my lad," said the grocer to his new assistant, "who bought that moldy cheese today?"

"Mistress Brown, sir," was the youth's reply.

"And the stale loaf we could not sell last night?"

"Mistress Brown, sir."

"Where's that lump of rancid butter that the baker refused?"

"Mistress Brown bought it, sir," was the answer.

"And the six eggs we could not sell a week since?"

"Mistress Brown— Are you ill, sir?" asked Silas, as the grocer turned green and groaned.

"No, no! Only I'm going to tea at the Browns' tonight," replied the unhappy man as he wiped the perspiration from his face and sank into a chair.—London Tit-Bits.

The Lowest Form of Bird.

There is a peculiar bird commonly known as the "kiwi," its scientific name being Apteryx mantelli. It is the lowest form of bird which exists, but is so scarce that scientists are happy to get a specimen in any condition. It is absolutely without wings or tail. Its legs are short, stubby, but very strong, and are used by this bird for digging. The body covering is a cross between hair and feathers, a material which is very coarse. They can develop great speed and make a desperate fight when attacked. Breeding them in captivity has utterly failed, and only a few museums can boast of a specimen. They are now very rarely found in the forests and swamps in the north of New Zealand.

Boiling Down a Speech.

An old newspaper man in Washington tells this story of Mr. Blaine:

"My first experience with Mr. Blaine was when as correspondent for a western paper I endeavored to get him to withdraw from the official reporters of the house a speech which he had made in order that I might make an abstract of it.

"'How much of this do you want to use?' Mr. Blaine asked.

"I replied that I thought I would send about half of it.

"'Then I will make an abstract myself,' said he, 'reducing it one-half. I do not doubt your skill, but I want this speech boiled down by its friends.'"

Life's Little Duties.

It may be doubted if it is within the power of any one man, however great and powerful and gifted, to change the current of the world's affairs, but there is scarcely any one who will contend that civilization would not advance, the world become better and life for all grow more beautiful if each citizen would perform the simple and apparent duty which he can easily do.

There is one sure way of reforming the world, and that is for each person to contribute his mite.—Kansas City World.

Liverpool, generally called a wet place, has an average rainfall per annum of 34 1-3 inches.

MODESTY OF THE GREAT.

Gladstone and Darwin Felt Themselves "Ordinary Persons."

In "Studies In Contemporary Biography," by James Bryce, there occur two stories which caused some of the critics to express astonishment at the "modesty of the great." The stories are these:

"Meeting Mr. Gladstone in the lobby and seeing his face saddened by the troubles in Ireland, Mr. Bryce tried to divert his thoughts by mentioning a recent discovery—to wit, that Dante had been saved from want in his last years by a lectureship at Ravenna. Mr. Gladstone's face lit up at once, and he said, 'How strange it is to think that these great souls, whose works are a beacon light to all the generations that have come after them, should have had cares and anxieties to vex them in their daily life just like the rest of us common mortals!'

"The words reminded me," adds the author, "that a few days before I had heard Mr. Darwin, in dwelling upon the pleasure a visit paid by Mr. Gladstone had given him, say, 'And he talked just as if he had been an ordinary person like one of ourselves.' The two men were alike unconscious of their greatness."

It is only the little who think themselves great. They are like those who do not know much and therefore imagine that there is not much to know. The great do not think themselves so, just as the learned are overwhelmed by their ignorance.

Snake In a Street Car.

The snakes with which I have generally associated have mostly been the little chaps, such as the lively two foot garter snake that I had in a Kansas City street car one day. I had picked him up in the suburbs of the city, and before taking the car back to the business section of the town I buttoned him in the inside pocket of my coat. Now, anybody who has ridden over the streets of Kansas City knows that in places it seems as though the cars were climbing up the roof of a barn. When I got on the car it was full, and so I had to grab a strap in order to stand up. Presently a seat became vacant beside me and I sat down. As I did so I glanced up and there was my poor little snake hanging to the strap I had just left. Various other people noticed him at the same time, and the ensuing exhibition would have enabled any person in the car to secure a job as a circus acrobat at a handsome salary. After they had escaped I put the snake back in my pocket. The conductor was a hero and stuck to his post, but he put me off the car and kept my nickel.—W. S. Dunbar in Outing.

No Room For Him.

Several relics of exceptional value and of unusual interest to archaeologists were discovered in a small town near Nuremberg, and as soon as the news reached him the director of the Nuremberg Historical museum went to the village and introduced himself to the mayor, saying:

"I am in charge of the museum at Nuremberg, and I'd like to"—

"You're too late, my good sir," interrupted the mayor. "We've already got here several merry go rounds, a bearded woman, a theatrical company composed of apes, a troupe of trained dogs and a band of Hungarian musicians, so you can readily see that we've got no room for your museum."

And with these words he nodded to the director and went away.

Nature and Deformity.

Nature is very particular to conceal her deformities, and all that is worthless or ungraceful generally drops off from a tree unless it be an injury to the trunk. From such effects the tree never recovers. Go into the forests and how often we see deformed trees, some bent and twisted, some parted till the original trunk becomes like two, each crossing and recrossing the other. This was done by depression or injury to the tree in its young and tender years. Nature has no power to right a broken law either in the animal or the vegetable organism. Punishment follows, and deformity results.

Childish Amusements In Boston.

"Are you playing horse?" asked the benevolent gentleman who takes an interest in children.

"Certainly not," answered the little Boston boy. "We are amusing ourselves by the assumption that Brother Waldo is an ichthyosaurus and that I am a prehistoric man in pursuit of him."—Washington Star.

One of Them.

"I am sorry to hear your unfortunate nephew has been closed out by the sheriff," said the friend of the family. "Have you any idea what his liabilities are?"

"Yes. I've an idee he's liable to call on me fur help about the fust thing he does," responded Uncle Silas.—Chicago Tribune.

An Equine Puzzle Solved.

"Papa," said small Elmer, "I know why some pistols are called horse pistols."

"Well, my boy, why are they so called?" asked his father.

"Because they kick," replied the little philosopher.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Disappointed.

Aunt Margaret—And if you're good—real good—you'll go to heaven.

Little Dorothy—Oh, is that all? I thought maybe you were going to give me a quarter.—Puck.

Less Expensive.

"He said he'd rather face father than elope."

"And what did you say?"

"I said that father would rather have us elope."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

That Half Too Much.

He—I hope you didn't believe what they said about me.

She—I make it a point never to believe more than half I hear.

He—But the trouble is you women generally believe the wrong half.—Stray Stories.

Had Won Her.

The chronic bachelor finally turned to the quiet man who had taken no part in the discussion.

"Would you, sir," he said, "marry the best woman in the world?"

"I did," was the reply.—Judge.

An Evidence of Juvenile Genius.

Scribbles—That three-year-old nephew of mine tore up my last 10,000 word manuscript yesterday.

Daisy Cutting—How precocious! I didn't know that he could read.—Boston Globe.

In Worldly Goods.

"It isn't every man that knows when he is well off."

"No; but lots of us know that we are not."—Brooklyn Life.

An Egyptian Story.

Here is a strange story from Egypt: Taha Ali and Ahmed Hamad carried on the business of butchers in partnership. Taha Ali informed Ahmed Hamad that a sum of money belonging to the partnership which had been left with him had been stolen. Ahmed Hamad did not believe the story and accused Taha Ali of theft. They decided to refer the matter to a fakir who had settled in the neighborhood, to be tried by a system of ordeal. The two men accordingly went to the fakir. He copied some passages from certain religious books in his possession upon a native writing board with European copying ink, washed off the writing with water into a bowl, dipped some bread and water into the water and divided the bread and water between the two disputants, telling them that the one who was in the wrong would become very ill. After eating the bread and drinking the water the two disputants went away. Taha Ali was shortly afterward seized with violent pains and, returning to the fakir, confessed that he had stolen the money. His condition became rapidly worse, and he died a few hours later. The medical examination disclosed no sign of poisoning.

Proving a Statement.

A certain minister, who is an emphatic preacher, is at times at a loss to give his utterances proper weight. For instance, he'll say:

"This statement is as true as is the night which will follow day," or "as true as that the trees will bud in spring."

Sometimes it happens that the doctor has more statements than he has illustrations to give them weight. On one such occasion he remarked, "This is as true as the"— Here the doctor halted. He paused a few moments, and then his face illumined. "As true as is the statement that some member is yet on his or her way to church."

A few moments later a lady entered the edifice and swept grandly up the aisle. The doctor's face assumed an "I told you so" appearance. The congregation began to smile, then to laugh.

Sympathy for the embarrassed lady, however, soon subdued the apparently uncontrollable mirth.

How Tennyson Decided a Matter.

Here is Tennyson's own account to Mr. James Knowles, editor of the Nineteenth Century, of how he was offered and accepted the laureateship: "The night before I was asked to take the laureateship, which was offered to me through Prince Albert's liking for my 'In Memoriam,' I dreamed he came to me and kissed me on the cheek. I said in my dream, 'Very kind, but very German.' In the morning the letter about the laureateship was brought to me and laid upon my bed. I thought about it through the day, but could not make up my mind whether to take it or refuse it, and at the last I wrote two letters, one accepting and one declining, and threw them on the table and settled to decide which I would send after my dinner and bottle of port."

Mouth Filling Microscopy.

"Microscopist" is usually pronounced mi-cros-co-pist, is a horror of articulation, besides concealing the plain meaning and derivation of the word. But if we first say "micro" and then "scopist," taking care to place the stress on the first syllable, we get easiness, pleasantness and common sense. There are hosts of others, but none quite so terrible as "microscopist" as it is commonly pronounced or tried to be pronounced, for it reigns in a sort of pinched, rheumatic, splendid isolation, "high on a throne of royal state, by merit raised to that bad eminence."—Verax in London News.

How Trees Are Like Human Beings.

Nature has many peculiar laws governing the organism of trees. One is that every individual twig, spray, all the foliage, every fiber, takes precisely its own thickness of wood from the parent stem. This same law is manifested in the proportions of the human organism. The length of the arms from finger tip to finger tip (arms extended) is the precise measurement of the length of the legs of a human being, and other measurements are the same in proportion.

Cold Comfort.

Fussy Passenger—Why does your company insist that passengers must purchase tickets before entering the train? Are they afraid if we pay money to you that you will steal it?

Conductor (with dignity)—Certainly not. They are afraid the train may run off the track before I can get around.—New York Weekly.

The Thumb.

Thumbs have been appreciated ever since the world began. The ancients used to call the thumb the other hand. Barbarous kings used to swear and make compacts by their thumbs. In Rome it was a sign of favor to wring and kiss the thumb and of disfavor or disgrace to lift it up or turn it outward. A man who was hurt in his thumbs was excused from serving in the Roman wars. Some of the scoundrelly citizens used to cut off their thumbs so as to remain at home and get rich. Teachers used to punish their pupils by biting their thumbs.

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A POET'S ALOOFNESS.

The Manner In Which Wordsworth Was Regarded by His Neighbors.

The worthies of Wordsworth's village in the lake country of England had their own ideas of his value as a man and a poet. When questioned after his death as to his personality they readily admitted that he was kind to those who were in sickness or need. They could count on him on a pinch. But he did not hobnob with his neighbors.

"He did not notice them much," said an old man in answer to questions asked by the author of "Lake Country Sketches."

"A Jem Crow and an auld blue cloak was his rig," continued the old man. "And as for his habits, he had noan. Niver knew him with a pot i' his hand or a pipe i' his mouth."

After deep probing the author brought out:

"Yes; Wordsworth was fond of a good dinner at times if you could get him to it. That was the job."

Then the poet's aloofness was again touched upon.

"He was forever pacing the roads and his own garden walks and always composing poetry. He was ter'ble throng in visitors and folks ye mun ken at times, but if he could get awa' fra them a spell he was out upon his walk.

"And then he would set his head a bit forrad and put his hands behint his back. And then he would start a-bumming, and it was bum, bum, bum, and go on bumming for long enough right down and back again. I suppose, ye ken, the bumming helped him out a bit."

Not a Good Looker.

From the mountains of Camden, Me., comes a story of a Philadelphia merchant who has a summer cottage in that village and who wished to exchange a lively horse which he owned with a French Canadian who had a more gentle animal, which women and children could drive. The Frenchman was willing to trade, but for some reason insisted upon repeating to the visitor that the local horse did not "look" as well as the one belonging to the Philadelphia man.

An exchange satisfactory to both parties was eventually made, and the first time the visitor's wife took the new horse out for a drive she discovered that the beast was as blind as a mole. A few days later, when the rusticator met the Frenchman, he said:

"See here, you rascal! That horse you swapped with me for mine was stone blind. Why didn't you tell me of it at the time?"

"Ah'm bin try tell you all Ah'm bin know how fer to tell. Ah'm bin say my horse was no look lak you horse—say so seex, nine tams. Ah'm no bin blam' eef you no hear me."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Trees Shaped by the Wind.

The effect of wind upon trees is powerful. Even the presence or absence of forests may be determined by the character of the prevailing wind or the conditions that modify it. The wind acts as a drying agent, giving a special aspect to many plants. When it is almost always from the same quarter the plants show greater development upon one side. Trees are smaller on the windward edges of forests, and trunks and branches are bent to leeward. The deformations are most marked near the sea or in flat regions. The cherry, plum, walnut, black poplar, ash and certain pines are very sensitive to the wind, but mountain pines and certain firs offer great powers of resistance, and these are recommended for reforesting wind swept lands.

A Dinner Deferred.

An amusing story is told of Lady Barker's first dinner party at Simla. Desirous of having a pretty table, Lady Barker had herself expended much care in decorating it. She had just received from Europe certain dainty china figures and ornamental dishes and had arranged a tempting show of sweetmeats, flowers and fruit. When dressing time came Lady Barker charged her servants to be on the watch and take care of everything; but something of interest occurred outside, and every servant left the room, quite forgetting to close the open window. Before this window was a big tree on which sat several monkeys which had watched the preparations for dinner with much interest. A half hour later the hostess appeared, ready to receive her guests. Just to be sure that everything was right she gave a glance into the dining room. There she beheld a busy company of monkeys hard at work, grinning and jabbering, their cheeks and arms crammed with expensive sweetmeats, while the table presented a scene of frightful devastation—broken glass and china, fair linen soiled, everything tossed about in hopeless confusion. From this wreck she had to turn aside and welcome her guests with as much ease of manner as possible. Dinner, of course, had to be deferred until order could be restored.

Ridden on the Spinal Cord.

The following remarkable essay on the horse is said to be from the pen of an Indian student:

"The horse is a very noble quadruped, but when he is angry he will not do so. He is ridden on the spinal cord by the bridle, and sadly the driver places his foots on the stirrup and divides his lower limbs across the saddle and drives his animal to the meadow. He has four legs; two are on the front side and two are afterward. These are the weapons on which he runs. He also defends himself by extending those in the rear in a parallel direction toward his foe, but this he does only when in a vexatious mood. There is no animal like the horse. No sooner they see their guardian or master than they always cry for food, but it is always at the morning time. They have got tails, but not so long as the cow and other such like animals."—Scottish American.

An Ancient "Frickaise."

A manuscript cookbook of the year 1734 contains this recipe for "a frickaise:" "Take ye fowls, cut them in pieces and clean them season with peper & salt a little mace nuttmeg cloves some parsley, a little bit of onion. Let them lay 2 hours then flowr them very well, fry in sweet butter & make ye butter hott before you put them in. Fry a fine brown. Wash ye pan & put them in a gain with a pint of gravy. Lett them swimyer in ye gravy. Take the yolks of 3 eggs with a little grated nuttmeg & a little juce of lemon & 2 spoonfulls of wine. Shake it over the fire till it is as thick as cream, pour over yr frickaise and so serve it to ye table hott."

A Bigger Bid.

A Lincolnshire parish once possessed a clergyman who was not much appreciated. One day he remarked to his churchwarden: "You people don't seem to appreciate me. Do you know that on leaving my last sphere of work the people showed their appreciation so much that they gave me a real silver salver?"

"That is nothing," was the churchwarden's reply. "If tha' would only go away from this parish we'd give thee a gold un!"—London Chronicle.

A Doctor's Retort.

Every doctor knows the man and woman who cultivate the habit of accosting him on the street and in guise of ordinary conversation try to extract free medical advice. One such inquirer greeted an eminent physician with the remark:

"I hear fish is an excellent brain food. Do you think so?"

"Excellent," was the reply, "but in your case it seems a pity to waste the fish."—London Outlook.

Whence Her Grief.

"No," said the beautiful widow; "I couldn't sleep for weeks after my husband died."

"How pitiful!" put in her sympathetic friend.

"You see, I had mislaid his insurance policy, and for awhile I was really afraid I'd never be able to find it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Hollow One.

Mrs. Casey—Yistiddy was Mrs. Malony's birthday, an' her ould man prasinted her wid a silver taypot.

Mrs. Murphy—Solid?

Mrs. Casey—Sure, yez be jokin'. How could she put tay in it if it wor solid?—Kansas City Journal.

Filling a Vacancy.

Mrs. Newrocks—Yes, Tessie, your uncle made his money before you were born.

Her Niece—Did he? Well, it's a good thing to have somebody in the family who was born rich, isn't it, auntie?—Exchange.

Not Sufficiently Strenuous.

The Friend—And so you don't trust your lawyer?

The Farmer—No, sir! He and the lawyer on the other side are too awfully polite; don't call each other no names at all.—Kansas City Independent.

Business Sure Enough.

Mother—Do yo' 'spect that young Jackson means business?

Daughter—Suttinly! He's already painted a washin' and ironin' sign.—Boston Post.

Life is an age to the miserable, a moment to the happy.—Bacon.

Encouragement For the Boy.

Patsy—Mom, won't yer gimme me candy now?

Mrs. Casey—Didn' Oi tell ye Oi wouldn't give ye anny at all if ye didn't kape still?

Patsy—Yes'm, but—

Mrs. Casey—Well, the longer ye kape still the sooner ye'll get it.—Philadelphia Press.

The Only Way.

Fidgett—Really, now, do you think there is any way whereby a man can retain the respect of his children?

Midgett—He might send them away from home as soon as they begin to take notice.—Boston Transcript.

In Chicago.

"The lady next door is celebrating her golden wedding."

"Married fifty years?"

"No—times!"—Puck.

Some people have such a disagreeable memory that they can remind you of things you did a thousand years ago.—Atchison Globe.

Ringtail Monkeys.

The ringtail monkey, one of the most valuable and expensive of the smaller animals, is caught in an interesting way. A cocoanut is split in two and a banana with a piece of wood running through it placed lengthwise through the nut, the two halves of which are drawn together by wires. Then a hole is cut large enough for the monkey's paw to enter. The monkey spies the tempting nut from his tree. He hops down, looks it over, sees the hole and smells the banana inside. He is fond of bananas. Putting his paw in, he grasps it, but the wood prevents it from coming out. Then the catchers appear, and the monkey runs for a tree. But he cannot climb because of the cocoanut on his paw, and he will not let go of that, so he is captured, pawing wildly at the tree trunk.

Size of the Oceans.

Most men seem to be as ignorant about the size of the sea as they are of the distance between the heavenly planets. Invention gives a few interesting facts: The Pacific covers 68,000,000 miles, the Atlantic 30,000,000 and the Indian, Arctic and Antarctic oceans 42,000,000. To stow away the contents of the Pacific it would be necessary to fill a tank a mile long, a mile wide and a mile deep every day for 440 years. Put in figures, the Pacific holds in weight 948,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons. The Atlantic averages a depth of not quite three miles. Its water weighs 325,000,000,000,000,000 tons, and a tank to contain it would have each of its sides 430 miles long and deep.

Murdering Shakespeare.

"I never hesitate to cut and slash and change any play until it suits me," said Stuart Robson to his legal adviser on one occasion.

"I suppose you edit Shakespeare with a blue pencil?" replied the lawyer.

"You can just bet I do."

"Then, I imagine, you would plead guilty to an indictment for murdering the Bard of Avon."

"No; I would not, but I would admit dissecting his corpse."

The "Best Girl" Habit.

"Why," asked her anxious and excited mother, "do you think he is coming to the point at last?"

"Well," the maiden replied, looking demurely down at the rug, "when he took me in his arms and kissed me last night he said he'd got so used to me he didn't believe he could ever break himself of the habit."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Carelessness at the Track.

"It was sheer carelessness on somebody's part that caused Charley to lose money on that race," said young Mrs. Torkins sympathetically.

"How do you know?"

"I saw it in the paper. The horse was left at the post. The idea of putting a horse in a race and then neglecting to unhitch him!"—Washington Star.

English as She Is Spoke.

"Think of it! For three days and three nights that quartet sat about a table, shuffling, dealing and cashing in jackpots, and when the game was finally broken up every man had exactly the amount he had begun with."

"Humph! Odd the way they came out even, isn't it?"

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XII, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 20.

Text of the Lesson, I Pet. iv, 1-11. Memory Verses, 1, 2—Golden Text, Eph. v, 18—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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1, 2. For as much then as Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind.

In this epistle the Spirit has much to say to the elect concerning a holy life (i, 15, 16; ii, 9, 10; iii, 15), because of redemption by the precious blood and the inheritance to which we are thus born again (i, 2-5, 19-25). He emphasizes Christ's death for us bearing our sins (ii, 24; iii, 18), and in these opening words of our lesson confirms what He had also said through Paul, that all who by faith in Christ have died with Him should no longer live unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them and rose again (Rom. vi, 4-11; II Cor. v, 15). The believer is no longer to consider his own will, but in all things the will of God, even as Christ never sought His own will nor His own glory, but always the will of Him who sent Him (Rom. xii, 1, 2; John vi, 38; viii, 50). Being born of God we have now a divine nature which cannot sin (I John iii, 9), and while this nature controls we cease from sin. There is, however, a self life remaining in the believer which might sin, and to this we are to die always (II Cor. iv, 10, 11).

3-5. For the time past of our life may suffice us to have wrought the will of the gentiles.

We were servants of sin all too long, for to whom we yield ourselves servants to obey his servants we are to whom we obey, but now as servants to God we seek fruit unto holiness, walking in newness of life (Rom. vi, 4, 16, 22). The unsaved think it strange to see a companion turn away from the old life, for they know not the love of God and are wholly self centered. The redeemed, seeing the love of God manifested in the gift of His dear Son (I John iii, 16) and that it was for their sins He died on the cross, suffering the wrath of God due to them for sin, have learned to hate sin and renounce it and all their former life. They see also that while they shall not come into judgment for their sins (John v, 24; Isa. xliii, 25) they must appear at the judgment seat of Christ as His redeemed to be judged for their works since they became His and be rewarded accordingly (Rom. xiv, 10-12).

6, 7. The end of all things is at hand. Be ye therefore sober and watch unto prayer.

The gospel preached to the dead, of which verse 6 speaks, can only mean one of two things in the sight of all Scripture. All unbelievers are said to be dead in sins (Eph. ii, 5), and during this hour or age all such who truly hear the gospel live, all who receive Christ have life (John v, 25; I John v, 12). Again, all who ever heard of the way of redemption by the blood of the sacrifice (all true sacrifices pointed to Christ) heard the gospel, so it is written that the gospel was preached to Abraham (Gal. iii, 8), and in chapter i, 10, 11, of this epistle it is said that the Spirit of Christ in the prophets testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow. The antediluvians, and doubtless all others who heard the gospel and rejected it, were, when Peter wrote this epistle, "spirits in prison" (chapter iii, 19). All who hear the gospel and receive the Lord Jesus are expected to be filled with the Spirit and live the gospel (Eph. v, 18; II Cor. iv, 10, 11). It is a small thing to be judged of men, but to remember that we must appear before Him who will bring every work into judgment (Eccl. xii, 14) will greatly help us to live uprightly. The thought that our sojourn in the mortal body may end any day and that the end of this present age is surely fast approaching should lead us to great holiness of life.

8, 9. And above all things have fervent charity among yourselves, for charity shall cover the multitude of sins.

The word charity here, as in I Cor. xiii, should be "love," and while no amount of love on our part will cover any of our sins, for only the precious blood of Christ can take away sins, true love will cover up many sins from the eyes of others and will take all to Him who alone can forgive. He who turns a sinner from the error of his way (Jas. v, 20) does not cover his own sins thereby, but the sins of him whom he thus turns to God. The love of God who by the sacrifice of His Son puts away all the sins of all who receive Him should constrain all the redeemed to live to make known such love, that all who will may have the forgiveness of sins. Not only so, but as all we have is from God we should remember the words of our Lord, "Freely ye have received, freely give" (Matt. x, 8).

10, 11. That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ, to whom be praise and dominion forever and ever. Amen!

The grace of God is manifold and each believer becomes a steward of the same. The Spirit gives to each one severally as He will (I Cor. xii, 11), not that the receiver may enjoy the gifts of the Spirit, but that we may be channels through which the Spirit may minister to others and all that God may be glorified through Jesus Christ (I Cor. vi, 20; x, 31). The devil hates all that is of God and will resist the godly and their works, but by humility and patience, by watchfulness and prayer, by being willing to be partakers of Christ's sufferings we can resist and overcome the devil and glorify God. See carefully the rest of the epistle and also Phil. i, 29; Col. i, 24.

Melinda Went.

One of the old governors of the Carolinas was a man who had lived a farmer's life most of the time until he was elected, and his wife, having never seen a steamboat or a railroad and having no wish to test either one, refused to accompany her husband to the capital.

When the governor reached his destination he found that almost all the other officials were accompanied by their wives, and he sent an imperative message to his brother to "fetch Melinda along."

The brother telegraphed, "She's afraid even to look at the engine."

The governor read the message and pondered over it for a few moments. At the end of that time he sent off the following command:

"Bill, you blindfold Melinda and back her on to the train."

Melinda arrived at the capital with the victorious Bill twenty-four hours later.

There is no place quite as dry as that where a river used to be.

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DISCREET INDISCRETION.

How the Insubordination of a Diplomat Averted Hostilities.

An example that can never be overlooked when the right of an ambassador to exercise his own discretion is in question is that which occurred in the career of Lord Lyons when he was our ambassador to the United States. He was a persona grata there. "All I can say, Lord Lyons, is, 'Go thou and do likewise,'" was Abraham Lincoln's genial method of receiving the British ambassador's announcement of the Prince of Wales' marriage. Lord Lyons did not take the advice, but he remained a very effective ambassador in spite of his bachelorhood. When the grave difficulty over the Mason and Slidell case arose Lord Lyons was instructed from home to present an ultimatum, afford twelve hours for its acceptance, and, the latter not being forthcoming, he was to break off relations and leave the country. The twelfth hour expired, Slidell and Mason were not surrendered and there remained apparently only the dire prospect of war. "Give me another twelve hours," said Seward, the secretary of state. It was an entire contradiction of official orders, but, nevertheless, "I will," said Lyons. From 6 o'clock that night until 6 the next morning Seward battled with the recalcitrants. Then Lyons received an intimation that the Confederate envoys would be given up. So by the insubordination of an ambassador war was saved.—St. James Gazette.

Bismarck's Best Cigar.

Unlike Napoleon, Bismarck was a hard smoker. He once told this story to illustrate his love of the weed:

"The value of a good cigar is best understood when it is the last you possess and there is no chance of getting another. At Koeniggraetz I had only one cigar left in my pocket, which I carefully guarded during the battle as a miser guards his treasure. I did not feel justified in using it. I painted in glowing colors in my mind the happy hour when I should enjoy it after the victory, but I had miscalculated my chances. A poor dragoon lay helpless, with both arms crushed, murmuring for something to refresh him. I felt in my pockets and found only gold, which would not be of the least use to him. But stay! I had still my treasured cigar. I lighted it for him and placed it between his teeth. You should have seen the poor fellow's grateful smile. I never enjoyed a cigar so much as that one which I did not smoke."

The Angel Child.

"Martha," said her mamma, "I trust that while you were at your Aunt Martha's you said nothing to offend her."

"Oh, no, mamma," declared the angel child. "I was careful to say things which would make her know that you and papa liked her for herself alone."

"That was proper."

"Why, when she asked me if you folks had named me Martha so that she would leave us her money when she dies I told her that papa and you had talked about that and that papa said we mustn't think of such a thing."

"And what did she say?" asked mamma eagerly.

"Nothing. She just laughed and said I was a good girl and I'd better run along home when I told her what papa said about her going to have a pocket made in her shroud."—Chicago Tribune.

Condiments and Digestion.

People with weak digestions will always be found to be fond of condiments, as the tendency of these things is to stimulate the glands of the stomach and cause them to produce a larger supply of digestive juices. Pepper, mustard and other like spices stir up the liver and are useful to people who from necessity or other causes lead sedentary lives. Vinegar dissolves the cellulose in raw vegetables, and that is why it tastes so well with cabbages and salads, for there is no better judge than the palate of what is good for the stomach. The oil is added because it protects the stomach from the biting acid.

Sea Monsters of Old.

The kraken was one of the sea monsters of old, and if all the stories told about its wondrous size and doings are true it overshadowed the serpent as much as the latter does the common garter snake. Dandelaus declares that this marine giant caused tidal waves by swallowing a goodly part of the waters of the ocean and then belching them out again. He also makes mention of the fact that its gigantic horny beak was often mistaken for mountain peaks suddenly shoved into sight by the internal convulsions of the earth. Bishop Pontoppidan, a truthful member of the Copenhagen royal academy, is much more conservative in his estimates of its size, giving it as his opinion that they were seldom found more than "the half of an Italian mile in length and not larger in diameter than the cathedral at The Hague."

He also says that its body was frequently mistaken by sailors for an island, "so that people landed upon it and were engulfed in a maelstrom of water when the creature sank to its hidden ocean den." Other authorities testify that its beak from the eyes to the point "was longer than the mainmast of a man-of-war."

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Summer Arrangement.
In effect June 22, 1903.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.14, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37 6.55, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.24 7.54, 9.25, 10.45, 12.00, A. M., 1.05, 2.00, 3.05, 3.39, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.44, 9.05 10.30, 11.20, P. M. SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.30, 8.22, A. M. 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.59, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.27, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43 6.22, 7.01, 7.31, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 10.00, A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.30, A. M., 4.52, 8.42, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.30 8.22, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.27, A. M., 5.26, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.37, 8.21, 9.06, 10.30, 11.38 A. M., 12.51 1.00, 2.21, 2.56, 4.11, 5.02, 5.37, 6.55, 9.13, 9.25, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.22, 7.23 7.50, 8.15, 9.51, 11.04 A. M., 12.19, 1.23, 2.24, 3.24, 4.05, 4.33, 5.03, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.11, 9.33, 10.53, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.19, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.03, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

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Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at *6.15, 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 7.30, p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.15, a. m and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m. then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham a 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p. m., then 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

J. F. SHERAN, Div. Supt.

Woburn & Malden.

In effect June 18, 1900.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 12.30, then 1.00, 1.30 P. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30, *11.00, *11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03 A. M., and hourly until 12.03, then 12.33, 1.03 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 11.25, then 11.55, 12.25, then every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose and Malden at 9.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33 and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55 and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

*Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

HENRY GROVER, Supt. Chelsea Div.

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(Successor to L. Thompson
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Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

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Undertaker & Funeral Director
241 Main St., Woburn

JAMES McDONALD,
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John G. Maguire,
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Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
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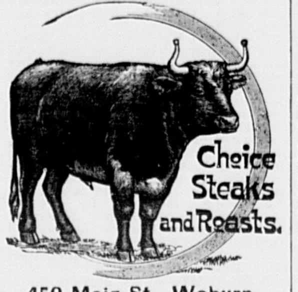

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Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged.
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Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.
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NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway

WOBURN DIVISION.

On and after Jan. 26, 1903, cars will run as follows: On week days cars leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 5.45, 6.00, 6.22 and every 15 minutes until 9.22 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.52 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.22 P. M., and then every 30 minutes until 11.22 P. M. Returning the cars leave Woburn Centre for North Woburn at 6.37 and every 15 minutes until 10.37 A. M. then every 30 minutes until 2.07 P. M. then every 15 minutes until 8.37 P. M. and then every 30 minutes 12.07 P. M. On Sundays the first car leaves Woburn Centre for Winchester and Medford (thence to Boston) at 6.52 A. M. and every half hour until 1.22; then every 15 minutes 8.52 P. M.; then every half hour until 11.22, P. M. Returning cars leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.07 A. M.; every half hour to 2.37 P. M.; every 15 minutes until 10.07 P. M.; every half hour to 12.07; then 12.30 P. M. Car for Wilmington and stations above there, on week days and Sundays, leave Woburn Centre every half, on the 37 minute to, and 7 minutes after, the hour.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

FOUND, ONE GOLD HEART

By LILIAN C. PASCHAL

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

"Well, I'll be—hanged!"

Blakely Gowe finished his exclamation of surprise with a milder word than he had in mind, which was an impolite reference to the next condition popularly supposed to follow immediately after the one mentioned. But somehow the profane word stuck. It seemed an affront to the pictured face which looked up at him from the tiny, heart shaped locket he had just picked up from under a sheltering banana rind on lower Broadway.

He stared as one who sees a ghost at the trinket which had been concealed from the eyes of the throng in the crowded street only to come to him, for the young, smiling, white browed man's face which was enshrined in the little gold heart was his own.

His own, yet not his. It was another Blakely Gowe of a former existence, so long ago, ten century years. A whole lifetime he had lived since the time he hung this locket over Dolly Kirk's true little heart. He had gone west shortly afterward to make that elusive goal, a fortune. Ranching at first in Montana, then wearying of the slow process and the long wait before New York and Dolly could be counted among the radiant possibilities of life, he had gone to the Klondike.

What years of struggle and suffering, privation and danger had been his! What wanderings over the frozen slopes about the gaunt peaks of the Chilkoot, and all to no purpose. Disheartened at last, he had deemed it the only manly thing to do to write Dolly before plunging farther into an unknown country up the Yukon not to wait for him any longer. He "was up against it and always would be," and what right had he to spoil her young life?

He had completely "lost his grip" after that and, not caring whither he went, had drifted. At last after five weary years, heartsick and home hungry, he had turned his face southward toward "God's country." He had "beat his way" across the continent from Seattle the month before and, ashamed in his tattered condition to apply for help from his old friends, had been hunting for work ever since. His last job had taken him into the busy ranks of the subway workers.

"Lord! I hadn't known what it is to be up against it then or I couldn't have looked like that!" he groaned as he scrutinized the boyish countenance of that other self. "And little Dolly—I wonder if ten years have changed her much!"

He pulled his watch from his frayed pocket. In his worst times he had never yielded to the temptation to sell it. He pried it open now and held it up alongside the locket, stepping into a convenient doorway to be out of the crowd.

What he saw photographed on the gold was a sweet girl face, clouded about with masses of dark hair and the whole framed in a graven, heart shaped arabesque, to match the locket he had told her.

"A fine looking pair," people had said of them. Gowe glanced from the likeness into a plate glass window near and smiled drearily at the contrast. His gaunt, unshaven cheeks and prematurely graying temples and rough clothes made the disguise complete.

"She'd never know me in the world," he ruminated ruefully, "and I'm hungry just for one look at her. If I were to put an ad. in the paper now—I think I can scrape up the necessary pennies. By Jove, I'll do it!" And he started off briskly toward Park row.

His ad. was short and concise, but it covered the ground:

Found.—Corner Broadway and Spring street, one gold heart containing photo. Owner can have same by communicating with Yukon, 140.

The next morning he was the first at the window and waiting in feverish impatience for the clerk to appear. When at last that important functionary came he glanced at Gowe and remarked yawningly: "Yukon, 140? Here you are. Next."

Hastily he tore it open and read:

Yukon, 140, Care Whirlwind, Downtown.
Dear Sir—I saw your ad. in yesterday's paper. I do hope it is my locket you have found. I value it most highly and will pay more than its intrinsic worth for its return if you will call or let me know where to go to identify it tomorrow morning about 10. I had notices inserted in all the papers yesterday. Perhaps you saw them. Yours anxiously,
DOROTHY KIRK,
No. — Central Park West.

Of course—he might have known she would advertise—he had been so absorbed in his own plan for the restoration of the locket and for a sight of Dolly that he had not thought of that. He had spent his last nickel for a meager breakfast at the Wayside inn. Never mind, he would walk; he had the strength of ten now. That little magic word "Kirk" in her note had given him new life and hope.

She was not married then, and she still prized the little gold heart he had given her—enough to offer a reward more than its value. Why, he would go to work in the subway or anywhere. He could live on 40 cents a day and save 60. Then when he had enough he would buy some decent clothes and go to Halburn, in Wall street. He could do something for him—get him a good position perhaps, and then—Dolly!

Once again his feet kept time to the old quickstep which makes the world go round. All of life was once more set to the sweet music of a woman's name—"Dolly, Dolly! My Dolly!"

"You wish to see Miss Kirk? Is it about the locket?" said the sweetest voice in all the world. Dolly at seventeen had been lovely, but Dolly at twenty-seven was more beautiful. How he longed to take her in his arms again—his long empty arms that had ached so often for their precious burden!

All he needed to do was to show her his watch with her photo etched inside. But, no; she might even think he had stolen it. She would never recognize this bruised and broken derelict for her lost lover. He went white under the tan, with the effort it cost him to remain unrecognized. He held out the locket toward her and bowed; his stiffened lips refused his words. Seeing his apparent embarrassment, Dolly melted to kindness.

"Yes, my good man; that is mine, and, oh, I am so glad to get it back!" she broke out impulsively. "It was given me by the best friend I ever had in the world. I will reward you liberally."

She took from her chatelaine at her belt two crisp ten dollar bills and held them toward him. He stiffened at once. He had not thought of the reward. Then all at once he remembered and took the money with a hand that trembled.

"I shall be profoundly grateful to you," he said, with eager eyes on her face, "if you will permit me to call it merely a loan. I will repay you as surely as the sun rises tomorrow morning."

Dolly stirred uneasily. Who was this strange, unkempt man with the haunting eyes and the speech of a college professor? Poor fellow, he looked hungry. Perhaps he had had so much trouble it had turned his brain. She rose hastily.

"Why, certainly, Mr.—Mr. Yukon," she stammered, "and thank you so much. Goodby." And to her own amazement, compelled by those eyes, she put out her hand. He seized it and pressed his dry, hot lips upon it, then ran down the brownstone steps.

He went straight to a haberdashery, a barber shop and a cafe in turn. Then, transformed into a keen faced New York business man—so much for outward appearances—presented himself at the downtown office of the Wall street broker who had been his father's chum at college.

* * * * * * *

"There, my darling Mrs. Gowe, is the twenty I owe you."

Dolly looked up from the dressing table where she was "doing up" her cloudy hair. Her husband never tired of watching this fascinating operation.

"You big mischievous boy," she said fondly. "You love to tease, don't you? How do you happen to owe me twenty?" expecting to hear his oft repeated declaration that he owed everything in the world to her.

"Because I borrowed it from you two years ago," he replied soberly, "and gave as security a heart shaped gold locket."

And then he told her, with his fingers buried in the soft mass of her wonderful hair. When he had finished her little hand stole up to his and carried it down past a tear stained cheek to two trembling lips.

"And I give you back as security, dear," she said, "a little heart with your face engraved in it—to have and to hold forever."

British Emergency Ration.

Every soldier in the British army carries in his haversack what is known as the "emergency ration." This consists of a small tin cylinder, similar to a pocket spirit flask, divided into two compartments. One of these is filled with four ounces of cocoa paste, and the other contains a similar quantity of concentrated beef (pemmican). As its title implies, the ration is not to be used except in the case of direst necessity, and if consumed in small quantities it will maintain strength for thirty-six hours.

ALWAYS INSIST UPON HAVING THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER
THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

PHIL MAY'S BARGAIN.

An Experience the Artist Had With a Roving Conjurer.

An amusing story is told of the artist Phil May and an English conjurer at a fair at Stratford-on-Avon. Phil was in the crowd which had gathered to watch a very clever gentleman who was wrapping up sovereigns and half crowns in pieces of paper and selling them for 2 shillings. The "sharp" had a beautiful face—such a face as Phil May loved to draw. So he sketched him furtively. But the gentleman saw him and made a speech forthwith.

"If that there celebrited portrit painter with the tight breeches on will 'and up the picter, the equally celebrited benefactor to 'oomanity wot is givin' away quids for coppers will reward 'im accordingly," he shouted.

Phil, with a twinkle in his eye, handed up the drawing. The conjurer was delighted with the sketch and pinned it to the tailboard of his cart. With another preliminary speech, he threw three sovereigns, three half sovereigns and several half crowns into a piece of paper, screwed it up and handed it to the artist. "You'll be president of the bloomin' R'yal academy some dye, young man," said he. "Here, catch!"

"A bargain's a bargain," said Phil, walking off with the packet of gold and silver.

He confessed afterward when he opened the packet and found two pennies and a halfpenny in it that it was the most entertaining commission he had ever been paid for.

Men Who "Were Literature."

Balzac and Hugo were the last of the great men whose inspiration was unceasing and who did not make literature, but who were literature. Balzac wrote a great story at a sitting—a sitting that lasted for eighteen hours. All that while he wrote, for no secretary could keep pace with him, and all that while he lived on black coffee. Then he slept for thirty hours. Hugo wrote "Hernani" in a month, and we can think of Balzac and Hugo as we think of the great Venetian living in the glory and exultation of constant creation. Veronese must have improvised "The Marriage Feast at Cana" with extraordinary ease, and I like to think he painted the immortal fiddler in a morning and went out in his gondola in the afternoon thinking he had done a fair day's work. That was how men wrote and painted in the great times before science beckoned them away from the beautiful.—George Moore in Lippincott's.

Brignoli and His Age.

On one occasion Bianchi, the noted teacher, went on the stage to see Brignoli, the famous singer, whom he found pacing up and down like a madman, humming over his part.

"Why, Brig, what is the matter with you? Are you nervous?" he asked.

"Yes, I am nervous," was the reply as he walked harder and faster than ever.

"But, Brig, you ought not to be nervous. I've heard you sing the part 200 times. I heard you sing it thirty years ago."

"Thirty years ago! Who are you that should know so much?"

"Who am I? You know who I am, and I know who you are."

"Very well; you know what I am, but I am sure you do not know what you are, and if you wish I will tell you. You are a fool!"

A Bogus Bear's Ham.

Sir Richard Owen, the eminent anatomist, often had his skill in identifying bones tested. On one occasion his friend and neighbor, Lord John Russell, sent him a specimen for this purpose, and the professor quickly pronounced it the thigh bone of a pig. This explanation of the query was subsequently offered by Lord John: "President Buchanan had sent from America to the English statesman the present of 'a choice bear's ham,' and the family had breakfasted off it several times with much enjoyment. Somehow or other, however, suspicion was aroused, and the bone was sent to their scientific neighbor, with the result stated."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Peebles.

In the "Memoir" of Robert Chambers by his brother William is a delightful allusion to Peebles, their birthplace and a spot ever warm in the loving memory of Scotch residents.

One of these, a man who had lived there all his life, was enabled by some uplift of fortune to visit Paris. When he came back his townsmen gravely gathered about him.

"Noo," said one, while the others listened, "tell us aboot it."

"Paris," he began, "a' things considered, is a wonderfu' place; but, still, Peebles for pleasure."

Got Along Without It.

"Did you ever have mal de mer on your way over to Europe?" asked Mrs Oldcastle.

"No. Josiah took a bottle or two of it along, but when I'm seasick none of them kind of things ever does me a bit of good."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Useless Telling.

"You can always tell an Englishman," said the Briton proudly.

"Of course you can," replied the Yankee, "but it doesn't do any good, because he thinks he knows it all."—Philadelphia Ledger.

If people do not naturally appreciate you, do not insist that they shall. It only makes matters worse.—Atchison Globe.

PRIVATE JONES' CHEATING

By LEO CRANE

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

"'E was a coal passer, was Jones, an' 'e slung a shovel on the bloomin' tramp Koolah until his mouth got him inter serious trouble affairs by recklessly slippin' lurid names toward the chief engineer. O' course we men knew 'e didn't mean anythink outer the way by the langwidge, but the chief engineer was a wicious man, an' 'e allowed his turrible anger to become uncontrolled.

"So we men laid Jones away in the free ward o' a leetle horspital that half hid itself shylike behind a row o' scraggy palms. Then we men went off on a hoot, eight o' us. Seven got back to the ship in time to sail with her. The eighth man, 'e was left on the wharf deserted amid a multichude o' coolies Hi was that man.

"An', being as Hi wouldn't shift cargo fer a livin' wage, Hi presented meself, body an' soul, to a recruitin' officer who was out after one devil called Juan Torres. This same Juan Torres was up country some'res hidin', an' 'e didn't have no idear o' bein' ketched; hence it needed men, an' Hi was a man

"Now, on the mornin' afore we marched away who in all the worl' o' rascals should heave in sight but Jones. 'E had a rag about his head, an' 'e wanted to 'list. Now, Hi had never expected to see Jones again in this worl' an', bein' pious inclined, didn't want to meet him in the next. Hi always watched my terbacker when 'e was about. Sam Rawlins had tol' me o' that, an' Sam Rawlins had lost terbacker.

"Well, they needed men, an' Jones was one, so 'e went along. 'E tol' me that the doctors at the leetle horspital had been wery confident that 'e would die, but in spite o' it 'e fooled 'em.

"Anyway, up country we goes after Juan Torres, an' the first beastly town we gets inter down goes Jones with the fever. The doctor o' the regiment said 'e would die certain, but Jones didn't. 'E scraped through, s'elp me if 'e didn't. Two weeks after 'e began to creep about the camp mule kicks him a reg'lar smasher in the side, an' away to the leetle horspital they carries him to mend up.

"Hi didn't see Jones no more for near a half year; neither did Hi see Juan Torres. One day when we thought we had 'em spotted at last inter camp 'e walks, smilin' grimly. 'E goes to the colonel an' says, 'Hi'll show ye just where they are,' says 'e. An' in ten minutes out we marches, Jones leadin' the way.

"'How have ye been?' asks the colonel, leggin' it 'longside o' Jones.

"'Wery well,' says Jones back to him, pleasant-like. 'Hi ain't been outer the horspital more 'n ten days.'

"'Guns!' cries the colonel. 'Did it take 'em all that time to patch up three broken ribs?'

"'No,' explains Jones. 'They fixed up them ribs in six weeks, but after Hi got discharged from that spell Hi went inter town on a leetle smootch arouns, ye know, an' some William knifes me. In fact, 'e knifed me two or three times afore 'e was satisfied with his contract, an' so they bustles me back to the leetle horspital without any great loss o' time. That were a four month job, but they did it, an' nary a grumble. 'Oh, this gettin' well is my long suit,' says Jones, proud-like. 'What troubles me most,' says Jones solemnly, 'is that maybe when the blow comes again Hi'll be too far up country an' won't reach the horspital in time, but Hi hopes not.'

"'Why, you must like bein' sick,' says the colonel, s'prised.

"'It ain't the bein' sick,' says Jones; that's nasty. But the soup—my, the soup! Delicious!' says Jones, smackin' his lips 's if 'e could taste it. 'Hi've been in forty-two horspitals in my time an' have been discharged cured nigh on to sixty-seven times, so Hi know.'

"'Sixty-seven times,' echoed the colonel.

"'Return wisits,' explained Jones quickly. 'But Hi don't despair o' betterin' that record, 'cause Hi knows my vitality an' what Hi can stand.'

"On we men went silently. The reports 'll tell ye how we cornered them rats in the center o' a thick forest, but the reports won't tell ye how one Jones carried fire an' sword into the habitation o' Juan Torres.

"It stood in a clearin'. Jones beat us to the inclosure by a good twenty feet, an' Jones was first to show his leg over the top. Some native feller punched a bayonet through the calf o' it, but that native feller troubled no other man. Jones fought like a demon, an' we lost him in the smoke o' battle.

"Late in the day, when the struggle had ceased an' the smell o' rank powder was beginnin' to sieve away through the forest, we started to hunt up our men. We found Jones lyin' acrost a pile o' severely used natives over again a secluded portion o' the stockade. There he had cornered six desperate men, an' the sight o' his handiwork was exceedin' fair to look upon. We carried Jones tenderly away. The doc, 'e looked at him, an', says doc softly, ''E's dead, poor feller,' an' there were tears in more eyes than one.

"But that night a man came racin' inter the colonel's hut an' bawls out, ''E ain't dead!'

"'Who ain't dead?' yells the colonel.

"'Jones!' cries the man. ''E's come to life again!'

"Down to the surgeon's hut rushes the colonel, all excited an' puzzled. Doc meets him at the door an' cautions him to be quiet.

"''E's kinder wild in his head,' says the doctor, 'an' he's makin' all sorts o' crazy requests.'

"'What does 'e want?' asks the colonel.

"''E's mumblin' all the time about goin' beck to the leetle horspital,' says the doc.

"''E's a hero,' cries the colonel, 'an' 'e shall go.'

"'Why, man,' says the other, ''e's got three bola wounds, shot twice through the body an' has been clouted acrost the head. 'E can't possibly live till mornin'.'

"But Jones heerd him say it, an' he calls out weakly, does Jones, 'It's a lie,' says he, 'an' Hi'm goin' back to the leetle horspital!'

"Well, 'e didn't die a bit. At the end o' a week two natives shouldered his bed an' started for the coast. Hi an' five men went along to guard 'em. Five paces in the rear more natives sullenly wrestled with the heavy coffin. Our orders were to plant him decently wherever 'e died, an' we determined to do it. After we had marched a week the town came inter sight. By that time Jones was able to sit up an' take notice, but when 'e saw the town an' the leetle red roof o' the horspital 'e started to wave such a frantic welcome with his hand that a hemorrhage resulted. We ordered the two sullen natives to hustle to the front with their burden. But Jones rallied.

"'It's no use,' says he, grittin' his teeth. 'Ye can't bury me in this wornout soil. If Hi don't reach the leetle horspital throw me overboard inter clean water.' An' we promised. 'E seemed to be sinkin' again, so we takes the shortest cut to the sea. When we got in view o' the docks we saw a vessel loadin' there. Jones peeked at it, then yelled an' set bolt upright. 'It's the Koolah,' says he. 'Get me aboard, men; get me aboard! I'll be cured to onct if ye'll only heave me up the gangway!'

"'What 'll cure ye?' Hi queried.

"'Spite,' says Jones, mutterin' a curse.

"So we did. The chief engineer saw us comin' an' nearly had a stroke. But the fun o' all was to see them two sullen natives. They had hustled an' wrestled with that coffin all the way from up country, an' they were all fagged out. With a rich burst o' tropic oaths they cast it out inter the water an' waved their maledictions at the ring o' expandin' ripples that marked its burial.

"'Was that for Jones?' asked a voice.

"Hi looked up to see Sam Rawlins starin' at him. Hi nodded.

"'It don't s'prise me,' 'e says slowly an' thoughtfully. ''E'd cheat anythink. 'E'd cheat the goats that 'd feed over his grave! Hi guess Hi'll go an' lock up my terbacker,' says Sam Rawlins. An' he did it."

A Skull as Big as a Bushel Basket.

One of the most remarkable finds of gigantic human remains of which we have any record was that made at Palermo, Sicily, in the year 1516, when an entire skeleton of unheard of proportions was unearthed by some marble quarry men. These mammoth remains measured exactly 34 feet from head to foot and 9 feet 7 inches from point to point of the shoulders. A stone ax buried with this old time giant may still be seen at Palermo in section "Z" of the St. Isorent museum. It is made of a bluish looking, fine grained bowlder and appears to be about 2 feet 8 inches long by 1 foot broad and 9 inches through in the thickest place. A musty, rusty looking tag attached to the relic informs the visitor that it weighs fifty-two pounds, but the general verdict is that it could not weigh over thirty or thirty-five pounds.

The skeleton was burned by a mob in the year 1662, during the prevalence of the black death at Palermo, the ignorant, superstitious people believing that it was connected in some mysterious way with the death dealing distemper. The skull of this giant, according to Abbe Ferregus, "was largely excessive of the baskets sayd to hold the bushel, being fitted above and belowe withe teeth to the number of sixty-foure, the each of which would have weighed two ounces." Cavalier Scroy claimed to have found a skull on Tenerife that had sixty teeth.

Very Near Winning.

"I proposed to Miss Gladys Beautigirl last night."

"Ah! And she accepted you?"

"Well, no-o-o, not exactly, but she came so near doing so that a great deal of the sting was taken out of her refusal. She said she would have accepted me if I had had plenty of money and a perfect disposition, and my eyes were brown instead of blue, and my hair curly, and I was two inches taller, and was winning fame in my profession, and possessed personal magnetism, and came of an old and blue blooded family, and would always let her have her own way, and never smoked or wanted to stay out late at night, and did not belong to any lodge, and would keep a stylish turnout and plenty of servants, and really wanted her mamma to live with us, and a few other things which I have forgotten. But if a fellow must fail in an undertaking it is encouraging to him to think that he came very near winning."

Her Audience.

Diggs—My wife is a wonderful vocalist. Why, I have known her to hold her audience for hours—

Biggs—Get out!

Diggs—After which she would lay it in the cradle and rock it to sleep.—New Yorker.

Ayer's

Impure blood always shows somewhere. If the skin, then boils, pimples, rashes. If the nerves, then neuralgia, nervousness, depression. If the stomach, then dyspepsia, biliousness, loss of appetite. Your doctor knows the remedy, used for 60 years.

Sarsaparilla

"Returning from the Cuban war, I was a perfect wreck. My blood was bad, and my health was gone. But a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla completely cured me."
H. C. DOEHLER, Scranton, Pa.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for **Impure Blood**

Aid the Sarsaparilla by keeping the bowels regular with Ayer's Pills.

THE OLD RELIABLE

Absolutely Pure
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

Shooing Himself In.

At a party given last winter in a western city, says an exchange, was a bashful cowboy who had not been in civilized society for several years. He was a good looking fellow, and one of the young ladies present kindly took an interest in him and tried to make him feel at ease. He fell desperately in love at once, and the hostess, noticing this, encouraged him all she could. On leaving the house the young lady who had taken a friendly interest in the cowboy forgot her overshoes, and the hostess told the young Lochinvar from the plains that he might return them to the girl if he wished. The herder leaped at the chance and presented himself in due time at the young lady's house. She was surprised to see him, but greeted him cordially.

"You forgot your overshoes last night," he said, awkwardly handing her the package.

She thanked him and opened it. "Why, there's only one overshoe here!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, Miss X." said the blushing cowboy earnestly. "I'll bring round the other one tomorrow. I only wish, my dear miss, that you were a centiped!"

Threadneedle Street.

Threadneedle street is a corruption of Thridenal street, meaning the third street from "Chepesyde" to the great thoroughfare from London bridge to "Bushop Gate" (consisting of New Fyshe streate and Bushop Gate streate, Anglo-Saxon, thridda, third). Another etymology is Thre-needle (three needle street), from the three needles which the Needle Makers' company bore in their arms. It begins at the Mansion House, and therefore the Bank of England stands in it. The directors of the Bank of England were called "the old lady in Threadneedle street" by William Cobbett because, like Mrs. Partington, they tried with their broom to keep back the Atlantic waves of national progress. After giving the foregoing, Brewer notes the following extract from Dickens' "Dr. Marigold:" "A silver curl paper that I myself took off the shining locks of the ever beautiful old lady of Threadneedle street" (a bank note).

Foiling a Fakir.

A story used to be told at Cairo of Sir Richord Owen during one of his sojourns in Egypt. The great naturalist was seated in the shade on the veranda at Sheppeard's hotel when the inevitable snake charmer came to him and produced from his bag a lively specimen of the horned asp—the deadly cerastes. The professor gazed and, nothing daunted, stopped and plucked the horns from the head of the reptile wriggling at his feet, remarking to a bystander that the man would probably think twice before trying to palm off upon any one else a harmless snake as a cerastes by the aid of a couple of fish bones. With anybody else the charmer would probably have succeeded. He had tried it on the wrong man.

Not Very Far Wrong.

In one of the public schools on one occasion, while an examination was in progress in one of the eighth grade classes, the teacher inquired of one of the sweet girl pupils:

"What form of government have we in the District of Columbia?"

The pupil hesitated an instant. Recalling that the district commissioners had been busy making addresses at the several commencements then in progress, she explained in true schoolgirl style:

"In the District of Columbia we have an oratorical form of government."—Philadelphia Press.

A Feeling of Security.

"I'm so surprised to hear your wife likes the house so much; it's so small."

"Yes, but there are lots of closets in it."

"True, but they're extremely small too."

"That's just it. My wife is satisfied that not one of them is big enough to hold a burglar."—Exchange.

Used the Whole Book.

"That count," said Miss Baltimore, "will never do for me. He is too wasteful and profligate in his habits."

"Why, what has he done now?" asked her friend.

"Done! Why, he had the nerve to write his full name, titles and addresses in my autograph album."—Baltimore News.

Her Ambition.

"Won't it be splendid when we can talk to the people of Mars?" exclaimed Mr. Meekton's wife.

Mr. Meekton roused himself from his semidoze and exclaimed:

"What's the matter, Henrietta? You haven't got all through with the people of this earth, have you?"—Washington Star.

His Choice.

"What kind of breakfast food do you prefer?" asked the landlady of the new boarder.

"Flannel cakes and pure maple sirup, buttered toast, ham and eggs and coffee," replied the young man, who had his appetite with him.—Detroit Free Press.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, SEPT 25, 1903

TRADING STAMPS.

The law enacted by the Massachusetts Legislature of 1903 prohibiting the sale or distribution of Trading Stamps, goes into effect Oct. 1, prox We here give Section 1, which is the essence of the enactment:

"No person, firm or corporation shall, in connection with the sale of any article or any merchandise whatsoever, sell, give or deliver any trading stamps, checks, coupons or similar devices to be exchanged for, or to be redeemed by the giving of, any indefinite or undescribed article, the nature and value of which are not stated, or to be exchanged for, or to be redeemed by the giving of, any article not distinctly bargained for at the time when such trading stamps or other devices as aforesaid were sold, given or delivered."

It does not require the acumen of an unusually astute Lawyer to pick flaws in this law that render it nugatory. To employ language often used by the legal profession, there are holes in it big enough to drive a 6-ox team through. Its provisions may be easily rendered null and its penalties avoided by the seller or distributor of stamps. The layman, or merest tyro in legal lor, can readily discover its imperfections. The Legislature labored painfully and brought forth an extremely diminutive and very poor mouse.

The penalty for violating this queer law is a fine of not less than $10 nor more than $50.

STATE CONVENTION.

The Republican State Convention is to be held in Tremont Temple, Boston, at 10 30 A. M, on Thursday, Oct. 2, 1903.

If nothing happens, and there is no change of programme, of which there is no thought, the present incumbents of the State officers will be unanimously renominated, and they will as certainly be reelected in November.

COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Middlesex Republican County convention is to be held at Lowell on Thursday, Sept. 31, if we have been correctly posted.

It will be merely a matter of form, only a ratification of the ticket already virtually nominated by the "Court House Junto," which, we hear, includes all of the present incumbents, and no outsider need apply.

WON OUT.

Mr. J. Howard Nason carried the city of Everett at the Republican caucuses last Wednesday evening for the Representative nomination by 167 majority. His Ward voted for him almost unanimously.

Hurrah for Nason!

REPUBLICAN CAUCUSES.

As predicted by the JOURNAL, the Republican caucuses were sparsely attended last Wednesday evening.

There was no contest for anything. The Representative delegates are unpledged.

☞ At the regular meeting of the Middlesex East Medical Society held at the American House, Boston, one evening last week, Dr. Josiah Peet Bixby of North Woburn read an able paper on "Angina Pectoris," which was after its delivery, exhaustively discussed by the Doctors present. Dr. Bixby handled the subject with skill, and his paper was highly spoken of.

☞ From all appearances it is safe to say that the office of Mayor of Woburn will not go begging this fall. A plenty of good men have an eye on it.

☞ Representative Nowell will be prominent and influential in the next House of Representatives.

☞ Representative Aldrich will please accept the JOURNAL's thanks for valuable Pub. Docs.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Egypta—Opera.
Mrs. Plumer—To Let.
Miss Dannatt—Opening.
J. W. Johnson—Mort. Sale.
Hammond & Son—Business.
Royal Bak. Pow. Co.—R. B. P.
Pettingill & Co.—Evening News.

— Favorable insurance rates by C. E. Cooper.—4.

— The bowling season has been opened by Towanda Club.

— Co. G began weekly drills at their Armory last Monday.

— Ald. Felch's daughter Alice G. is teaching school at Swanzey, N. H.

— M. Bancroft, Sewing Machines and finding, 410 Main street.—6m

— The opening of the Unitarian church is necessarily postponed to Oct. 4.

— The Ladies annual Fair of the Methodist church is to be held on Oct. 22.

— Miss Grace Hathaway of Bennett street is teaching school at West Rutland.

— Herbert and Mrs. Holland went to North Conway, N. H., on a visit last week.

— Miss Lottie M. Long of Boston is the new Inspector of W. R. C. 84, of this city.

— Mrs. John Ferguson and family are about changing their residence to Francis street.

— The first regular meeting of the season of Aberjona Colony is to be held on Sept. 28.

— The family of Mr. George Peppard of Court street are moving to Winchester this week.

— The National Band gave their final openair concert for the season last Friday evening. It was a good one.

— The Woburn Brass Band will turn out with 37 pieces on the occasion of the church parade of the Ancients, in Boston, Sunday, Oct. 4.

— Next Friday evening, Oct. 2, Epworth League of the Woburn M. E church are to entertain a company of Boston University students.

— No better insurance Cos. than those represented by C. E. Cooper.—4.

— The Democrats held their caucuses last evening.

— "Turn on the Light" will appear in these columns next week.

— Clarence Stetson has entered the Y. M. C. A. school at Spingfield.

— C. E. Cooper, 415 Main street, insures property on easy terms.—4.

— Mrs. E. T. Dow and Mr. H. A. T. Dow have just returned from visits in Chicago and St. Paul.

— The city employees have nearly finished the work of curbing and concreting lower Main street.

— The Merchants and Mechanics Fair opens in Mechanics Building, Boston, on Oct. 5 and closes on Oct. 31.

— Mr. Walter Eaton after spending a short vacation at Bucksport, Me. has gone to Jersey City to visit his sister.

— Dr. Robert Chalmers of Pleasant street left here last Tuesday evening for a fortnight's stay in the Maine forests.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Johnson Block, where he has opened a Real Estate and Auctioneers office.

— It will be Old Folks Day at the Methodist Episcopal church on Oct. 4. The address will be by Rev. Geo. F. Buller, D. D.

— It will be Rally Day at the First Baptist Sunday School next Sunday. There will be appropriate exercises and decorations.

— Company G, 5th Regt. had their first drill of the present fall at their Armory last Monday evening. Regular drills are now in order.

— A young man named Livingston had one of his fingers cut off while working on a leatherboard press at Simonds's stiffening shop.

— Many of the Hebrews of this city celebrated from Saturday night to Wednesday the Hebrew New Year, which occurred on Tuesday last.

— Miss Lilla Fowle has recently passed two weeks among the N. H. mountains and visiting Miss Agnes Shaw at St. Johnsbury, V. T..

— It is getting to be a great fad among young boys to smoke cigaretts Whose business is it to put a stop to it? and who is selling them to the boys?–X

— Mrs. Annie Strout is to be the piano accompanist at the presentation of the grand Oriental Opera "Egypta" next week, as she is at the rehearsals.

— The Fall shoot and banquet of the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx will be held on Wednesday, Oct. 14. Lieut. Cutler is in charge of the arrangements.

— Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Trull are making a vacation visit at Mercer, Somerset county, a fine old town on Sandy River, in the good State of Maine.

— A fine line of groceries, including high grade butter and fresh eggs, is kept by Mr. Willis J. Buckman and where also the most reasonable prices prevail.

— The Woburn steam laundry, Mr. Moore proprietor, on Montvale avenue, is doing a fine business and deserves it. Mr. Moore turns out the very best of laundry work.

— The bowling season opened in fine shape at the Towanda Club last Wednesday eve. The alleys have been put in first class condition and no better ones exist.

— Mr. Clarence Littlefield, foreman at the Barker Lumber Company's yards, met with a mishap which necesitated the removal of the end of one of his fingers last Tuesday.

— The postponed Smoke Talk of Towanda Club will come off this evening at the Club's Headquarters. It promises to be a fine affair, and to be numerously attended.

— Mr. and Mrs. Willis L. Varney are visiting relatives and friends at South Berwick and vicinity, Maine They left here last Sunday and expected to be away about a week.

— James Durward, Sen., has been in the employ of Gilman F. Jones at the Central Stables 30 years, most of the time as night watchman, and a faithful one he has been all those years.

— The "Smoke Talk" at the Towanda Club, advertised for Wednesday evening Sept. 23, was postponed to Friday evening in order to accommodate those who wish to attend the caucuses.

— Hon. E. E. Thompson starts today for a week's visit in New Hampshire. He has not fully recovered from a recent attack of malaria and proposes to try the effect of pure mountain air on it.

— Owing to the delay in opening the Unitarian church to Sunday Oct. 4, the usual Social Meeting of the L. C. S. Alliance Branch will be held at the parsonage, Thursday, Oct. 8, instead of Oct. 1.

— A postal card from Judge E. F. Johnson conveys the information to us that he arrived at Greeley, Colorado, on Saturday, Sept. 19, and intimates that he will leave there as soon as the good Lord will let him.

— We would recommend to our patrons a careful perusal of the new notice of Hammond & Co. which appears in the business columns of the JOURNAL this week. Trade has opened up fine at their popular store this fall

— Miss Sadie, daughter of Mr. Charles Cummings of Cambridge street, has entered Colby College at Waterville, Maine. She left here last Monday, and goes to an old and one of the best educational institutions in New England.

— The family of Water Commissioner Elwyn G. Preston, Esq, returned to their home on Warren avenue from a pleasant summer vacation last Monday. The Commissioner's face took on additional smiles about that date.

— The Reading Fire Department are to hold their annual Field Day next Wednesday, Sept. 30. Baseball, parade, races, banquet and a ball are scheduled for the Day. The Woburn Brass Band and Stiles's Band will furnish music.

John H. Pray & Sons Co.

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FLOOR COVERINGS

Assortment — COMPLETE
Prices — — — RIGHT
Work — — — PROMPT

It is generally known that we are *Distributors of Floor Coverings* of every description, and we desire it to be equally well known that we have all grades of *Upholstery Fabrics, Lace Curtains, Furniture Coverings, etc.*

The advice of an interior decorator is at your service, if desired. Goods displayed either in our show-room or at residences. Estimates furnished for complete furnishing of a single room or for completely decorating either a single room or an entire house.

For eighty-six years, under the same firm name, we have distributed to the public, to our neighbors, to our friends, Carpets and Rugs, and until we added Interior Decorations and Upholstery Fabrics our sole and entire business has been Floor Coverings.

Does not this record make for intelligent confidence on your part?

Pray Building, Washington St., opposite Boylston St.
BOSTON

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
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Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
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New Line of FALL GOODS
— AT —
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

If You Use Any

of the well known FOODS it will pay you to look over our prices.

Malted Milk	40c., 79c.
Eskay's Food	20, 40 and 65c.
Mellin's Food	35 and 55c.
Cereal Milk	20, 40 and 80c.
Milk Sugar	25c. pound.
Robbinson's Barley	15 and 24c.

And all the others at correspondingly low prices, at the

Robbins Drug Company.
417 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
☞ The place to save money.
GREEN TRADING STAMPS.

—Observe carefully the professional card of Miss Dora A. Winn in this paper. As a teacher she is all right.

—The Innitou Canoe Club of this city, which embraces some of our smartest young men, are to be the guests of the Medford Boat Club at Medford tomorrow, Sept. 26. Many startling yarns of aquatic achievements, from both sides, will probably enliven the occasion.

— Mr. Charles M. Strout left here a week ago today to conduct one of Nason & Russell's White Mountains excursion parties and returned on Tuesday evening. The party of 25 people visited North Conway, Crawford's, Jefferson, etc., and had a nice pleasant trip.

— A change of the name of Ward 6 from North Woburn to Newbridge, or something else, is greatly agitating the public mind in that section of the city. The concensus of sentiment shows a strong opposition to the change; in fact, it is not seriously considered by sobersided people.

— Rev. Ebenizer Thompson will give his address on "The Negro at Short Range" at the Towanda smoke-talk this evening. Having resided in the "Black Belt" of the South many years and being a close and intelligent observer of things, especially of Negro life, an exceedingly interesting and instructive "talk" may be expected from him.

— Company G of this city will be one of the four companies of the Fifth Mass. Regiment to escort the Honorable Artillery Company of London, England, on their visit to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston on Oct. 4. The Woburn Brass Band are to be one of the three to furnish martial music on that notable occasion.

— Parties in this city have received invitations to attend the wedding of Clifford T. Hanson and Gertrude Melvin which is to take place in the First Congregational church at Cleveland, Ohio, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 6. Miss Melvin is a niece of Mrs. George W. Kimball of Woburn, and the groom-elect is well and favorably known here.

— The Pavilion at Innitou Park, Horn Pond, of which Mr. Guy E. Marion was one of the managers, is closed for the season, which has been a reasonably successful one. The boats on the Pond, however, are still available by the public for sails and will be until cold weather comes. They may be obtained of Arthur Pollard at the Pumping Station.

— North Woburn people say that Ald. Linscott of Ward 6 will be nominated for a second term in the City Council by both political parties there. He had advanced the interests of that section of the city materially during his present term, and is consequently highly popular with all classes of people. Ward 6 can make no mistake in reelecting Ald. Linscott.

— Miss Ethel Robinson Dow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert B. Dow of Warren avenue, 19 years of age, and a smart girl, left here last Tuesday to enter Smith College. She graduated from the Woburn High School with the 1902 Class, but her parents thought it best for her to wait a year before entering College, which plan was adopted, and now she has gone to Smith to finish her education.

— C. E. Cooper, 415 Main street, represents solid Insurance Cos.—4.

— Call on E. Prior, 349 Main street if you want to buy or sell a piece of real estate.

— Miss Mary Fowle, daughter of Rev. James L. Fowle of Ceasarea, Turkey, who graduated from Mt. Holyoke College in June, is established as Assistant Matron at the Missionary Home in Auburndale.

— Fred Richardson, brother of Col. A. L. Richardson, was caught by the belt of a revolving shaft in the Richardson laundry, Chardon street, Boston, last Monday morning and had three ribs broken. He was taken to the Haymarket Emergency Hospital and subsequently brought to his home here by Col. Richardson. Fortunately the ceiling was 4 feet above the shaft, else he would have been killed.

— The present term of the High School opened on Sept. 14 with about 325 pupils. This number was a trifle below that of a year ago, the cause of the falling off of a quarter of a hundred, or so, being an entirely proper holding back, or the failure of promotion, of some scholars in the Grammar schools. It is probable, however, that there will be considerable additions to the present aggregate of pupils in the H. S.

— Everything is moving along smoothly with the rehearsals for the Egypta Dramatics. The choruses are now all filled, and some of Woburn's best soloists are in the cast. Over 300 of our best singers will comprise the chorus and one and all are very enthusiastic over the music of the Opera. The dramatic action has now been taken up. Egypta promises to eclipse anything of the kind ever given in this city.

— The Gabalotte Club with invited guests to the number of 22 held its third annual "corn roast" on the opposite shore of Lake Innitou on Friday evening, Sept. 18. The big fire was started at 6 o'clock and from that time until 10 the merry party kept busy eating roast corn, potatoes and the various other refreshment furnished by the young ladies. It was a grand night for such an event and "taps" sounded altogether too soon.

— Indications point to a lively football season in this city from now on to long after digging potatoe time. The High School athletes are preparing to buckle on their armor, to burnish up their breastplates, and are getting their helmets into shape, all in view of great football contests that are sure to confront them sooner or later during the fall. The JOURNAL is pinning its faith and hanging its hopes on the science, strength and agility of the W. H. S. players, to shout with them for victory, or hang its harp on the willows, as the case may be.

— Last Wednesday we met Mr. J. H. Sheehan who had just arrived from his home at Metamora, Penn., to attend the 37th reunion of the 39th M. V. Regiment in the Civil War, held yesterday at Roxbury. He enlisted in Co. K, the Woburn Co, on Aug. 22, 1862; was wounded at Spottsylvania, C. H.; taken prisoner at Weldon Railroad on Aug. 19, 1864; paroled by the Rebels on March 20, 1865; and discharged May 23, 1865. He was only about 17 years old when he enlisted, and a rugged looking "Boy" he is today. Veteran Abijah Thompson was Veteran Sheehan's escort while in this city.

— Apply to C. E. Cooper, 415 Main street, for Insurance.—4.

— It is predicted by the wiseacres, seemingly without misgivings, that the season of amusements, upon which this community may be said to have now fairly entered, is to be one of extraordinary gayety, if, indeed, it does not reach the stage of actual social dissipation. It is said that the fashionable clubs of the town are brushing up their rooms and casting about for entertainment programmes for the delectation of the public; fiddles are being tuned up for balls, routes, and parties; caterers are laying in stores of delicacies; and the skies look bright, and the paths straight and smooth, for a season of grand jollification in this neck of timber.

— At the great tennis tournament which came off on Elmwood Court last Saturday and was witnessed by a large number of deeply interested people. Kenneth Johnson successfully defended the champion's prize cup, and won the right to permanently retain it. Albert White, a scientific player, was Johnson's antagonist, but failed to capture the much coveted prize. Both young gentlemen put up a big fight for the cup, and at times it seemed difficult to decide on which banner victory would finally perch; but towards the end it was plainly seen that Johnson was master of the situation, White showing signs of fatigue, while Johnson was as fresh as a daisy. He is now the permanent possessor of the trophy. The contest was one that will long dwell in the memories of the people as the sharpest recorded in the tennis annals of Woburn.

— Miss Dannatt, 411 Main street, is easily the leading milliner in this city. Her store is headquarters for the very latest styles of goods in her line of business and is handsomely patronized by the ladies in Woburn's fashionable circles. Miss Dannatt has made no less than three trips to New York City within a month or so in order to learn everything possible about metropolitan styles, as well as those of London and Paris, the result of which is a storeful of bonnets, hats, toques and trimmings that are of the very newest patterns in material and make-up, and cannot fail to delight ladies of correct taste and good judgment. Miss Dannatt employs in her workrooms only artists of acknowledged ability, and is herself personally popular. By reference to the business columns of the JOURNAL it will be seen that she is to hold a grand millinery opening on Oct. 2, 3, 4.

— Tuesday of this week about 50 members of Woburn W. R. C., 161, went by special car to visit Lynn Corps. The following Corps were represented, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Saugus, Swampscott, and Corps 161 and 84 Woburn. Dept. Pres. Clara H. B. Evans, Dept. Sen. V. Annie E. Warne, Dept. Treas., Sarah E. Fuller, Dept. Inspector, Fannie E. Jones, Dept. Sec., Mary E. Elliott, Past Pres. Dorcas Lyman and Past Pres. Maria W. Going were present. A reception was held from 4 to 6 at which time a salad supper followed by cake and cream served by the Lynn Corps to over 300 guests. At 8 o'clock the regular meeting of the Corps was opened after which brief addresses were made by Dept. officers. A very pleasant social afternoon and evening was enjoyed by all present. The visitors were allowed to view the G. A. R building its doors being open for that purpose. Gen. Lander Post 5 erected this block for their own use and is the largest Post in the State.—PRESS COR.

— At about 4 o'clock p. m. on July 23, last, Jennette Reaslor and Bessie Neilson, employees in a hotel at Annisquam, went into the Annisquam River there at low tide for a bath and were soon seen struggling in its swift channel. Their lives were in imminent danger when discovered by Patrick Mahoney, an attendant on a Professor at Lehigh College in Pennsylvania, and also by Arthur Jones, son of Mr. Charlie A. Jones of this city, who was on the porch of the hotel at the time. Divesting himself of only his coat Mahoney rushed to the rescue of the girls, who, it was first thought, were sporting in the water instead of battling for their lives, and bravely saved them from drowning. For this heroic act Arthur Jones thought Mahoney deserved a Massachusetts Humane Society's medal and forthwith set about the task of securing one. After a protracted correspondence with the officers of the Society and furnishing the necessary evidence and vouchers Arthur's work was crowned with success, and last Saturday morning he received for Mahoney a handsome silver medal, duly inscribed, from the Society, and forwarded it to the gallant rescuer of the girls at Lehigh. It was a brave and generous performance on the part of Mahoney, who is an all-round athlete, and obtaining the Humane Society's medal for him reflected great credit on the head and heart of young Jones.

City Council.

The Board of Aldermen held a meeting last Monday evening.

The $6,000 loan order for the highways was passed and adopted.

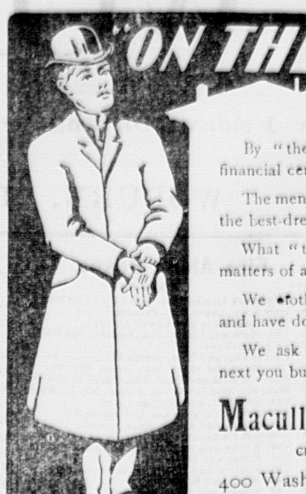
The City Treasurer was authorized to borrow $80,000 in anticipation of taxes.

There were several petitions for licenses for several things, some of which were granted, while others failed.

The report of the Chief of Police was received and filed.

Generous Responses.

The movement to restore the funds stolen from the aged sick and infirm ministers and needy and distressed ministers' widows of the New England Conference of the Methodist church by the Allen embezzlement has met with an unusually hearty and generous support. Already over $18,000 of the $75,000 needed has been pledged or raised, many of the donors being persons having no connection with the Methodist church, but whose sympathies have been deeply stirred by the great wrong done these worthy people. On Sunday, the 27th inst., a concerted effort is to be made in every Methodist church in the Conference to give this movement a great lift forward. Special collections will be taken at all the services of the day, and in the Sunday School and Epworth League. It is confidently believed that this will result in raising a large part if not the whole of the balance of the amount needed. We understand that any person who desires to contribute and yet is not an attendant at a Methodist church may send his contribution to the nearest Methodist minister.



By "the Street" is usually meant the financial centre of a great city.

The men who do business there are among the best-dressed men in the world.

What "the Street" says is as final in matters of attire as in matters of finance.

We clothe a great many of these men and have done so for years.

We ask *you* to consider this fact when next you buy clothing.

Macullar Parker Company,
Clothing for Men and Boys,
400 Washington Street, BOSTON.

A Cake of Peter's Chocolate

Taken with you on your tramp will allay that "hungry feeling."

YOU FIND IT AT *Whitcher's*

— ALSO —

ALLEGRETTI CHOCOLATES.

Gilman F. Jones.

In the sudden death of Mr. GILMAN F. JONES about noon last Saturday, September 19, 1903, at his home on Charles street, this city lost one of its foremost and best citizens; his family a kind and affectionate husband and father; and business and social circles one of their most prominent and highly esteemed members.

On the return of Mrs. Jones, the wife of the deceased, his daughter, Mrs. Seaver, and her little son John, from Boston early in the afternoon they found him in the bathtub at home dead. Medical Examiner, Dr. H. G. Blake, who was summoned, pronounced the cause of death heart failure. Some months ago Mr. Jones experienced a severe physical shock, since which he had been far from a well man, and of late had been gradually failing in health and strength; and yet no one thought that the end of his life was so near.

Gilman F. Jones was born in Methuen, February 7, 1837, the son of Daniel S. Jones. When a boy he moved with his family to New Hampshire where he spent several years in various employments and made headway in the business of life. About 40 years ago he was united in marriage to Miss Sarah Hirsch in New Hampshire, to whom he had always been devotedly attached, and with whom he passed a happy life.

In 1858 Mr. Jones came to Woburn and was employed at the Central stables. In the early part of 1860 he formed the acquaintance of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler while driving the latter to Lowell one night. This ripened into a friendship which ceased only when death came. Mr. Jones always loved to tell of his first meeting with the General, of his being employed on the Butler estate and living with the family.

When Gen. Butler went to the Civil War Jones accompanied him. He had the care of the horses of the General and his Staff, and other personal property; bought animals for the government, attended to transportation and was depended on for much that a soldier could not do.

About 1866, at the close of the War, he returned to Woburn and bought the Central House and stables attached to it, which is among the most valuable real estate in the city, of which he was the owner at the time of his death.

Mr. Jones was prominent in town and city affairs and always exerted on them a wholesome influence. Under the town government he served as a Selectman, and for several years was Superintendent of Highways, a position in which he took great interest, also Park Commissioner. For several years he has handled much real estate for others, was instrumental in the purchase of the land now known as Forest Park, a city reservation; effected the sale of the North Woburn Street Railway to a syndicate, and was largely interested in diverting the old East Middlesex Railway to the Lynn & Boston Railway Company.

In National politics Mr. Jones was a Republican, but in State and local elections an Independent, and when Gen. Butler was a candidate for Governor of Massachusetts he was an ardent partisan of the General's and worked hard for his election. Upon the parlor table of the home of the Jones family there lies a book, "Butler at New Orleans," upon the fly leaf of which is inscribed: "Presented to Gilman F. Jones, the best friend I ever had. Ben. F. Butler."

Mr. Jones was one of the truest men that ever lived in Woburn, and as such commanded the entire confidence and highest respect of everyone of its citizens who enjoyed his acquaintance. He was conscientiously honest, and performed every duty that fell to his lot strictly on the square. His word was considered by everybody as good as the best man's bond, and he was trusted without doubt or fear. He was endowed with a large share of common sense; a man of rare judgment; a safe counsellor; and of broad liberal views. He was often consulted on important business matters, and his advice almost always accepted. He was a representative man and loyal citizen.

No person in this city had more or warmer friends than Mr. Jones, and no one was better entitled to them. He is sincerely mourned and his death deeply lamented in every part of the city and elsewhere where he was known. He will be missed as few men would be if taken away, for his was one of the most familiar figures seen on our streets, cheery and cordial to everybody, and scarsely a day passed that his office was not visited by some of the most prominent men in town for conversation with him.

Of his family there are left to mourn their loss a widow, two sons, William and Daniel S.; three daughters, Mrs. A. S. Bowers, Mrs. George Miller of Suncook, N. H.; and Mrs. Elsie Seaver, Mrs. Bowers and Mrs. Seaver being residents of this city, to all of whom the public extend heartfelt sympathy in their sore bereavement and hour of great sorrow.

The funeral was held at the residence of the family on Charles street at 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 22, and was attended by more people than the house could hold. Rev. H. C. Parker, pastor of the Woburn Unitarian church, the officiating clergyman, made an eloquent funeral address in which he paid a glowing tribute to the virtues and personal worth of his deceased friend and respected fellow townsman. It was listened to with profound interest by the large gathering that filled the rooms. Music was furnished by the Apollo Male Quartet of Boston who sang sweetly and with profound effect the following appropriate selections: "Eternal Goodness" (Whittier's Poem), "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere", "Only Remembered by what we have done".

Many old friends and associates from out of town came to the funeral to pay their last sad tribute of respect to the memory of the man who they had so long known and admired. People came from Boston, Lynn, Wakefield, N. H., Lowell, Cambridge, Somerville, and neighboring towns and cities.

The rooms of the house were piled with flowers, the contributions of friends. There were crosses, wreaths, pillows, circles, Masonic emblems, and other pieces, composed of roses, asters, lilies of the valley, callalilies, pinks, and other beautiful blooms, of which, altogether, hardly ever was such a wealth of them seen at a funeral in this city.

The interment took place on Wednesday forenoon in the family lot at Short Falls, near Suncook, N. H. The remains were accompanied to their last resting place on earth by the family and the following gentlemen, each one of whom was an intimate personal friend of Mr. Jones: Joseph Linnell, Benjamin Hinckley, Jacob M. Ellis, Willis J. Buckman, Joseph H. Parker, W. S. York, G. W. Norris, A. B. Heald, E. F. Wyer, and W. E. Ellard of Lynn.

Piano Economy.

The little extra which an Ivers & Pond may cost over an indifferent or merely good piano is the best part of the investment, and will pay rich dividends during the life of the instrument.

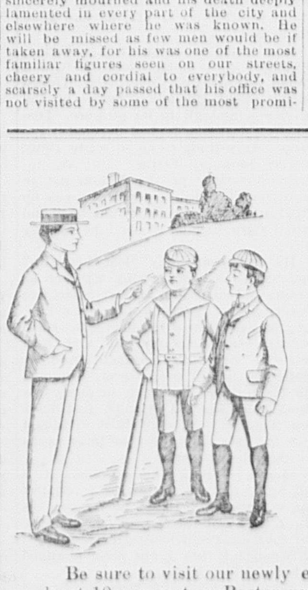
Nearly 300 American educational institutions, shrewd judges of piano value, cruelly practical sometimes, intelligently economical always, have purchased for their own use Ivers & Pond pianos. A single one of these, the New England Conservatory of Boston, has alone purchased 299 Ivers and Pond Pianos in the last twenty years.

Besides being large manufacturers the Ivers & Pond Piano Co. are extensive handlers of pianos of all grades, new and used. Thus, whether a $50. square or a $1000. upright be desired they are in a position to supply it. Prospective purchasers will do well to write for their catalogue and list of bargains in slightly used pianos, as well as explanation of their rental purchase plan—practically buying a piano by renting it. All this information may be had free by addressing Ivers & Pond Piano Co., 114 Boylston St., Boston.

All Renominated Probably.

It looks like a renomination all along the line under the auspices of the Middlesex County Ring at the convention in Lowell on the last day of this month. What may be anticipated, although it does not worry the county Republicans enough to keep them awake nights, is a Democratic opposition of more decided scope and size than has been customary in Middlesex heretofore. It will take years of organized effort, however, to make the Middlesex county Democracy a real menace to Republican control, and the chief interest excited by Democratic activity this year will be as to the relative size of the defeat administered.—*Practical Politics.*

— C. E. Cooper, 415 Main street, is giving much attention to Insurance.—4.



Schools
— HAVE —
Reopened

and your boys will need new Clothing.
New Norfolk Suits $3 to $8
3-piece Suits $3.50 to $10
Double-breasted Suits $2 to $10
Extra values at $4, $5 and $6.

Be sure to visit our newly equipped store and save at least 10 per cent on Boston prices.

HAMMOND & SON,
Leading Clothiers,
Lyceum Hall Building, WOBURN.

Musical.

EDWIN CHALONER BARNES,
Instructor in Pianoforte,
Twenty-eight Franklin Street.
The first two lessons, and a copy of Mr. Barnes's novel, "The Reconciliation of Randall Claymore," given free to each pupil completing a course of twenty lessons.
The National Graded Course Used.
P. O. Box 344.

MISS DORA A. WINN,
WILL RESUME
Pianoforte Instruction,
October 1, 1903.
6 Highland Street, Woburn.

MISS BANCROFT,
WILL RESUME
Pianoforte Instruction
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1st, 1903.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFILD,
Violin Instruction,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Mrs. E. F. HAYWARD,
Teacher of Pianoforte,
4 Fairmount St.,
WOBURN, - MASS.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN—Services will be resumed Oct. 4.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—15th Sunday after Trinity. Morning Prayer at 10.30. Evening Prayer at 7. No Sunday School during July and August. Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Rector.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., Preaching by Rev. Cephas B. Crane, D. D. Subject: "In the Seive." 12 M., Sunday School. Rally Day. At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting. 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "The Artist's Model." 7.45 P. M., Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor Rev. Dr. Norton. Subject: "Onward." 12 M., Sunday School. At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting. At 7 P. M., Evening Service. Subject: "Flowers and Weeds." Prayer Meeting, Wednesday evening, at 7.30.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "The Element of Authority in Christianity." 12 M. Sunday School. 5.45 P. M., Epworth League. 7 P. M., Preaching by N. E. Richardson. Subject: "A Burning Bush and a New Name" (Special Music.) Monday, 7 P. M. Boys' Probationer's Class. Tuesday, 7.30 P. M., Adults' Probationers Class. Wednesday, 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Dow Building, Room 2, 316 Main street, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Unreality." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. The Reading Room is open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays from 2 to 4 p. m. Christian Science Literature on Sale.

Married.

In this city, Sept. 19, by Rev. George H. Tilton, Howard Eugene Thayer and Ellen Johnson, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Sept. 19, Gilman F. Jones, aged 66 years, 7 months, 10 days.
In this city, Sept. 20, James H. Murphy, aged 29 years, 2 months, 28 days.
In this city, Sept. 18, William P. Meehan, aged 6 years, 6 months, 10 days.
In this city, Sept. 20, Margaret McIsaac, aged 2 years, 9 months.
In this city, Sept. 19, Owen Powers, aged 5 years, 1 month.

1853—Hastings-Houghton—1903.

On Tuesday, Sept. 22, Horace N. and Augusta A. (Houghton) Hastings of Lynn, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding at their pleasant home, 15 Norcross Court, in that city. There was a large company of relatives and friends to extend congratulations, and among the latter were George W. Fowle of Jamaica Plain, the originator of the WOBURN JOURNAL; his brother Samuel A. Fowle of Arlington, who was one of the JOURNAL's earliest working force; Col. W. T. Grammer, Captain Edwin F. Wyer, and Sergeant James Walker, all of Woburn. The Hastings residence could hardly contain the guests, and the overflow was accommodated in the adjoining home of Mr. and Mrs. Rundlett, the latter being the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hastings.

The wedding presents were beautiful and valuable, including a gold lined loving cup from the children, an elegant French clock from 50 attaches of the Lynn *Item*, a loving cup from Col. John B. Reid of Greenville, Ill., and numerous other remembrances. The wedding feast was served in the Rundlett home, an orchestra discoursing music throughout the evening.

Mr. Hastings is well known in Woburn, residing here at the time of his marriage, and being in many ways associated with the city. Born in Cambridge Feb. 1, 1829, he came to Woburn with his parents, and at the age of 11 years began his career as a printer. He was the founder of the *Guide Post* in 1847 and ten years later established the *Budget*. He set the first type on the WOBURN JOURNAL, and was foreman for about a year. Four of his children were born in Woburn, and his daughter, Mrs. Rundlett, was a babe of only a few weeks when he enlisted for the nine months campaign with Co. G, 5th Regiment, under Captain Grammer. In 1864 he joined Co. B, 11th Regiment, and went to the front as Second Sergeant, being later promoted to First Sergeant. His Captain and 2d Lieutenant having been taken prisoners, and his First Lieutenant attached to the Brigade Staff it was his good fortune to be in command of his company, at Appomattox, when Lee surrendered.

After the War he spent a few years in Oregon, and part of the time was connected with the Portland *Oregonian*, an influential journal of that city. Returning to Massachusetts he settled in Lynn, and for several years was with the *Reporter*. In company with his sons he established the *City Item* in 1876, and the daily two years later. The paper occupies the finest business block in the city in a conspicuous location, and is a monument to the industry and perseverance of Mr. Hastings and his son.

On Sept. 22, 1853, Mr. Hastings was united in marriage with Miss Augusta A. Houghton of Clinton, Mass. There have been six children born to them, four of whom, Charles H., Wilmot R., Etta A. (Mrs. Rundlett), and Alfred H., are living in Lynn, the sons in business with the father under the style of the Hastings & Sons Publishing Company. Two brothers of Mr. Hastings, who are also printers, were present Wednesday evening.

The occasion was one of rare enjoyment for all the participants, and especially for Mr. and Mrs. Hastings who are held in high esteem by a large circle of friends, all of whom wish for them many more years of peaceful enjoyment of the fruits of their enterprise and industry.

A Card.

We hereby extend our heartfelt thanks to the many friends who so kindly extended their aid and sympathy to us on the death of our husband and father and at his funeral and burial.

MRS. G. F. JONES AND FAMILY.

— C. E. Cooper, 415 Main street, is Insurance Agent.—4.

WARRANTED WILL NOT CROCK
GORDON DYE
STAINLESS

Under ordinary circumstances almost everybody wears

HOSIERY

Our story is simply to supply the demand for these necessary articles of dress.

School Hose for Children.

Fine Lisle and Cotton for Women.
Full size and good wearing qualities for Men.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

The Oriental Opera

EGYPTA

LYCEUM HALL,

Monday, Tuesday Evenings
Wednesday Matinee
OCT. 5, 6, 7.

The wondrous story of the Nile.
Several hundred local singers will participate.
Brilliant Soloists. Superb Chorus.
Bewildering Drills. Oriental Costumes.

NOTE —The magnificent special scenery was painted especially for Egypta by the leading scenic artists of New York City. Many famous historical localities are depicted. The electric effects are of surpassing grandeur.

Night Prices 25, 50, 75, $1.00
Matinee 25 and 50

Reserved Sale opens Thursday morning Oct. 1st, at F. P. Brooks's Drugstore, Main street.

BUY TONIGHT

THE BOSTON EVENING NEWS

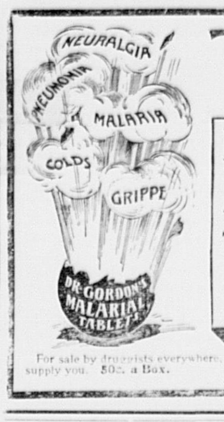
PRICE 1 CENT

The Brightest, Liveliest Sporting Page of any Paper.
The Most Complete and Accurate Financial Page.
The Most Up-to-Date Women's and Feature Page.
And All the Local and General News.

We're Perfectly Safe

in backing up with our personal word every statement made in our advertising or in our store. Careful buying after strict investigation enables us to be absolutely certain of the value we offer.
You can come to us in perfect confidence.

L. E. HANSON & CO.,
409 Main Street, WOBURN.
Watches, Jewelry and Silverware.
☞ FINE REPAIRING in all its branches.



THE BOMB
That Deals Death to Disease.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets

Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. ... Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box. EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass. GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

COURT OF LAND REGISTRATION.

To Adoniram J. Littlefield of Cambridge, Ellen T. Ellis, Martha C. Linnell, Salem T. Bridgham, Edward H. Richards and Margaret T. Kenney of Woburn, all in the County of Middlesex and said Commonwealth, and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by George F. Bean of said Woburn and Benjamin F. Wells, Guardian of Hattie A. Wells, and Frank Wells of Elms in the County of York and State of Maine, to register and confirm their title in the following-described land: A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon situate in said Woburn and bounded as follows: Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises on the southerly side of Pleasant street, thence the line runs a little east of south by land of Ellen T. Ellis one hundred sixty-one and 57-100 (161.57) feet; thence easterly by land of said Ellis sixty-two and 2-10 (62.2) feet to the westerly side of Bennet street; thence southerly by and with said Bennett street seventy (70) feet to land of Martha C. Linnell; thence westerly by land of said Linnell one hundred one and 2-10 (101.2) feet to land of Bridgham; thence northerly by a wall in a slightly irregular line by land first of Bridgham and second of Richards one hundred and thirty-three (133) feet; thence westerly by land of said Richards nineteen and 5-10 (19.5) feet; thence northerly by said land of Richards and land of Kenney twenty-eight and 4-10 (28.4) feet; thence westerly by land of said Kenney fifteen (15) feet; thence northerly by land of said Kenney sixty-four and 15-100 (64.15) feet to said Pleasant street, and thence easterly by and with said Pleasant street, seventy-seven and 1-100 (77.01) feet to the point of beginning. Containing 17,307 square feet and being the property devised to Asa and Hannah Littlefield and their heirs by the will of Nehemiah Littlefield dated February 9, 1863 duly admitted to Probate in the Probate Court of said Middlesex County. Petitioner claims an easement of view pertains to said estate fronting on said Pleasant street over said land of Kenney as reserved and described in a deed of said Nehemiah Littlefield to Rufus Wyman dated Jan. 9, 1845 and recorded with Middlesex Deeds, Book 454, Page 405 as follows: "It is hereby agreed by and between the parties and this conveyance is made upon the express condition that the said Wyman his heirs and assigns shall not ever erect have or keep upon the tract of land above described and which lies back of my house any building whatsoever and shall not erect make or maintain any fence upon the same which shall rise higher than the top of the lowest light of glass in the windows which are on the first or ground floor of my said dwelling house."

You are hereby cited to appear at the Court of Land Registration, to be held at Boston, in said County of Suffolk, on the fifth day of October, A.D. 1903, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition, or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, LEONARD A. JONES, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this ninth day of September, in the year nineteen hundred and three.

Attest with Seal of said Court.

[SEAL]
CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Elmore A. Pierce and Caroline A. Pierce, his wife, in her own right, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Maria L. Thompson, of said Woburn, dated May 25, 1896, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2467, Page 23, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises on

MONDAY, the nineteenth day of October, A. D., 1903,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described as follows:—A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on the east side of Bow street, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises at a stake on said Bow street, at land of Jacob M. Ellis; from thence the line runs southerly by and with said street, forty-eight and nine-tenths (48.9) feet to other land of said Ellis, or formerly of Maggie Down; thence turning nearly at right angle, the line runs easterly on and by other land of Ellis, formerly Downs, two hundred four and five-tenths (204.5) feet to a stake at a corner; thence northerly, still by land of said Ellis, forty-eight and nine-tenths (48.9) feet to a stake at land of said Ellis; thence westerly, still by land of said Ellis, two hundred four and five-tenths (204.5) feet to the point of beginning, containing about ten thousand (10,000) square feet.

Two hundred dollars in cash will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale. And the sale will be made subject to all unpaid taxes.

JOHN W. JOHNSON, Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.
Woburn, Sept. 25, 1903.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of John O'Donnell, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament—and one codicil—of said deceased have been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Edward F. Johnson, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the thirteenth day of October, A. D., 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this ninth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

NOTICE.

The regular Quarterly Meeting of the Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank will be held at their Banking Rooms, Woburn, Massachusetts,

Friday, October 2d, 1903,

at seven thirty (7.30) o'clock, in the evening, to hear and act on the reports of the Treasurer and Auditors, and to transact any other business that may legally come before them.

CHARLIE A. JONES, Clerk.
Woburn, Mass., September 18th, 1903.

Money deposited on before Saturday, October 3d, will draw interest from that date.

CHARLIE A. JONES, Treasurer.

PEACH Ice Cream

CRAWFORD'S
No. 412 Main St., WOBURN
TELEPHONE: 48-3.

To Let.

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On and after June 1, 1903, cars will run as follows:—

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Leave Woburn for Burlington, Billerica and Lowell, at 6 45 a. m., hourly till 11.45 a. m, half hourly till 9.45 p. m., 10 15 and 10 45 p. m. to Billerica only.

Leave Lowell at 5 45 a. m., hourly till 11.45 a. m. half hourly till 9 45 p. m.

Leave Billerica for Woburn or Lowell, at 6 30 a. m,, and hourly till 12 30 a. m., half hourly till 10 30 p. m. Also 11 and 11 30 p. m. for Woburn.

Leave Burlington for Woburn at 6 55 a. m, hourly till 12 55 p. m., half hourly till 11 55 p. m.

Cars arrive at Woburn 7 15 a. m., hourly till 1.15 p. m., half hourly till 12.15 midnight, connecting at Woburn with B. & M. trains for Boston at 7.12, 8 14, 9 06 a. m. and 4.11 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

First car leaves Woburn at 6 45 a. m., hourly till 9.45 a. m., half hourly till 10 45 p. m.

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For special cars or other information address C. W. E. HARRISON, Supt., Woburn, Mass.

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Republican Caucuses.

The following delegates were chosen at the Republican caucuses held on Sept. 23, 1903:

Ward 1—State, Benjamin Hinckley; Councilor, Alva S. Wood; County, Edward H Lounsbury; Senatorial, Joseph F. DeLoriea; Representative, Edward Q Brackett, Rufus C. Hayward, Edwin K. Porter.

Ward 2—State, Luke W. Fowle, James R. Kendall; Councilor, William H. Lewis, Charles E. Tripp; County, C. Willard Smith, Henry L. Andrews; Senatorial, George E Fowle, P. H. Maguire; Representative, Ambrose Bancroft, Charles M. Strout, Charles R. Rosenquist.

Ward 3—State, William Beggs, Frederic A. Flint; Councilor, Fred W. Prior, John C. Nichols; County, Francis A. Buckman, John E. Tidd; Senatorial, Frank E. Wetherell, Wm. J. Hammond; Representative, Winthrop Hammond; Marcus H. Cotton, Fred E. Leathe.

Ward 4—State, John M. Harlow, William E. Blodgett; Councilor, John M. Wallace, Clarence M. Crowell; County, Edward E Thompson, John C. Buck; Senatorial, John H. Sweetser, John M. Portal; Representative, J. Fred Leslie, John M. Harlow, Elisha F. Hayward, Charles R. Rinquist.

Ward 5—State, William T. Kendall; Councillor, J. R. Wood, Jr.; County, Nathan J. Shattuck; Senatorial, Thomas McCarthy; Representative, George F. Hosmer.

Ward 6—State, Austin W. Parker; Councillor, Walter L. Poole; County, Byron Brigham; Senatorial, B. Frank Kimball; Representative, Charles H. Kimball, Arthur H. Linscott, William W. Hill.

Ward 7—State, David W. Brown; Councillor, Frank H. Graham; County, George H. Foster; Senatorial, George Russell; Representative, Francis M. Pushee.

M. and M. Exposition.

When realization complements anticipation, merit is invariably assured. That was the case with the Merchants and Manufacturers Twentieth Century Exhibition at the Mechanics Building three years ago. Once more the public of Boston, of New England and of the country generally is on the qui vive, for on Monday, Oct. 5, will be inaugurated the second Triennial Exposition of the Merchants and Manufacturers Exhibition Association. It requires no very vivid imagination to predict brilliant results.

Boston is preeminently the exposition city of the United States, and the Mechanics Building still holds its record as the finest exhibition building in this country. The reasons are obvious. One is that New England is the great industrial centre, and Boston, the Metropolis, of New England. Within a radius of one hour's ride of the Mechanics Building, dwell one-thirtieth of the population of the United States, while radiating from the same point are innumerable lines of electric and steam railway affording perfect transportation facilities. Another thing, the date selected for the second triennial exposition is fitting. October is the excursion month in the old Bay State, and during that time Boston is the Mecca for its pilgrims from every city, town and hamlet of the Commonwealth and of New England. Special reduced rates for the annual tide of excursion travel in October are arranged on all of the big trunk lines, the Boston & Maine, the Boston & Albany, the New York, New Haven & Hartford and every other. The exposition at the Mechanics Building will prove at once a simple object lesson and a desirable education in mercantile, manufacturing and mechanical products.

This year it is promised that the show proper will outrank all preceding exhibitions. It will be the most complete cornucopia of American products, devices and inventions ever presented in Boston. Supplementidg all this will be amusements and diversions of every character and description. Every minute of the great triennial exposition will be enlivened by entertainments as varied as select and comprehensive. The most famous bands in the world will furnish music, leading off for the first fortnight with Creatore and his renowned musical aggregation.

The Merchants and Manufacturers Exhibition Association will spare no expense to make this exhibition a perfect and complete example of the very latest and greatest achievements in industrial and mechanical progress.

Already very many of the merchants and manufacturers who had exhibits three years ago have again applied for space, and the choice locations are being rapidly preempted.

WINCHESTER.

The *Star*—long may it scintillate and scatter its bright beams among our people—claims a larger circulation than any other paper in Winchester!

I have taken Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets for billiousness, ague, malarial attacks, etc., with wonderful success, for years past and cheerfully recommend them to the public. They go to the right spot and knock grip germs higher than a kite.

I'm put to it the worst kind to find local news to send to the JOURNAL, a popular newspaper here, this week. It must be confessed by me, with how much regret I leave you to conjecture, that things are mighty dull in this town just now, happenings of note being, like angelic visits, few and far between.

We have a terrible sight of bother with the Winchester-Arlington electrics nowadays. They appear to be utterly indifferent to schedule time and the waits are greatly annoying. There is no earthly need of such a condition of things. The people have become pretty sick of this go-as-you-please, haphazard sort of a way of doing things.

I have never known politics to be more quiet in this town than at the present time. There isn't a town of its size in the Commonwealth that has more or better political timber in it than ours, but somehow or other it fails to be utilized. If I had a mind to I could call by name any number of men among us anyone of whom would be a credit and an ornament to the House or State Senate, and would exert a wholesome and beneficial influence in either branch; but we might just as well be without them so far as political usefulness is concerned.

Selectman Henry F. Johnson, because he has a weakness for long speeches in the line of economy at town meetings, is the object of a political plot in which the citizens who advocate liberal expenditures for town improvements are the schemers.—*Practical Politics.* Ah? Is that the game? I have heard whispers that something was in the wind inimical to Johnson's ambition, but have not been able to ferret out the business or get hold of the scheme. It seems that the plan of the plotters is to turn down our "watchdog of the treasury" and elect him Town Clerk! Anything, they say, to choke him off and stop his wind.

$1000 in Cash Prizes

TO BE OFFERED BY THE BOSTON HERALD NEXT SUNDAY.

A paper like The *Boston Herald* never does things by halves. When it offers a thousand dollars in cash prizes, it means to distribute one thousand dollars. The details will not be made public until next Sunday. Such an offer should excite enough interest to put a *Sunday Boston Herald* in every home in this town, and we shall be very much surprised at any other result.

Stumped the Englishman.

"My wife advertised for a cook the other day," said a Columbia heights man, "and among the applicants for the job was the blackest woman I ever saw. But she passed muster all right, and my wife engaged her. We had at dinner that evening a young Englishman, a family connection, who had only been in this country a couple of weeks. The Englishman happened to catch a glimpse of our new cook before dinner was served.

"'By Jove, y' knaw, what an uncommonly black person!' he exclaimed amazedly, after seeing the cook.

"'She is somewhat dingy, isn't she?' said my wife amusedly. 'What do you suppose her name is?'

"The Englishmen gave it up, of course.

"'Her name is Goldie,' said my wife laughingly.

"The young Englishman looked puzzled and as solemn as an owl.

"'Goldie,' he repeated mystifiedly 'Fawncy! By Jove, now, that's odd y' knaw! Why should she be called "Goldie" when she's so—er—uncommonly black, y' knaw? Wouldn't you naturally think, y' knaw, that "Goldie" would be a more appropriate name for —er—a blond, y' knaw?'

"The young Englishman was my guest for four days after that, but was still marveling, with the utmost seriousness, over the mysterious significance of 'Goldie's' name when he took his departure."—Washington Post.

Pitcher Plant.

One of the most remarkable carnivorous vegetables in the world is the pitcher plant of the tropics. It is safe to say at least that no other plant in its kingdom is more ingenious in catching its prey and in disposing of it afterward.

The plant is shaped very much like a pitcher, with the mouth, of course, at the top. The pitcher is, moreover, perfectly water tight and is usually well filled with rain water. The sides are very smooth and inviting.

The plant, thus equipped, lies in wait, if the expression may be used, until some fly or small insect enters or falls into the water compartment. So smooth are the sides that when the prey is once in the water it has great difficulty in getting out and, as a rule, quickly drowns. The insect is then devoured by the plant.

The Fountain of Youth.

Like pretty much everything else, this matter of having children has two sides to it. As a great many children are failures and as children are the joint product of heredity and environment, both elements preponderantly under parental control, it would seem more sensible to say that there were too many people undertaking parental responsibility instead of too few. And, further, parenthood has many cares and sorrows and exasperations. Still, when all is said, how many persons who have found themselves childless at forty-five have been able honestly to congratulate themselves?

Children have a use as an assurance against destitution and loneliness in old age. They are satisfactory to the vanity for family immortality. But more than these and all other advantages is the advantage of prolonging one's life. Growing children will keep any proper man or woman young in spirit and in mind, will retard the development of that sour yet complacent cynicism which curses old age both for oneself and for those about one.

The man or the woman—again, the right sort of man or woman—who has children drinks every day a deep draft at the fountain of eternal youth.—Saturday Evening Post.

The Dammaras of Africa.

In Galton's "Tropical South Africa" it is stated that the Dammaras use no term beyond three and that when they wish to express four they take to their fingers. Beyond five they cannot count at all. It is seldom, however, that they lose in a bargain through their inability to count. When bartering, each sheep or ox or whatever they may be selling must be paid for separately. If this rate of exchange were at the rate of two sticks of tobacco for one sheep it would greatly puzzle a Dammara to accept four sticks for two sheep. Galton says that he several times paid them in that way and that the Dammara forthwith set aside two sticks for one of the sheep, and even when he found that he had two sticks left for the other sheep he still had his doubts as to the genuineness of the transaction and was not satisfied until two sticks were put into his hand and one sheep driven away and then another two sticks given to him for the other sheep.

The Flight of the Locust.

Writing in the Empire Review on the locust in South Africa, S. B. Kitchen says: Locusts are very tiny creatures, at most two or three inches long, yet giant jawed and shelled in a grim brown mail so hard that as they strike it causes a sharp smart. They travel in such numbers that it takes them four or five days to pass over. The scouts alone, hovering in patches like red dust clouds, are numerous enough to destroy the vegetation of a district, while the main body, high up in the air, a host of little black specks, stretches out into an interminable screen between heaven and earth. The fanning of their wings brings a fresh coolness over the hot earth even in the depth of summer. There seems to be a fresh breath of ozone as of the sea.

The Laughing Hyena.

Although the hysterical laughter of the laughing hyena is not, as was once supposed, the outcome of a deliberate attempt to decoy unwary travelers to their doom, this strange animal is, nevertheless, one of the most cunning of dumb animals. He is so suspicious of everything he does not understand that the sight of even a bit of string at once puts him on his guard. Trappers are aware of this fact and generally use the stems of creeping plants instead of string of any kind in setting their spring traps.

Preserving the Traditions.

"Yes, I have launched my new yacht," said Muchpop.

"What do you call her?" asked the friend.

"Named her for my native city—Brooklyn."

"And did you smash a bottle of wine across her bow when she was christened?"

"No, indeed! We broke a nursing bottle full of milk."—Judge.

Father and Son.

Little Bobby—I can't find my hat and coat.

Father (rushing about)—I can't find mine either. I don't see what your mother does with things. She's gone out, and there's nothing for us to do but hunt till we find 'em or else stay in.

Little Bobby (after long thought)—Let's look on the hall rack.

The House of the Hens' Feathers.

There is, or used to be, in Peking a wonderful institution known as the Ki Mao Gan, or the House of the Hens' Feathers. This establishment is in reality one vast hall, the floor of which is covered with a thick layer of feathers. Men, women and children are admitted to this great dormitory, where for a sum amounting to the value of one-fifth of a farthing they can spend the night. Every one settles himself immediately he enters and makes his nest as well as he can in this ocean of down.

At one time single coverlets were provided, but the authorities found that the inmates concealed them and sold them when they got outside. So extensive did these abstractions of the coverlets become that a huge felt counterpane was made, which is let down by pulleys from the room of the building. The system by which the counterpane is managed is delightfully simple. When every one has lain down to rest the coverlet is let down over the whole assemblage, while large holes, through which the inmates put their heads, obviate the danger of suffocation.

Animals That Are Bad Sailors.

A French scientist has made interesting observations as to the love of different wild animals for the sea.

The polar bear, he says, is the only one that takes to the sea and is quite jolly when aboard ship. All others violently resent a trip on water and vociferously give vent to their feelings until seasickness brings silence.

The tiger suffers most of all. The mere sight of a ship makes him uncomfortable, and when on board he whines pitifully, his eyes water continually, and he rubs his stomach with his terrible paws.

Horses are bad sailors and often perish on a sea voyage. Oxen are heroic in their attempts not to give way to sickness. Elephants do not like the sea, but are amenable to medical treatment. A good remedy in their case is a bucketful of hot water containing three and a half pints of whisky and seven ounces of quinine.

Name Famine In Denmark.

The Copenhagen correspondent of the Berliner Tageblatt sent his paper an interesting article on the "name famine" in Denmark. In no nation, he says, is the choice of the family name so limited. It very often happens that four persons unknown to each other sit down to a game of whist and later present themselves respectively as Hansen. He proves this statement by quoting Dr. Krak, the compiler and publisher of the Copenhagen Wegweiser, the largest Danish street directory. According to Dr. Krak, out of a population of 500,000 in the Danish capital 42 per cent end their names with "sen." Some 50,000 are named Hansen, which is used by the largest number of persons.

Obituary of Napoleon.

When the great Napoleon died there were doubtless among the readers of the London Globe many persons who would have liked to read a full account of his life, but, if so, they were disappointed, for the Globe in its issue of July 4, 1821, contained only the following brief notice:

"Death of Bonaparte. We announce the death of Bonaparte. The official announcement was received this morning at the admiralty. His death took place on June 5. His health had been declining for a long time, and the cause of death was a cancer in the stomach. He was born in 1769. The cost of his maintenance at St. Helena was each year between £200,000 and £300,000."

Lamb's Taste In Books.

In this catalogue of books which are no books—biblia-abiblia—I reckon court calendars, directories, pocketbooks (the literary excepted), draught boards bound and lettered on the back, scientific treatises, almanacs, statutes at large, the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame Jenyns and generally all those volumes "which no gentleman's library should be without," the histories of Flavius Josephus (that learned Jew) and Paley's "Moral Philosophy." With these exceptions I can read almost anything. I bless my stars for a taste so catholic, so unexcluding. —Charles Lamb.

Ambiguities of Parrot Talk.

Ida—That parrot is always saying. "Sit close."

May—Yes. It's hard to say whether his former owner was a street car conductor or a young lady keeping regular company.—St. Louis Star.

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AT A RUMMAGE SALE

By SYDNEY PHELPS

...Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure...

Mother looked up from the bundle of old clothes which had just arrived at the parsonage. They represented all that my wealthy Aunt Florence and my cousins could do to help us in our rummage sale.

"I don't believe we have $10 worth of things all together," she said. A hopeless expression crossed her face as she thought of the needed $50.

"How hateful all one's rich relations always are!" I burst out. "I believe they sell their things to old clothes men."

"We must do the best we can," said mother patiently. "The poor people who get them will be pleased anyway. I wonder if any one will look in and help us at the sale."

"No one," I answered, with conviction. "Between hockey and"—

"Hero worship," mother interrupted, laughing. "If we could only get John Gray to come we would not have standing room."

I did not answer. John Gray was just home from the Philippines. As an interesting convalescent and hero he was in great demand among the girls. But, though I had known him from childhood, I refused to add one to the ranks of his adorers, so a coolness had fallen between my old playmate and myself.

"Mrs. Denzil is in the parlor, ma'am," said the maid, and we went in to be cheered by the gayest little lady in the town.

Mrs. Denzil had a husband in the Philippines and appeared to get along very well without him. We would not have willingly spared that brilliant face with its wealth of fair hair, audacious blue eyes and wickedly curved red lips from our midst. It was vain to try to look askance at Mrs. Denzil, her absolute frankness was so disarming.

"You look worried," she said. "What is it?"

"It is only our rummage sale," I said sadly. "The things which have been sent in will bring but a song, yet we know of no other way in which to raise the money."

"Are men's things any use? Why not ask young Gray?"

"I hardly liked to," said mother.

"All right, I will. He must have heaps of things he doesn't want."

Off went Mrs. Denzil, promising to write to John Gray and send us the results of her appeal. Sure enough, a few days later she brought in her dogcart a huge bundle which she opened triumphantly.

"There, I told you I would get something out of him. Shoes—lots of them, brown and black; two suits, very little worn; socks, collars, ties."

"Splendid!" we said. "Did he send them all the way to your house?"

"No; I told him I would call for the bundle this afternoon. It was to be ready in his own special sanctum. He was out, but old Jenkins showed me in. I found a note from him asking if this sort of thing would be of any use and aying that if he wanted anything more Jenkins could get it for me."

Pursued by our grateful thanks, Mrs. Denzil drove off in her usual whirlwind. She promised to come to our sale next day and especially begged to be allowed to act as auctioneer for Gray's things.

Mother and I returned to the examination of the bundle. "Actually, two of his pipes," she said. "How very good of him!"

I said nothing, for just at that moment I had caught sight of something which gave me a sharp stab of pain. Many years ago, when John Gray first went to college, I had worked its colors on a tobacco pouch. There had been something more than mere kindliness in our farewell on that occasion. He surely need not have sent the pouch to a rummage sale.

The sale came off the next day. In the midst of a little argument with a stout woman as to the value of a red flannel dressing sack mother said to me:

"Clare, both of the Whites have come. That is rather nice of them. They have brought another girl with them."

I looked up and smiled at the three. Just then, to my surprise, the daughter of our bank president appeared, followed closely by a fairly representative gathering of the young ladies of the neighborhood.

"There must be some mistake," I thought. "They must think there is an entertainment to follow."

Just then I heard Mrs. Denzil's voice. "Here I am," she said, "in plenty of time. Hurry up, girls; the auction is going to begin. Can I have a chair put on that table? Thanks. The handle of my riding whip will be the hammer." And, flinging herself with rapture into the part, she began the auction.

The buyers were as wax in her hands.

"Look at these ties," she said in tones of ardent admiration. "College colors, club colors, rainbow colors. Girls, you will never forgive yourselves if you let such a chance as this slip. Six ties, all worn—well worn. Did I hear you say a quarter, Miss Smith? Oh, I hope not. I could not listen to such an offer from you. Fifty cents, Linda. That is better, but not good enough." In the end she extracted an offer of $1.50 from the bank president's daughter. Never once did she mention the name of the donor of the effects, and the ladies gazed in undisguised amazement at each other's frantic bids.

"This pair of boots," Mrs. Denzil pursued, "was worn in the Philippines."

This was entirely untrue, but the spirited bidding ensued, and another girl became their proud possessor at the extravagant price of $2.50.

At last, to my mingled relief and rage, the little tobacco pouch was held aloft in Mrs. Denzil's grasp. I had decided to buy back again my despised gift if only for the pleasure of seeing it burned.

"A tobacco pouch—look!" said the gay voice. "What memories may surround it!"

"Twenty-five," squeaked Linda White.

"Fifty," I growled.

Mrs. Denzil nearly dropped the pouch in amazement at my intervention.

"One dollar," from the oldest Miss Smyth.

"One twenty-five," I said, my cheeks burning. Through the hush I could hear mother's surprised voice:

"Clare, my dear!"

How long that horrible auction lasted I do not know. I only know that at last at the cost of $5 which I could ill spare the horrid little pouch became once more my own property. The rest of the scene is a dream to me.

When all the lots were disposed of all the girls quietly withdrew, each eying her neighbor with stern distrust.

Mrs. Denzil sat down and laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks. "Do you know how I did it?" she asked. "I told each of them—in the strictest confidence—that some trifles belonging to John Gray were going to be sold. They thought they would pick up some little souvenir cheaply, but"—and she carefully weighed a purse in her hands—"I don't think they did, exactly."

I turned toward the big fireplace. I would get rid of that pouch at once.

The door flew open, and John Gray burst in. "Oh, I say, Mrs. Denzil, I came rushing down to see whether by mistake one or two little articles had not been put into that bundle of mine."

"Oh, I hope I did nothing wrong," she said lightly. "I only added one or two nondescript things."

"Would you tell me whether two of my pipes were among them?"

"Yes, but they were both quite old ones, I am sure," said Mrs. Denzil.

"Then if you don't mind I will buy them back myself. They were favorites of mine."

Mrs. Denzil looked very thoughtful.

"Miss Mortimer bought one and Miss Rawson the other, but no doubt they would be delighted for you to have them back."

The young man's face was a study. "There was one thing more"—he grew very red and looked across to where I stood rigidly by the fire watching the slow flames struggling with the remnants of their prey—"a little tobacco pouch," he said.

"Very shabby," said the lady firmly, "quite a disgrace to you. That is why I took it."

"But I really want that back again," he urged. "Please tell me who has it."

"You had better ask Clare," she said. "Mrs. Warren and I have to make out our accounts."

She drew mother out into the hall. John Gray strode over to me. I never saw such a slow fire in all my life.

"Do you know where it is, Clare?" he began, and then his eyes fell on the grate. One end of a bit of gray fabric still ornamented with a shield lay among the coal.

"You burned it?" he asked reproachfully. "Why?"

I could find nothing to say.

"Clare, you could not have thought that I meant to give that to any charity under the sun?"

Still no answer.

He bent over until he could look into my downcast face.

"Clare," he cried, and even in my bewilderment I heard the note of joy in his voice. Then he took me in his arms, and I straightway forgot that there had ever been such a thing as a rummage sale.

Book of the Dead.

The "Book of the Dead" is a most remarkable literary relic of ancient Egypt, of uncertain date and origin, but well known before the kings of the first dynasty. Probably the collected work of many minds in different ages, it was regarded as the work of the god Thoth, and therefore of divine authority, dealing mainly with the dead and their future state. Some of its texts, prayers, hymns and ritual were used by the predynastic priests, and parts of the book are said to belong to a period fifty centuries before the Christian era. Copies of it were placed in the tombs, and texts from it were inscribed on coffins to preserve the dead from dangers and to direct them to the boat of Ra on their way to the hall of Osiris, which was the goal desired. The oldest existing papyrus copy of the book was written for "Nu, the son of the overseer of the house of the overseer of the seal Amenhetep and of the lady of the house Senseneb" and probably belongs to the early part of the eighteenth dynasty.

The Valley of the Shadow.

The place which has the reputation of being the coldest between London and York is not ten miles from Charing Cross. It is the valley locally known as "the Valley of the Shadow," at the northern side of Royal Oak hill, between Child's hill and Finchley. The road makes a dip into a dell between green fields, and in the valley on the left a water cress farm, much patronized for its penn'orths by Sunday travelers, shows the existence of a plentiful supply of running water. In spring, autumn, winter, and one may include what stands for summer, there is a dividing line distinctly noticeable between the upper air and an unexpected layer of clammy chilliness which hangs motionless over the "Valley of the Shadow," though the sky may be blue and the trees green on either side. Most people prefer to travel down hill, but in this case it is quite a relief to leave that queer penetrating cold stratum for the mellow air of the hill above.—Westminster Gazette.

Chastising a Lord.

Lord D., a proverbial hater of America and Americans, was dining in Paris with the British minister. Next to him at the table was a noted Newport belle, Miss X.

The conversation had drifted to a discussion of things American, and Lord D. made some disagreeable remarks about some Americans he had met and some Yankee customs he abhorred.

"Why, d'ye know," he continued, with an unpardonable want of tact, "that at some of the places I dined in America I saw people eat with their knives and spill their soup on the tablecloth."

Miss X. was thoroughly provoked by this time, but she replied with apparent unconcern:

"What poor letters of introduction you must have had, my lord."

There was no more unpleasant talk about Americans that evening.

Most Probably an American.

A woman went into a chemist's in London recently and asked for some article which is generally to be procured at a shop of this kind.

The man of mixtures, replying to the customer's inquiry, said: "Madam, I do not possess what you require. I am a chemist, pure and simple."

"I don't know anything about your purity; there's no doubt about your simplicity," retorted the disappointed woman as she retired from the counter.

Complimentary.

Irate Daddy (suddenly coming upon a highly emotional love scene in a cozy corner)—What! Kissing my daughter! Is this the way you reward my confidence and respect for you in admitting you to my home?

Young Man (calmly)—It strikes me that I am paying you the highest compliment possible.—Baltimore American.

Easily Doubled.

Goodart—Here's a brand new five dollar bill, old man. I'll lend you that—

Boroughs—Oh, say; can't you double it?

Goodart—Sure. Here goes! I double it—so!—now I double it again—thus. In this shape, you see, it fits snugly in my pocketbook. So long!—Exchange.

Jean's Revenge.

An avenger need not necessarily be a naturalist, but there are cases where he would take his vengeance more to the purpose if he knew the habits of his victim. Lippincott's Magazine tells a story of Jean, the French Canadian gardener who was found stamping on a little mound of fresh earth and chuckling to himself.

"Ah, m'sieu," he cried triumphantly, "I am not a one to be trifled with! I am a cr-r-r-uel man when once I am arouse. M'sieu will remember the mole that has long time ravage the strawberry beds of madame? Every morning madame she say, 'Jean, why catchest thou not that mole?'

"But the mole was wise; 'e was queek. Always I look and look, but never can I find heem. But at last, thees very morning, I catch heem. I hold heem tight in my hand—so—and I say: 'Aha-a-a! Is it thou, then, that has vexed madame and ravaged her beds of the strawberry? Aha-a! You shall repent of thees wickedness.'

"Then I wonder how I shall kill heem. He must be punished as well as killed. I wonder and wonder, but at last I have the grand idea. Ah, it was cr-r-uel, m'sieu, that way I kill heem! But what would you? Did he not deserve of the worst? But he will vex madame no more. I fix heem. I bury heem alive!"

Will Use No More Slang.

"I've been cured of the slang habit, glory be," says a department woman. "After this I speak plain English, but I'll have to talk a thousand years before I convince Mrs. Skaggs that I'm not ignorant of French. She was telling me the other day about a man we both know who is going to marry a girl over in Baltimore.

"'He hasn't a cent, you know,' she said.

"'How about the girl?' I asked in my vulgar, slangy way. 'Has she any dough?'

"'Dough?' repeated Mrs. Skaggs. 'Dough? Oh, I see what you mean. No, she hasn't a bit. But, by the way, my dear, I hope you won't mind my telling you the final t is always sounded in that word. The French pronounce it precisely as it is spelled—dot, you know; not dough.'"—Washington Post.

Smoke Slowly and Avoid Cancer.

From the medical profession comes a warning to smokers. If you wish to avoid tobacco cancer don't smoke fast. After careful observation it has been practically determined that this form of cancer is caused by the irritation resulting from the heat of the cigar or pipe. Men who smoke long stemmed pipes, it is said, do not have cancer, no matter how much they smoke, while those who indulge in cigars or short stemmed pipes are afflicted by this malignant growth.

Tobacco cancer caused the death of General Grant. He was an inveterate smoker, and he smoked very fast. At the battle of Shiloh he is said to have consumed fifty cigars. In smoking a large number of cigars in a short time the tongue is irritated by excessive heat, and in time cancer is the result.

Suspicious.

An uncultivated Boer, who had heard of banks, determined to take some of his savings to one of these places. With this object in view, according to a London paper, he traveled to Cape Town, found a bank and handed in his cash to the clerk, who in return gave him a bankbook. "How much do you charge for taking care of my money?" asked the Boer. The clerk smiled and said, "We don't charge, but will give you money for taking care of it." "Let me have it back at once," said the Boer. "I always thought you British rascals were dishonest. Now I am sure of it."

History Made Palatable.

Joseph Salvador, the French historian, and Jules Sandeau, a novelist, made their meeting at a public reception the occasion for a dispute as to the respective places which they occupied in the world of letters.

"The reading of history is like a pill—it needs the sugar coating to make it palatable," argued the novelist.

"Ah, but it is the ingredient which cures, not the coating," remarked the historian.

"Then let us divide honors," said Sandeau, "for if it were not for my sugar coating your historical facts would dry on the shelves."

The Duration of a Dream.

One evening Victor Hugo was dictating letters to his secretary. Overcome by fatigue, the great man dropped into a slumber. A few moments afterward he awoke, haunted by a dream which, as he thought, had extended over several hours, and he blamed his secretary for sitting there waiting for him instead of wakening him or else going away. What was his surprise when the bewildered secretary told him that he had only just finished writing the last sentence dictated to him.

A Striking Simile.

Old Employee—You know as well as I do that I have been as faithful as clockwork in your employ.

Old Employer (bitterly)—Yes, just exactly as faithful as clockwork. You struck every time you could and never gave more than five minutes' warning.—Baltimore American.

Classifying Him.

"Yes, ma'am," said the peddler, "this here hair tonic will raise hair on a billiard ball."

"But will it raise hair on a pumpkin?" asked the lady of the house.

"Well, I should say so!"

"I'll take a bottle and get my husband to try it."—Judge.

Servants.

First Housewife—Some days I undo about everything the servant does.

Second Housewife—Gracious! How do you dare?—Detroit Free Press.

Balancing an Egg.

All the world knows how Columbus on a historic occasion made an egg stand on end. After many learned theories had been advanced for balancing the egg he set the egg on end by, of course, mashing down hard enough to form a base, but the problem is capable of still another solution. It is an easy matter to set an egg on a plate, for instance, if you know how. The trick is impossible until the egg has been boiled in an upright position. The position of the hardened yoke at the end of the shell lowers the center of gravity until the sphere can be spun or even balanced with ease.

Afraid of the Signs.

Mrs. Brown—How do you like your neighbor, Mrs. Black?

Mrs. Green—Oh, I like her well enough, but I suspect she doesn't think much of me. I saw our girl talking to her over the fence last evening.

KINGBIRD AND ORIOLE.

The Difference In the Birds Shown by Their Nest Building.

The difference in the nature of the kingbird and oriole is strikingly exhibited in the style of their nests. The kingbird hasn't a particle of imagination, not an atom of the artistic. His shape, dress and voice declare it. He is hard headed, straightforward and serious, somewhat overbearing, perhaps, and testy, but businesslike and refined in all his tastes. His nest is himself over again—strong, plain, adequate, but, like its builder, refined. Contrast the oriole's. Romance, poetry and that indescribable touch—the light, easy, negligent touch of the artist—in every line of it! Why, the thing was actually woven of new mown hay—as if one should build his house of sandalwood—with all the scent of the hay field about it. I put my nose near and took a deep, delicious breath. The birds had selected and cut the grass themselves and worked it in while green. Some of it was still uncured, still soft and sweet with sap. One side, exposed to the sun through a leaf rift, had gone a golden yellow, but the other side, deeply shaded the day through, was yet green and making more slowly under the leaves. And this nest was woven, not built up like the kingbird's; it was hung, not saddled upon the limb, suspended from the slenderest of forks so that every little breeze would rock it. And so loosely woven, so deftly, slightly tied!—National Magazine.

Women on the Stage.

An attempt was made at Blackfriars theater in 1629 to introduce French women on the stage, but without success, and the appearance of Mrs. Coleman in Davenant's "Siege of Rhodes" in 1656 was of a private character.

On Dec. 8, 1660, an actress, whose name is not certainly known, took the part of Desdemona at Killigrew's theatre in Vere street, when a "prologue to introduce the first woman" was written by Jordan.

Letters patent were granted by Charles II., dated Jan. 15, 1662, to Sir William Davenant, and these recited that whereas women's parts had formerly been taken by men, to remedy this abuse it was now "permitted and leave given" that all women's parts then, and for the time to come, should be performed by women.

In Pepys' Diary, under date of Jan. 3, 1660, we find the record, "To the theater, where was acted 'Beggars' Dash,' it being well done, and here the first time that ever I saw women come upon the stage."—London Standard.

Blinking Eyes.

If you find yourself blinking your eyes rapidly without any cause stop the habit at once or it will grow into an incurable habit that will make your eyesight fail early in life. Natural blinking is necessary to clear and moisten the eye. The average number of natural blinks is about twenty per minute. But a nervous blinker will wink 100 times in a minute. The result of this will be an excessive development of the eyelid muscles. It also involves a counter irritation, which acts on the optic nerve and renders the sight daily more weak and irritable. Once contract this habit and you will find you cannot bear a strong light or read small types, and the eyes will get worse and worse. The symptoms may indicate a need of spectacles.

How Long Mosquitoes Live.

It is not known just how long mosquitoes can live, but their average life is much longer than is ordinarily supposed. Thousands of them live through winter, hibernating or asleep in dark places in barns or house cellars. In sparsely settled localities, where they cannot find such places for shelter, they live through the winter in hollow trees, in caves and holes under upturned trees, and even though the temperature may fall far below freezing they are not winter killed, but on the approach of warm weather become active again. Mosquitoes are frequently seen flying about in the woods before the snow has wholly left the ground.—William Lyman Underwood in Popular Science Monthly.

Turned the Tables.

An Irishman was called on to give evidence in a shooting affray. "Did you see the shot fired?" asked the magistrate.

"No," replied the witness, "but I heard it."

Magistrate (sharply)—That is not satisfactory. Go down.

As the Irishman turned his back he commenced to laugh, but was rebuked by the magistrate, who added that it was contempt of court.

Pat—Did you see me laugh?

Magistrate—No. I heard you.

Pat—That's not satisfactory.

And the court laughed.

Savage Revenge of a Gypsy Band.

A young Hungarian gypsy who had betrayed his party to the authorities after a robbery begged the magistrates at Magyar Egres for protection, as his companions threatened to kill him. The man was given shelter, but the room was found empty on the following day.

Eventually his body was discovered in a field. The eyes had been burned out, the tongue excised and the man hanged by the feet on two acacia trees. The body had been cloven in two.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. TRADE MARK.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

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Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Arab Lying.

The following characterization of the Arab penchant for not telling the truth is from a paper by Dr. G. Saint-Paul on the Tunisians: "Arab lying is exasperating. It is absurd and victorious. It triumphs easily over the critical sense and the habit of scientific reasoning. It is sometimes childish. Your native servants will never be taken unawares. You forbid one of them to smoke in your dining room and you surprise him there with a cigarette in his mouth. 'You were smoking.' 'No.' 'I saw you.' 'Impossible.' 'You had a cigarette in your mouth; you are hiding it in your hand; there it is!' 'Then God put it in my hand.' The native denies always. Taken red handed he denies. Beneath blows he denies. Pain is sometimes powerless to make him confess, even at the point of death. This obstinacy is due in part to the high idea he has of his dignity. His pride forbids him a confession, because the avowal of his lying is infinitely humiliating in his eyes. The fear of losing 'face' is all powerful in him. To recognize a fault is more shameful than to have committed it. Hence the peculiar obstinacy of the native in denying, even when it would be to his interest to confess, an obstinacy not manifested in other ways."—Journal of American Folk Lore.

Canine Intelligence.

A native of Peru has vouched for the following: A native pointed out one day a huge white dog that lay before his wattled house. He declared that his dog had intelligence of an almost human order. He said that once, when it had broken a bone in its foot, he had taken it to a surgeon and the surgeon had set the fracture and relieved it of its pain. Some months afterward, in the middle of the night, the surgeon was awakened by a great scratching at his door and by a thumping as of some heavy body. He slipped on a dressing gown and went down, to find the white dog in his garden with a brown dog beside it that held one leg off the ground. The surgeon's deduction was that the white dog had brought its companion there for treatment. Accordingly he dressed the leg of the injured animal, and thereupon the two dogs licked his hands with an air of gratitude and departed slowly into the night side by side.

Rufus Choate and Justice Shaw.

Rufus Choate was sitting next to Judge Hoar in the bar when Chief Justice Shaw was presiding and the Suffolk docket was being called. The chief justice said something which led Mr. Choate to make a half humorous and half displeased remark about Shaw's roughness of look and manner, to which Judge Hoar replied, "After all, I feel a reverence for the old chief justice." "A reverence for him, my dear fellow?" said Choate. "So do I. I bow down to him as the wild Indian does before his wooden idol. I know he's ugly, but I bow to a superior intelligence."—George F. Hoar in Scribner's Magazine.

The Way to Float.

This is the advice of an old swimmer to those who cannot swim: "Any human being who will have the presence of mind to clasp the hands behind his back and turn the face toward the zenith may float at ease and in perfect safety in tolerably still water. When you first find yourself in deep water you have only to consider yourself an empty pitcher. Let your mouth and nose, and not the top of your heavy head, be the highest part of you and you are safe. But thrust up one of your bony hands and down you go—turning up the handle tips over the pitcher." There are reason and logic in this.

Tolerance.

Tolerance is a calm, generous respect for the opinions of others, even of one's enemies. Tolerance is silent justice blended with sympathy. Tolerance always implies wisdom and kindness. It seeks to convert others from error by gently raising them to higher ordeals, by leading them to broader lines of thinking, by patiently helping them to help themselves. Tolerance does not use the battering ram of argument or the club of sarcasm or the rapier of ridicule.—Selected.

Painful.

Johnson—Does your wife speak French?

Thompson—She thinks she does.

"You don't speak it, do you?"

"No."

"Then how do you know she doesn't?"

"I watched a French waiter's face the other day when she was talking to him, and I'll be blamed if he didn't look as if he had the toothache!"

Unreasonable.

Magistrate (severely)—Prisoner, how did you have the audacity to break into this man's house at midnight and rob him?

Prisoner (piteously)—But, your honor, last time I was before you you wanted to know how I could have the audacity to rob a man in broad daylight. When do you expect me to get in my work?

The Baby Humorists.

"Of course," said Mrs. Extrygood, "you are fond of bright, precocious babies?"

"Oh, yes; certainly," replied Old Batch, "but I draw the line on the supposed smart sayings made up by the parents and loaded off on the poor infants."—Baltimore American.

Asking His Advice.

A little girl, aged nine, called her father to her bedside the other evening.

"Papa," said the little diplomat, "I want to ask your advice."

"Well, my dear, what is it about?"

"What do you think it would be best to give me on my birthday?"—London Telegraph.

To Save the Drowning.

Many a swimmer stops short before learning how to approach a drowning person, but he should add a knowledge of this as of the proper means of artificial respiration before he can be accounted a master of the art. So says the London Chronicle, and adds: "The swimmer in difficulties may always be assisted, even by a tyro, provided he be himself a strong enough swimmer, but the bather who cannot swim at all or who has entirely lost his presence of mind should always be approached from behind and seized by the arms. Then by swimming on the back it is easy to tow him to safety. Further, the bather in difficulties should remember that throwing the arms out of the water tends to sink the whole body, the air being a poor supporting medium for their weight."

As Others Knew Her.

"She seems to be a natural flirt," he said.

"Natural?" the woman impatiently replied. "There's nothing natural about her but the framework."—Chicago Record-Herald.

NAPOLEON'S LETTER.

How the Initial "M" Punctuated the Great Conqueror's Career.

From Marengo to Moscow was the long swing in the pendulum of Napoleon's life, the one the greatest battle out of which he came with his life, the other the abyss which engulfed him. Mr. J. M. Buckley, who is a literary expert on coincidences, points out how strangely the letter M played a part in the life of the great conqueror.

Marboe was the first to recognize the genius of Napoleon at the Ecole Militaire. Melas opened to him the way to Italy. Mortier was one of his first generals. Moreau betrayed him, and Murat was the first martyr to his cause. Marie Louise partook of his highest destinies. Metternich conquered him on the field of diplomacy.

Six marshals—Massena, Mortier, Marmont, Macdonald, Murat and Moncey—and twenty-six of his generals of divisions had names beginning with the letter M.

Murat, duke of Bassano, was the counselor in whom he placed the greatest confidence. His first great battle was that of Montenotte; his last was that of Mount St. Jean. He gained the battles of Moscow, Montmirail and Montereau. Then came the assault of Montmartre. Milan was the first enemies' capital and Moscow the last in which he entered.

He lost Egypt through the blunders of Menoa and employed Miollis to make Pius VII. prisoner. Malet conspired against him, afterward Marmont. His ministers were Maret, Montalivet and Mollien. His first chamberlain was Montesquieu.

Wordsworth's Secret.

And Wordsworth's secret? Any poet's secret? Well, for aught we can see, it remains a secret, a something as far beyond human subtlety to explain as it is beyond human ingenuity to produce. "The wind bloweth where it listeth." "Genius," "inspiration"—it is hard to get on without the old words, vague though they be. Nay, it is precisely because they are vague that they serve so useful a purpose. Even Professor Raleigh, after speaking almost contemptuously of "impatient critics" who seek to account for Wordsworth's "amazing inequality" by assuming that sometimes he was inspired, at other times not, is heard a little afterward lamenting that in Wordsworth's case, as in Coleridge's, "the high tide of inspiration was followed by a long and wandering ebb."

One feels like quoting Lowell, whose arrow in such competitions is apt to hit the white. Wordsworth, he says, "was not an artist in the strictest sense of the word; neither was Isaiah, but he had a rarer gift, the capability of being greatly inspired."—Bradford Torrey in Atlantic.

Phil May and His Models.

Many of the figures in Phil May's book "Guttersnipes" were sketched from memory while staying up the river.

"One day," he said, when speaking on the subject, "I saw a delightful little model for my purpose, a dirty, ragged bit of girl humanity. I spoke to her and wrote a message on my card for her to give to her mother. Next morning she came in charge of an older sister, as tattered and unkempt as herself. When I had made my sketches of the two of them I asked the elder one if she had any more sisters like herself. 'Oh, yes, four or five, worse than I am.' 'Bring them round,' said I. 'Is the little un to come again?' she asked. 'No, I've done with her.' The next day they came, the little un included. She had persisted in it, for she said: 'He's my artist. I found him first.'"—London Tit-Bits.

Fireproof Wood.

Though there are a number of different kinds of wood, ebony, ironwood, etc., of such close, hard fiber that even the fiercest fire has difficulty in "getting hold" of it, there is only one sort, so far as now known, that is practically fireproof. This is a small, scraggy tree, a native of South America, called the shopala, with thick, tough, stringy bark full of a sort of fire resisting sap. This curious shrub grows largely on the great, grassy savannas, which are swept by fire almost every year during the heat of the summer. There it thrives splendidly, for the annual scourge only kills off its bigger and hardier competitors and leaves the ground free for the growth of this vegetable asbestus.

Smart Sayings.

Lord Palmerston's reply to the illiterate member who asked him, "Are there two hens in 'Oulton?" is a specimen of his rather boisterous chaff. "No; only one. That's why heggs are so scarce there."

Mr. Disraeli's comment upon a portrait of himself, "Is it not hideous—and so like?" exhibited a discernment not common with unflattered sitters.—"Twenty Years In Parliament."

The Social Side.

Mrs. Waldo-Cecil—He has a barrel of money.

Edith Waldo-Cecil—But is he all right socially?

Mr. Waldo-Cecil—Oh, yes; he hasn't the least idea how he got it!—Puck.

Piling It On.

Dedude—That man called me a liar, a cad, a scoundrel and a puppy. Would you advise me to fight for that?

Old Blunt—By all means. There's nothing nobler in this world, young man, than fighting for the truth.

Wall Street Wrecks.

"Wall street leaves an ineffaceable stamp upon a man," said a New York lawyer the other day. "It isn't so apparent when he is on the crest of the wave, for he spends his money freely, and no one questions his means of getting it. But when he goes broke! He is absolutely unfitted for getting on his feet unless he can do it in a day. He has been accustomed to seeing fortunes won and lost in a few hours, and he can't see why fortune will not knock at the same door twice.

"I know a man who went broke in a crash six years ago. He is a good business man when not imbued with the fever of speculation. He could obtain a good position at $5,000 a year. But he would have to work and work hard to earn his salary. So he is looking for 'easy money'—to make his million in a year; consequently he has borrowed from his relatives until they are tired of him. They want him to go to work, but I doubt whether he will view the matter in the light they do until it is too late and the last golden opportunity has slipped away from him and left him a speculative and misanthropic wreck."—New York Press.

Good and Strong.

Butcher—Wasn't that a good steak I sent you yesterday?

Customer—Oh, it was a good, durable steak.—Life.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XIII, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 27.

Text of the Lesson, a Comprehensive Review of the Quarter's Lessons. Golden Text, Ps. xxvii, 1—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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LESSON I.—Israel asking for a king (I Sam. viii, 1-10). Golden Text, I Sam. vii, 3, "Prepare your hearts unto the Lord and serve Him only." That which God had foreseen had come to pass, and He who was truly their judge, their lawgiver and their king was rejected because they wanted a king like other nations. They determined to walk by sight and not by faith (Deut. xvii, 14, 15; Isa. xxxiii, 22). Despised and rejected is the story of man's treatment of God from the beginning, yet He loves us and longs to bless us.

LESSON II.—Saul chosen king (I Sam. x, 17-27). Golden Text, Isa. xxxiii, 22, "The Lord is our king; He will save us." Notwithstanding the cutting words of Samuel, "Ye have this day rejected your God, who Himself saved you" (verse 19), they proceeded to elect a king from among themselves, and God gave them a man after their own hearts, the finest looking man among them (verses 23, 24; chapter ix, 2), for man judges by outward appearance.

LESSON III.—Samuel's farewell address (I Sam. xii, 13-25). Golden Text, I Sam. xii, 24, "Only fear the Lord and serve Him in truth with all your heart." With a clear conscience before God and man Samuel gave them his parting message and, like Joshua, urged them above all things to follow the Lord and serve Him sincerely, considering the great things He had done for them.

LESSON IV.—Saul rejected as king (I Sam. xv, 13-23). Golden Text, I Sam. xv, 22, "To obey is better than sacrifice." If we seek above all things to please people we cannot serve the Lord (Gal. i, 10; Luke xvi, 13), and Saul confessed that he feared the people and obeyed their voice (verse 24). Samuel said that in so doing he rejected the word of the Lord, and therefore the Lord rejected him (verse 26).

LESSON V.—Samuel anoints David (I Sam. xvi, 4-13). Golden Text, I Sam. xvi, 7, "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." Having given them a man after their own heart and he proving a failure, God will now give them a man after His own heart who will fulfill all His will (chapter xiii, 14; Acts xiii, 22).

LESSON VI.—David and Goliath (I Sam. xvii, 38-49). Golden Text, Rom. viii, 31, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" David, having been anointed, awaits God's time and way to reach the throne, doing meanwhile just what his hands found to do. A grand opportunity being granted him to glorify God in the eyes of God's people as well as His enemies and having a great desire that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel, he goes forth in His name and is victorious.

LESSON VII.—Saul tries to kill David (I Sam. xviii, 5-16). Golden Text, Ps. xlvi, 1, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Saul, having turned his back upon God, is possessed by an evil spirit, and, filled with hatred, he proves himself a relative of Cain, a child of the devil, who from the day that he was told that the seed of the woman would bruise his head persistently seeks to kill that seed.

LESSON VIII.—David and Jonathan (I Sam. xx, 12-23). Golden Text, Prov. xviii, 24, "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." In the opening verses of chapter xviii the love and conduct of the king's son toward the shepherd boy are very suggestive of the love of the Son of God to us in His emptying Himself for our sakes and clothing us with His own clothing and in seeking our welfare. The hatred of Saul is like the evil one.

LESSON IX.—David spares Saul (I Sam. xxvi, 5-12, 21-25). Golden Text, Luke vi, 27, "Love your enemies; do good to them which hate you." An opportunity for David to reach the throne which was rightfully his and which seemed to Abishai to be God given, but David saw in it only a temptation from the evil one, and he resisted it.

LESSON X.—Death of Saul and Jonathan (I Sam. xxxi, 1-13). Golden Text, Prov. xiv, 12, "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." At last his time came, as David had said (I Sam. xxvi, 10). The Lord's "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further" (Job xxxviii, 11), had been uttered, and Saul is gone from the earth. One cannot but feel sorry to think of Jonathan slain in this way, and the lamentation of David (II Sam. i, 18-27) is very touching.

LESSON XI.—David becomes king (II Sam. ii, 1-10). Golden Text, Ps. cxxxiii, 1, "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" Every purpose of the Lord shall be performed (Jer. li, 29) in His time, and just as Joseph's dreams were fulfilled and David became king, first of Judah and later of all Israel (II Sam. v, 1-5), so the words of Gabriel to Mary shall have a literal fulfillment in due time (Luke i, 32, 33).

LESSON XII.—Abstinence from evil, a temperance lesson (I Pet. iv, 1-11). Golden Text, Eph. v, 18, "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess." The evils of drunkenness as set forth in Scripture and seen in daily life need no comment beyond that of I Cor. vi, 10. But there are many who never were drunkards who are as sure of being shut out of the kingdom as they, for, though a man be as moral and religious as Nicodemus, he must be born again (John iii, 3, 5, 7). The vilest may and the most moral must be born from above.

Money and Brains.

A newly arrived westerner was confronted in a street of New York late at night by a ruffian with leveled revolver, who made the stereotyped demand, "Give me your money or I'll blow your brains out."

"Blow away," said the westerner. "You can live in New York without brains, but you can't without money."

Unerring Childhood.

The child is so often right. It has not the miscellaneous knowledge of the grownup person who reads newspapers and keeps a tame Encyclopedia Britannica in a carefully devised case. But the childish mind has an unerring logical faculty not in any way to be outdone by superiority of information.—London Academy.

Anger and Digestion.

A well known physician has written: "Anger is a passion which especially unfits the stomach for doing much work. If it occurs often or be protracted, but little food should be taken. Those who indulge in it have a double cause for abstinence. Both their folly and their stomachs call for a fast."

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What Is Gossip?

There has been complaint from the beginning of history that women are "curious." What is curiosity? It is the uneasy appetite of an ill fed mind. People fully educated and fully employed are not curious. Civilized woman has inherited the mental growth of man and then has had to confine that enlarged capacity to precisely the same field of activity which was sufficient for a squaw. Women have been accused for centuries of a tendency to "gossip." What is gossip? It is small talk about other people. The tendency to this vice is a reaction from the persistent presence of our own affairs.—Success.

Eugene Field's Sarcasm.

Eugene Field was once presented to a "sister poet," to whom he tried to say pleasant things. At last the lady inquired condescendingly, "Do you ever write yourself?" "A little," replied Field modestly. "And what did you say your name was?" "My name is Field—Eugene Field." "I have not heard of you before, Mr. Field," said the lady, with oppressive frankness. "No, madam," said Field, "nor I of you; but you might at least have pretended you had, as I did. Good afternoon."

The Nebular Hypothesis.

The nebular hypothesis survives in name, but with connotations indefinitely diversified. Regarding the modus operandi of cosmic change there is no consensus of opinion. That there was in the beginning a solar nebula all are agreed, but whether it was gaseous or pulverent, whether it shone with interrupted or continuous light, how it became ordered and organized, how it collected into spheres, leaving wide interspaces clear, the wisest are perplexed to decide.

His Position.

"Say, Chimmie, see dat man gettin' on de car? Dat's de postmaster general."

"Aw, gwan! He ain't no general—ain't got no brass buttons nor stars nor not'in'."

"Aw, he ain't no soldier general. He's de man wot hands out letters at de general delivery windy."—Kansas City Journal.

Insects Used For Medicine.

The cochineal insect is in some cases recognized as a medicine and at one time had a reputation for wonderful virtues. Honey and wax, often used in pharmacy, are insect products, while galls, used in medicine for the astringent properties and the gallic and tannic acid they furnish, are also the work of insects.—London Tit-Bits.

An Affecting Scene.

Mr. Younghusband—Darling, you have been weeping. What is it, my sweetest love?

Mrs. Younghusband—Horse radish!

No man really feels his importance until after his wife calls his attention to the fact that he is somebody.—Milwaukee Sentinel.